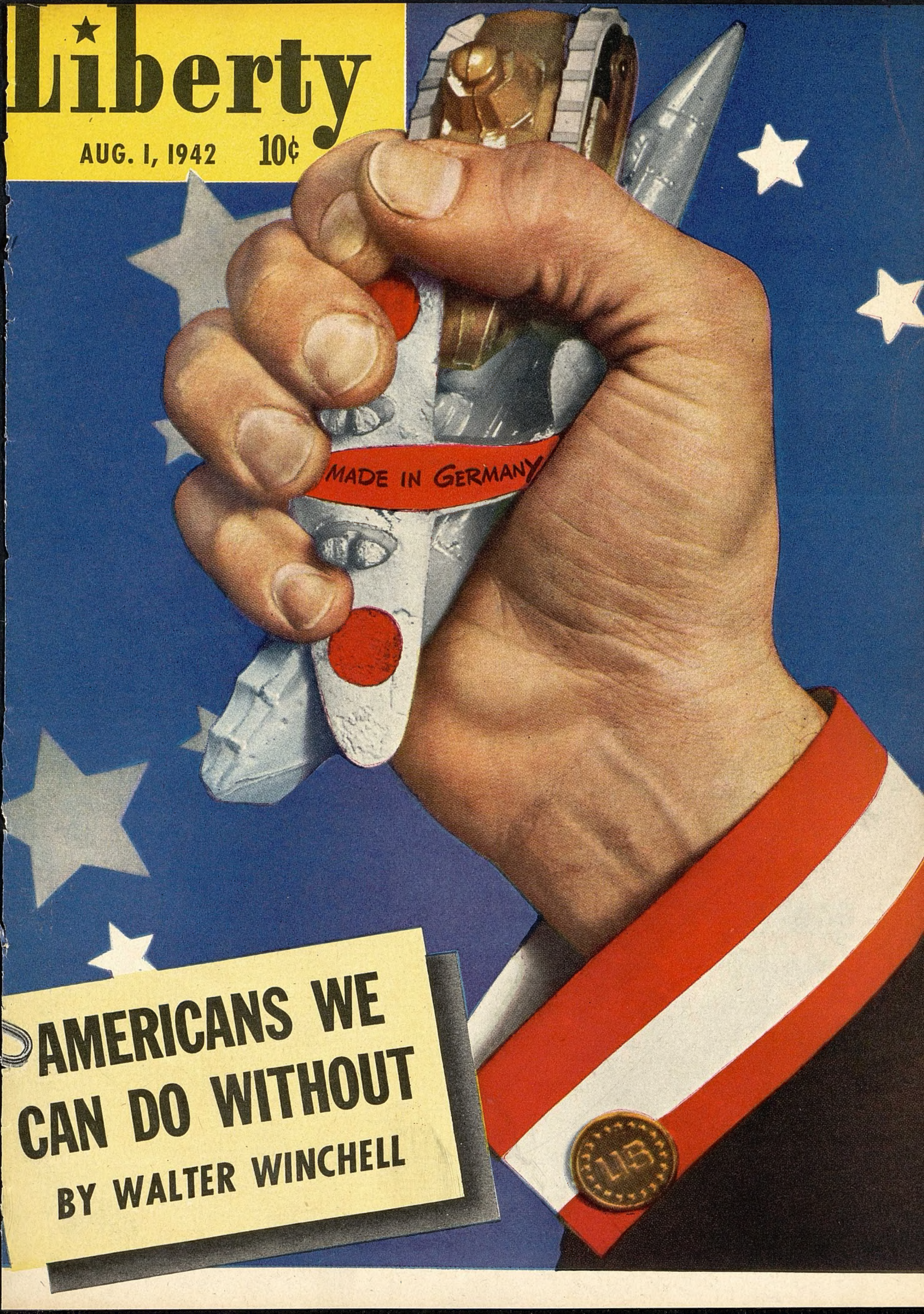
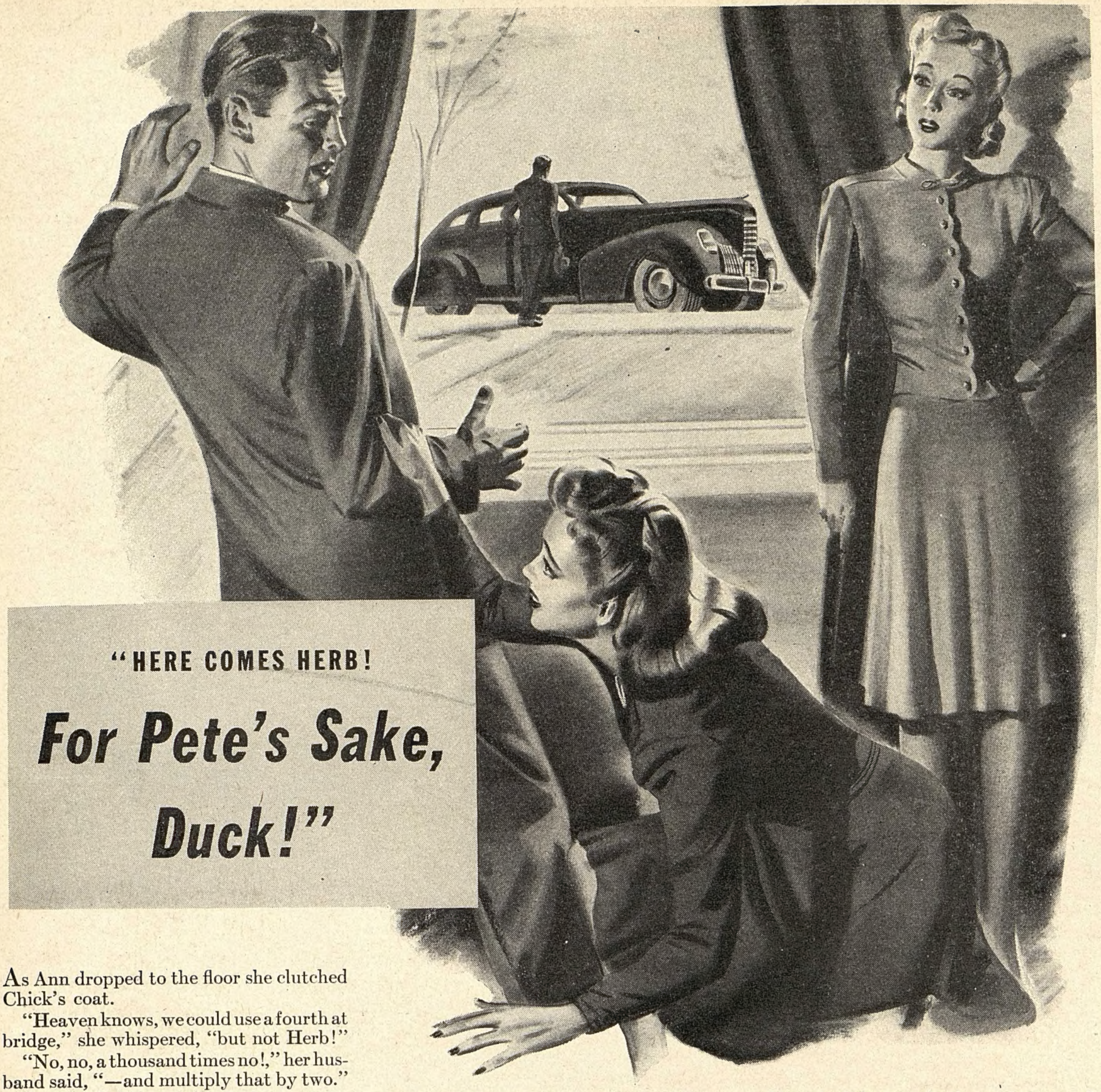
Liberty

AUG. 1, 1942 10¢


MADE IN GERMANY
US

AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

BY WALTER WINCHELL



"HERE COMES HERB!

For Pete's Sake, Duck!"

As Ann dropped to the floor she clutched Chick's coat.

"Heaven knows, we could use a fourth at bridge," she whispered, "but not Herb!"

"No, no, a thousand times no!," her husband said, "—and multiply that by two."

Rusty, skulking behind the curtain, looked puzzled. After all, a weekend guest can't be expected to be up on the problems of suburban society.

"I get it!", she whispered, "the sheriff!"

Ann shook her head. "Be quiet, Rusty. He's at the door now!"

The bell rang furiously several times, then stopped. Next they heard Herb's retreating footsteps.

"What goes on here?", demanded Rusty again. "Has he got scarlet fever or something? Does he kick old ladies?"

Before she explained, Ann took a peek: Herb was on his way. "It's really too bad," she said, "he's an awfully nice fellow, a bachelor with some money. And, incidentally, he plays a swell game of bridge, but he's 'that way'."

"You mean he's going to have a baby! What an age we live in!"

"Be serious, Rusty," Ann laughed. "It's his breath. Both times we have asked him here it's been pretty bad."

"So we just don't invite him any more," put in Chick. "Two strikes and out!"

"Now I understand all," said Rusty, "but is he *always* that way?"

"Don't know," said Ann, "but it's a risk we simply won't take."

"I'm proud of you," Rusty went on, serious now. "A man who's careless about his breath deserves every snub he gets—socially or in business. Being single, I go out with lots of men and you'd be surprised how many of them put themselves in a bad light this way."

"There ought to be a law," said Ann—and everybody agreed.

Don't Take Chances!

This story dramatically repeats what numerous letters have brought to our attention—*that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (bad breath).*

How foolish to take long chances of offending, socially or in business, when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against a frequent cause of bad breath. You undoubtedly have known for years about its antiseptic power and its wonderfully freshening effect.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. When you want to be at your best, never, *never* omit Listerine Antiseptic.

HONESTY
shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

Putting the HEAT on Hitler!

"If the shippers and consumers of this coal want to help win the war, they will ship and buy and stock all the coal possible in the spring and summer months." Joseph B. Eastman, *Director, Office of Defense Transportation.*

• • •

"A full coal bin is the best possible insurance anybody can have against a wartime coal shortage." H. A. Gray, *Acting Director, Office of Solid Fuels Coordination for War,* Harold L. Ickes, *Coordinator.*

• • •

"To produce and transport the tremendous quantity of oil required for war, we need, and will continue to need, the ever greater efforts and cooperation of every individual." Harold L. Ickes, *Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Coordinator for War.*

AMERICA today is pouring out war materials faster than all the Axis powers combined.

The months ahead will see production of guns, tanks, planes, ammunition in a rising flood beyond anything ever imagined.

That's putting on the heat — and it takes *heat* to do it.

It takes millions of tons of coal -- millions of gallons of oil — to keep America's war factories booming.

Production of bituminous and anthracite coal, most of which moves by rail, has been stepped up to *nearly 12,500,000 tons a week.*

About 750,000 barrels of oil a day are rolling into the East by rail—*more than 50 times the volume the railroads normally bring in.*

The railroads will keep right on doing their part in "putting on the heat" to the best of their ability. But there *is* a limit—set by the number of tank cars and coal cars in existence.

And that's where *you* come in.

In normal times, one coal car in every four is needed to move fuel for home-heating.

If you fill your bins *now,* that means more cars —more power—more heat to keep our increasing production program going full speed ahead through the winter.

Buy the rest of your coal now and help put the heat on Hitler!

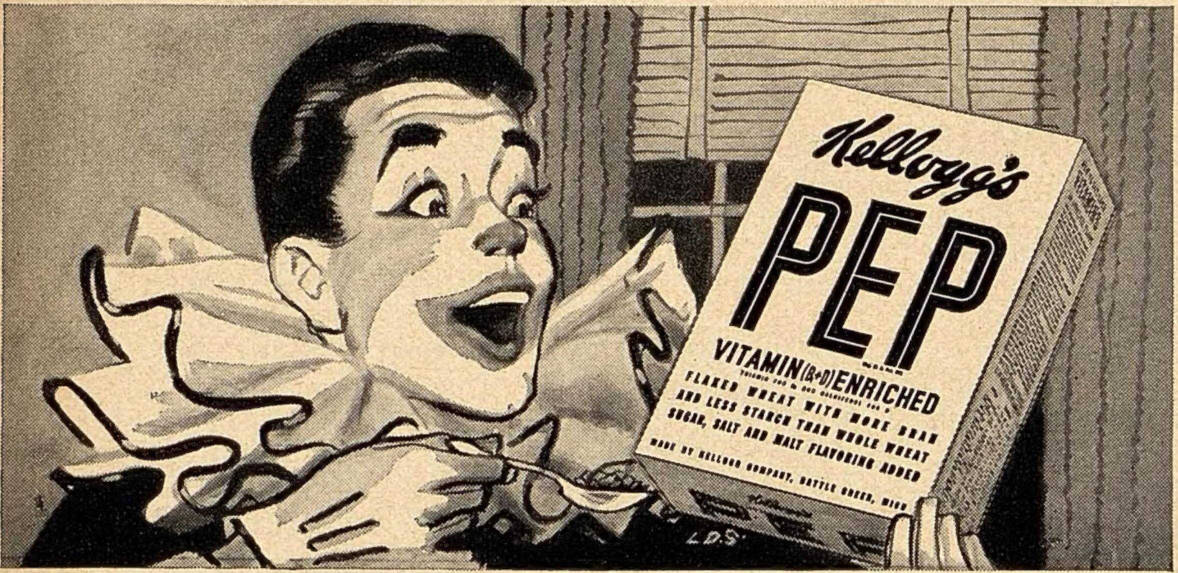
ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
UNITED FOR VICTORY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Mrs. A: I should have known better than to let you go to the party as a clown! Clowns, my love, are supposed to make people *laugh.*

Mr. A: I know, I know. I was a first-class flop. But, gee, I just don't have the old yen for parties any more.

Mrs. A: "Yen," my eye. All you lack, my unhappy husband, is your quota of *pep appeal.* My hunch is that you're not eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And right now is a good time to start getting them. Let's go raid the pantry.


Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B₁+D) ENRICHED
FLAKED WHEAT WITH MORE BRAN AND LESS STARCH THAN WHOLE WHEAT
SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING ADDED
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
LDS

Mrs. A: Just dip your spoon into this bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP! It's a crunchy, toasty cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. *And* in it are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins, you know!

Mr. A: Ummmm! Why didn't you tell me how *swell-tasting* it is? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as this—say, I may turn out to be the life of the party yet.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 1, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★

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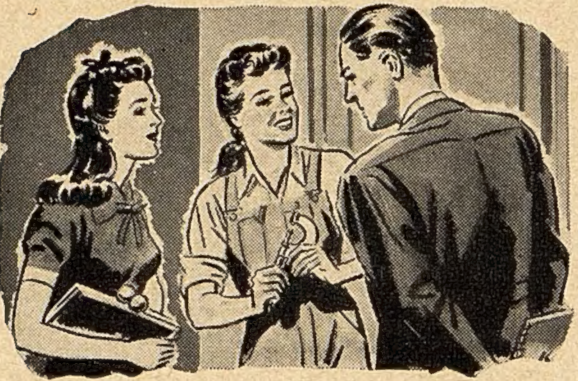
NEXT WEEK

AUGUST 8, 1942

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NOVEL BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The title, Girl o' War. The story, that of beautiful Judy Farrell, frankly man-crazy and tangled in a web of too many loves. The turning point in her life was when she got a job in a factory building planes for our flying fighters. What it did to her heart and soul, and what she did about her men make as colorful and exciting a tale as this accomplished author has ever written. It will, as the saying goes, get under your skin.



HOW WAR SAVES LIVES

sounds like a paradoxical title. It isn't. Morris Markey makes its meaning impressively clear in an eye-opening article on how the war has driven the science of medicine forward. "Humanity," he says, "will certainly be better off, from the standpoint of its health" as an indirect result of these tragic years.

HOW TO DRIVE WITHOUT GAS

finds in the background of war that rare and desirable boon—something to laugh about. Ted Shane, hapless wight that he has come to be, tells you hilariously of his gas-rationed troubles. (In Connecticut, as you may have heard, gas now sells by the drop.)

AND: Phyllis Duganne contributes a sprightly love story, Now What, William? . . . Grantland Rice writes about baseball's new "all-timer," Bill Dickey. . . . The Walter Winchell and Flying Tigers series continue. . . . And of course more stories, features, pictures, fun. We never have room enough here to tell you everything!

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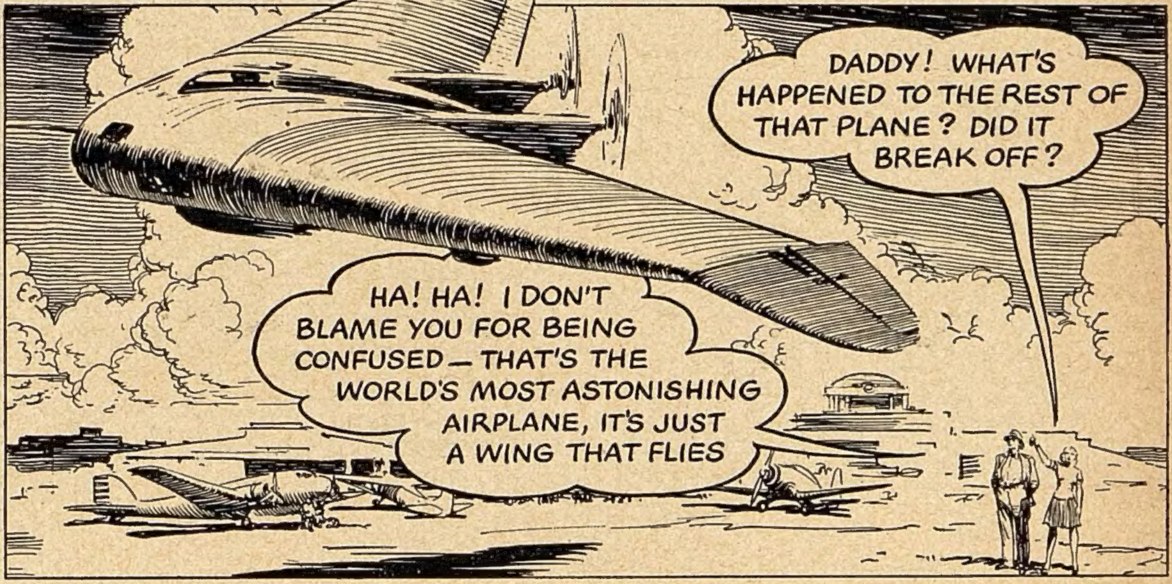
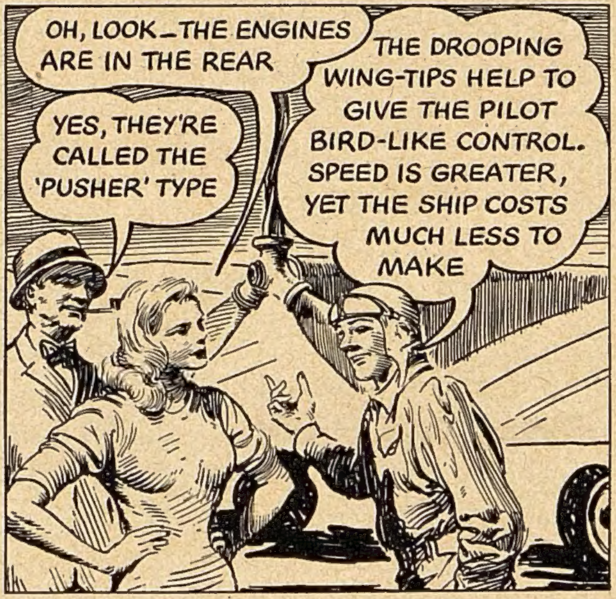
WONDERS OF AMERICA
Flying Wing!


DADDY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THAT PLANE? DID IT BREAK OFF?
HA! HA! I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING CONFUSED — THAT'S THE WORLD'S MOST ASTONISHING AIRPLANE, IT'S JUST A WING THAT FLIES

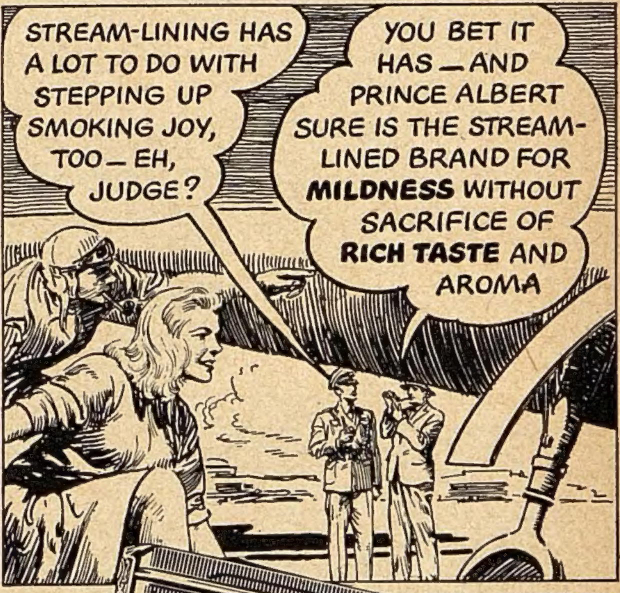

OH, LOOK — THE ENGINES ARE IN THE REAR
YES, THEY'RE CALLED THE 'PUSHER' TYPE
THE DROOPING WING-TIPS HELP TO GIVE THE PILOT BIRD-LIKE CONTROL. SPEED IS GREATER, YET THE SHIP COSTS MUCH LESS TO MAKE

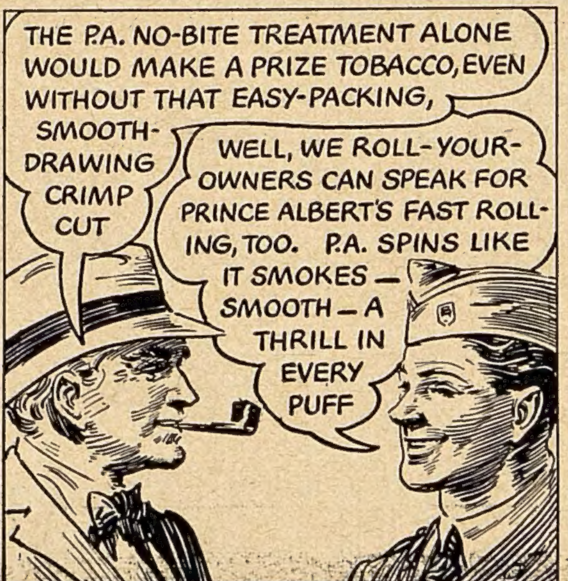
WHEN THE MOTORS ARE IN THE REAR, IS THERE ANY TROUBLE KEEPING THEM COOL, MAJOR?
NO MORE TROUBLE THAN GETTING COOL-BURNING SMOKES WITH PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO

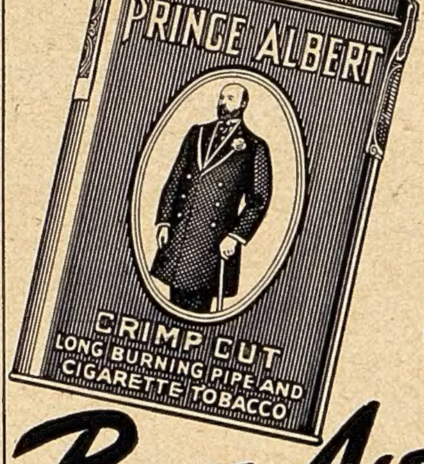
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*


STREAM-LINING HAS A LOT TO DO WITH STEPPING UP SMOKING JOY, TOO — EH, JUDGE?
YOU BET IT HAS — AND PRINCE ALBERT SURE IS THE STREAM-LINED BRAND FOR MILDNESS WITHOUT SACRIFICE OF RICH TASTE AND AROMA


THE P.A. NO-BITE TREATMENT ALONE WOULD MAKE A PRIZE TOBACCO, EVEN WITHOUT THAT EASY-PACKING, SMOOTH-DRAWING CRIMP CUT
WELL, WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS CAN SPEAK FOR PRINCE ALBERT'S FAST ROLLING, TOO. P.A. SPINS LIKE IT SMOKES — SMOOTH — A THRILL IN EVERY PUFF


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Our New Thinking in America

IT is always a tougher job to try to think a thing out than to fight it out. But here are the facts from recognized source-book material: *Up to the present time none of the outstanding thinkers of the world—neither economists nor philosophers, nor presidents nor prime ministers, nor dictators nor diplomats—has been able to offer any answer to the problem of power and politics between the "haves" and the "have-nots," upon which our national struggles seem to thrive, and through which our international wars have come about.*

This is the menace, the constant threat to our welfare and our lives, which no one has been able to handle thus far.

Somebody told the old darky in his cabin that there was a lion out there in the woods. And he said:

"I jes knew somepin' was gittin' our chillun."

We, the People—not only of America but we, the people of the whole world—are becoming gradually conscious of the fact that "somepin' keeps gittin' our chillun."

★ ★ ★

NOW, if this problem of national and international strife is basically a problem between the "haves" and the "have-nots," then there is the possibility that the American business world is in the unique position of being able to make a major contribution to a more peaceful civilization.

Through this new tool which American genius has wrought—the tool of mass production which makes it possible to produce more shoes than anybody can wear, more automobiles than anybody can ride in, more food than anybody can eat—we have for the first time in the history of the world at least licked one half of the problem that confronts the world.

It is hard for us to realize that 80 per cent of the rest of the world goes without shoes—at least, such as we know shoes to be; goes without clothes—such as we know clothes to be; and certainly goes without food—such as we know food should be. (Yes, the farmer comes into this mass-production schedule too. For one man on a farm can now produce food for sixty men, where even fifty years ago he had trouble producing even enough food for his own family. But his story must follow in another issue.)

So if the major problem, now and later, is mainl a problem of production and distribution, then tha problem comes right home to the business worl Worse than that, it comes right home to the American business world. For, obviously, you couldn tackle the second half of the problem, the problem of a *distribution* of plenty, unless you ha the first half of the problem, the problem of *production* of plenty, already licked.

And nowhere else in this whole wide world ha the first half of that problem, the production o plenty, been licked—except here in these Unite States.

We never think of that, and we had bette begin to.

★ ★ ★

NOW, the pitiful part of it, and probably the rea reason for this page, is that the America business world has already been busy with thi second problem of *a distribution of plenty* for least the last ten to twenty years. Some of ther busier than a terrier at the mouth of a rathole because, like the terrier, there is nothing mor important in their lives than getting that rat.

That rat of a distribution problem slows up th production schedule and tends to wreck the whol scheme of the mass-production plan.

A dozen years ago the sales head of one of ou big motor companies said, "I can't even begin t figure on my schedule of production for this yea until I can figure how far *down* I can penetrate. T hell with these sweet orders for a thousand car for some meat packer's salesmen! That's nice business if you can get it, but it doesn't mean a thin where your schedule must run from a million an a half to two million automobiles. It's the mass I'v got to reach. And *I* can't get it unless *they've* got it."

That company has been figuring for a dozen year on methods of getting a wider distribution of ear ings and an insurance protection against unemployment, in order to spread more out, in order t get more back, so that their wheels could kee turning. But nobody knows about it.

Before us as we write is a list of 728 companie who, in 1938, distributed $250,000,000 of thei earnings in one way or another in order to ge

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage"

JOSEPH ADDISON

Liberty
AUG. 1, 1942

more out, in order that they could get more back, in order that their wheels could keep turning.

But nobody knows about it.

From spot surveys made here and there over these United States, it would seem to be a low estimate to say that there were at least *10,000 corporations,* big and little, who in one way or another have been trying to make some contribution toward this problem of a distribution of plenty out of an economy of plenty. *But again nobody knows who these companies are or what they have done.*

It might be very heartening if We, the People, knew something about these efforts that are going on. It would at least give us courage with which to carry on.

* * *

THE job is not simple. We know that. The problem has never been licked. We know that. It will never be completely licked. And we know even that.

But any and every effort in that direction is a major contribution toward a more peaceful civilization of the world. Because if we can find the way of doing this for ourselves, then other peoples may be able to learn how to do it for themselves, and there will be at least a chance that some assurance of future orderliness may come out of our present chaos.

In this comparatively brief period of our planet's greatest fertility and man's highest ingenuity, there is no reason why the entire people of this earth should not be well sheltered, well shod, well fed, with pleasure cars instead of tanks rolling up and down their boulevards and through their country lanes.

Here, then, is a job that should touch the imagination of all that unique genius of the American business world—a job that would write the biggest chapter in the history of our present civilization—a job which might find its way into utopian dreams if it didn't have its American basis in realistic fact. For when America thinks in terms of mass production, it *has* to think in terms of mass consumption as the concomitant.

That's a fifty-cent word. But the five-cent equivalents are—*"They gotta go together."*

WE, THE PEOPLE

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF • SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR • ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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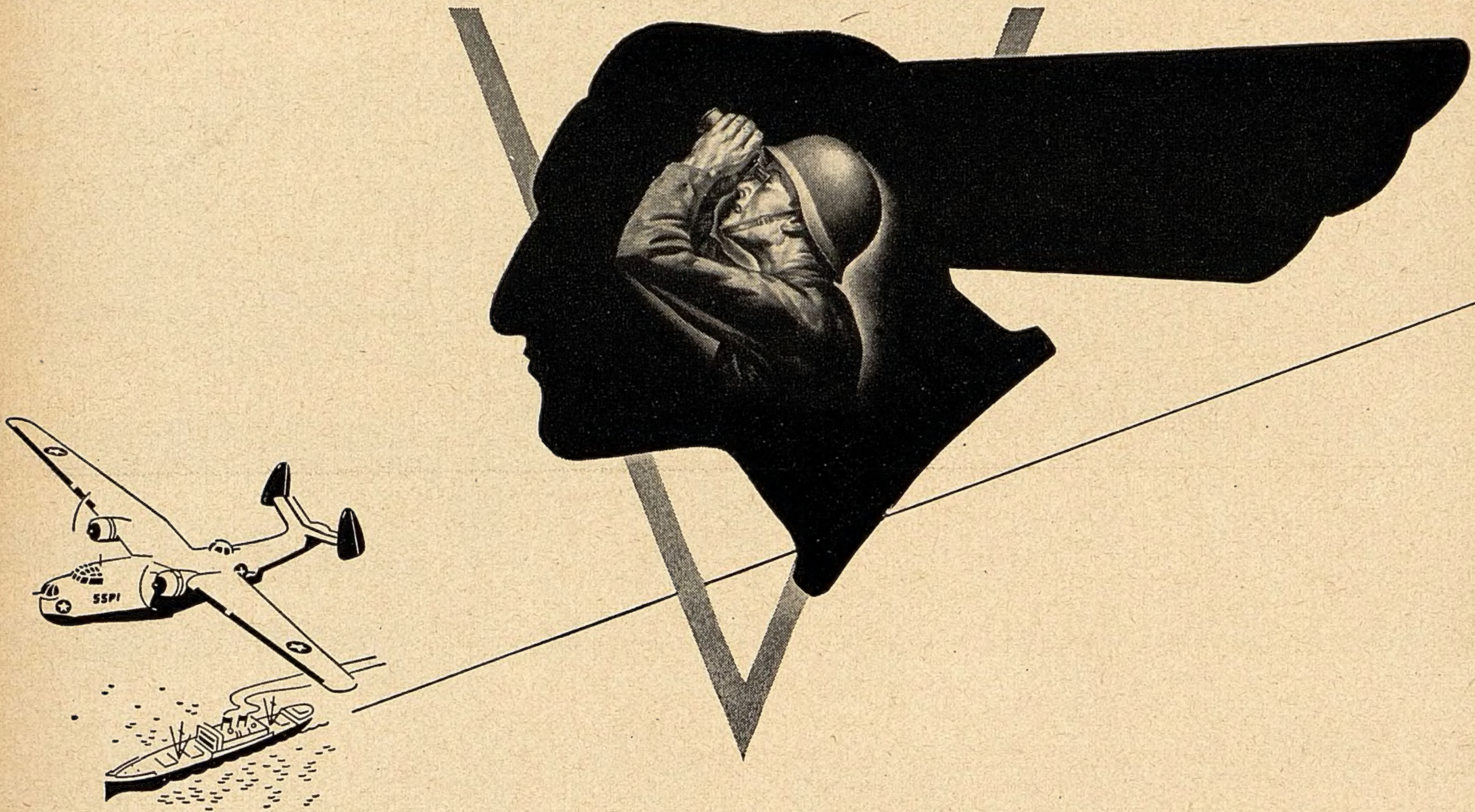
WALTER KARIG, Washington • ROBERT LOW, War • MORRIS MARKEY, Current Events • GERALD MYGATT, Special Features • FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Special Features

BUILDING FOR VICTORY

on land . . on the sea . . and in the air!



Whipping in the breeze on the flagstaff of one of Pontiac's armament plants, is the Navy "E" burgee, awarded January 20th last for outstanding production of anti-aircraft cannon. Since then, production of this much-needed weapon has tripled and now is seven months ahead of schedule. . . .

And we have assumed additional war assignments, including aerial [redacted], [redacted] *automatic field guns, inner assemblies for heavy-duty* [redacted] *engines, tank unit assemblies and vital transport mechanisms. All these armaments for victory on land, on the sea and in the air are being produced for America's fighting men on schedule or ahead of schedule!*

THIS IS another of Pontiac's reports to the American people on its Arms Production Program.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Pontiac applied its engineering and manufacturing resources to the task of producing weapons for our armed forces in the quantities they desired from us *on schedule or ahead of schedule.*

We think you will find this report of interest. Because, whether our gallant fighting men meet the enemy on land, on the waters of the earth or in the skies above, we are straining every effort to produce Pontiac-built material for them in ever-increasing volume.

On the Sea—As of the day this is written, Pontiac has shipped [redacted] rapid-fire anti-aircraft cannon to the Navy, exceeding the contractual requirement for the period by no less than [redacted] cannon. In addition, production of inner assemblies for heavy-duty [redacted] engines has been doubled within 90 days.

In the Air—An "on schedule" rate of tooling in a brand-new plant is being maintained toward the goal of volume production of aerial [redacted]—probably the most complicated and deadly offensive weapon ever devised. With volume production attained, this Pontiac plant is scheduled to produce [redacted] aerial [redacted] a *day.*

And on Land—The [redacted] automatic field gun, adopted by the Army as its defense against the new low bombing and ground strafing technique is scheduled for production at a rate of [redacted] a month with deliveries to begin on or before [redacted]. Also [redacted] for military vehicles are being produced at a rate of [redacted] a month and tank unit assemblies are in volume production as you read this.

Because time and teamwork are essential factors for victory in the War of Survival, several of these assignments have been accepted by Pontiac on a sub-contracting basis. They are receiving the same "all-out" attention as our prime contracts and are also "as scheduled or ahead of schedule."

Thus, Pontiac has many tasks but just one goal:

To do everything in our power to provide American fighting men with more and better weapons for use in their struggle for victory on land, on the sea and in the air.

WE'RE BUILDING ARMS FOR VICTORY

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

BY WALTER WINCHELL

The U. S. A.'s most militant reporter names names—and gives you new reasons why we must still be on guard against danger from within

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

NEVER, since the historic days when George Washington and his chilled ragged army stood at Valley Forge, has the nation been in such grave danger from the enemy within our own borders. I've been attacked and denounced in salons and saloons, in Congress and in cafés, for exposing the dangers of America's fifth column. But I still feel that without the free press in the United States, this country might have met the fate of France or that of Norway a long time ago.

I've been exposing the Nazis since Hitler came to power. Week in and week out I've attacked those "professional patriots" and counterfeit "Americans" who have been attempting to stiletto this country in the collar button. I'm honored when the Berlin radio calls me names and barks at me. Every time Goebbels mentions me, I know I've dealt his propaganda ministry another uppercut. I know several gentlemen in Congress who are going to wish that the Nazis would attack them on the radio a bit before the people go to the polls this November and toss them out of office. These fellows are often quoted by the Berlin radio to show that this country is divided against itself, which it isn't yet.

The American people have the right to know who the enemy is on the home front. That's why I am writing this series for Liberty, naming names. Some of the stories will sizzle you. You'll be shocked when you hear how some of the "patriotic" people who accept your money for their "patriotic" causes have been using it to knife you.

Walter Winchell, famous columnist.

LET'S take a look at the "Rev." Gerald L. K. Smith for example. Now, there's a nice simple American name. If you turned on your radio and heard that the Rev. Smith was going to speak, you might listen with great interest as his voice came over your loud-speaker. If you listened carefully enough, you might recognize a distinct resemblance between Smith's words and the remarks of Charles E. Coughlin, publication of whose magazine, Social Justice, was recently banned by the government because it was seditious.

Gerald L. K. Smith is better described as a veteran "rabble-rouser" and Swastinker. He got his start under the leadership of one of the slickest of the legislators, "Kingfish" Huey Long. Smith resigned the pastorate of a Shreveport, Louisiana, church in the early '30s to become an organizer for Huey Long's phony Share-the-Wealth movement. The corrupt Long political machine in Louisiana had spawned this movement in order to cloak the crookedness of its internal operations with the spellbinding ability of the Kingfish. One afternoon the Kingfish was walking through the marble corridors of the Louisiana State House when he was greeted by a hail of lead from the gun of an assassin. Long dropped on his face, mortally wounded. His loyal lieutenants lingered at his bedside until he died, and then began a mad scramble to take over his earthly gains. The late Kingfish once said of Smith, "He's a better rabble-rouser than I am," so Smith tried to take over the Share-the-Wealth movement. He succeeded in announcing himself as Long's successor. Smith carried the Share-the-Wealth movement along until the 1936 Presidential campaign, when he allied himself with the Coughlin-Townsend-Lemke third-party movement. He spoke on the same platform with Coughlin at that time. However, he was finally dropped by the third-party advocates after Dr. Townsend labeled him a Fascist.

Indeed, the alliance of Smith and Father Coughlin, a priest, was a shocker, especially since the Cleveland Press reported (August 5, 1938) that "in his recent speedy tour of Ohio, Rev. Smith has spoken in both urban and rural communities. In the urban communities he has made no reference to racial groups, but in rural communities he has decried the sinister influence of Jews and Catholics." This same news item also carried Smith's denial that he had made any such assertions.

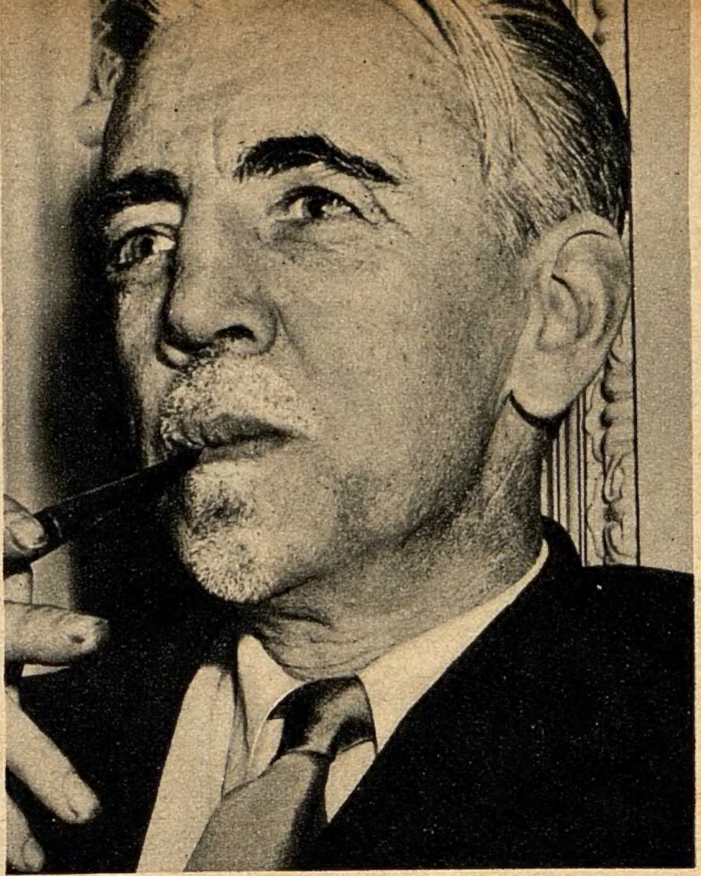
SMITH has had his good days and his bad ones. At one time he was scratching bottom, looking for funds. Suddenly, in 1937, after he had dropped the Share-the-Wealth movement and formed the "Committee of One Million," Smith bobbed up on the ether in place of Father Coughlin, who vanished temporarily from the air lines after his candidate Lemke took a licking in the Presidential campaign.

Smith has evaded tangles with the law very successfully. He has been shrewder than most rabble-rousers and hate merchants. However, when he tried to cloak his past in fiery Americanism, one of his own gang exposed him.

The goateed führer of Asheville, William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Fascist, pro-Nazi Silver Shirt movement, gave the lie to Smith's denial of membership in the Silver Legion by indignantly printing Smith's original membership card in his magazine, Liberation.

Today Gerald L. K. Smith is a candidate for Congress from the State of Michigan. He is running for the Senate against the incumbent Demo-

The "Rev." Gerald L. K. Smith, candidate for the Senate. He began as Huey Long's pupil.



Silver Shirts' Pelley, a Deatherage choice for a place in a national supreme Fascist council.

Lawrence Dennis, "godfather" of American F cism, not long ago a pet of Hitler's emba

cratic senator Prentiss Brown. He has large headquarters in Detroit and has developed an increasingly vicious propaganda line since Pearl Harbor. This while our boys are fighting for freedom!

Just a short time after Coughlin's Social Justice was banned from the mails for sedition, Smith mysteriously came to life with a flashy new magazine called The Cross and the Flag. The publication is obviously designed to appeal to Coughlin's former readers. Indeed, this ex-Silver Shirt member recently printed what he described as "a partial list of fearless Americans." The list includes:

Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune.

Father Charles E. Coughlin, of the afore-mentioned magazine, Social Justice.

Gerald B. Winrod, editor of the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic magazine, Defender, of Wichita, who has been questioned recently by a federal grand jury.

Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald, a leading isolationist publication before Pearl Harbor.

Elizabeth Dilling, author of The Red Network, also subpoenaed before a grand jury investigating pro-Nazi activities in Chicago.

Father Edward Lodge Curran.

Charles A. Lindbergh.

OF course there can be no doubt that Smith included some names of people who are hostile to his own real views, in order to give himself protective coloration. That's an old political trick.

Just to show you what a ham actor Smith is, get this: On May 20 the Newsletter of the National Workers League in Detroit had this to say for Smith:

"Folks, keep in mind every day that a great nationalist (Gerald Smith) is a candidate this fall from Michigan for the U. S. Senate. Talk a bit about him every day to some new face. This sterling American may be behind the bars when voting time comes around, and if such should be the case, let us fight all the harder."

And here's the pay-off: Although Smith included Congressman Martin Dies as one of the "fearless Americans," Dies has called the National Workers League "a clearinghouse for Axis propaganda."

SMITH is a very smooth operator these days. He is a good speaker and a terrific glad-hander. He knows what it is to be hungry, and he won't be hungry as long as he keeps "rabble-rousing."

Smith has inherited the mantle of Father Coughlin. He appears to be getting even more support than the Royal Oak priest, since the first issue of his new magazine contained endorsements from Senators Nye and Reynolds and Representative Roy Woodruff.

Another "American" who is actively playing the enemy's game today is the intellectual godfather of American Fascism, Lawrence Dennis. Now, Dennis is a very unusual type. He never makes any bones about the fact that he is a Fascist. He maintains a cozy office in Wall Street, publishes a weekly news-letter on financial matters, and writes tiresome books praising Hitler's racket as the solution to the world's problems. Dennis has even had the gall to parrot his open antidemocratic beliefs over a coast-to-coast network on the Town Meeting of the Air.

He defends his actions by saying that his is an American plan for the American people. What the American people don't know, of course, is that Lawrence Dennis was a pet of the German Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, under whose swastika he was frequently a happy dinner guest.

In 1938 the Nazis sent a short, hawk-nosed, bespectacled "journalist" named Manfred Zapp to the United States. Zapp was to set up a Nazi news agency to feed American papers. He was amply supplied with cash and knew his way around. Manfred Zapp was an agent of the espionage section of Goebbels' propaganda ministry.

Zapp was anxious to make contact among the "big-shot" pro-Fascists in American life. He received letters of introduction from Berlin to several leading Americans. One of these letters was from Dr. K. O. Bertling, director of the Amerika-Institut of Berlin, which has charge of Nazi activities in the United States, written in November, 1938. It said in part:

". . . I propose that you visit right away Mr. Lawrence Dennis, with whom you have already perhaps become acquainted in the meantime, and who is the author of 'The Coming Fascism in America,' and who is the author of important articles in contemporary magazines like 'Reader's Digest,' 'American Mercury,' etc. Mr. Dennis is economic adviser of the gigantic firm of E. A. Pierce & Co., 40 Wall St., which is probably the largest brokerage house in the United States. All you have to do is contact him on the telephone and mention that I am sending regards. Mr. D. [Dennis] is a big shot and through him you will undoubtedly, in view of the most recent political happenings, obtain any connections that you may wish and which at this time are all possible."

Eight months after Pearl Harbor Dennis still maintains his activities are pro-American.

IT wouldn't be so irritating if there were just one or two of these "patriotic" Americans, but they run into the dozens and the hundreds and, as you'll soon see, even into the thousands, all over the United States.

Joseph E. McWilliams, whom I enjoy nicknaming Jerque McWilliams, a show-off who turned "Nazi" (after a short membership in the Communist

jor General Moseley, pro-Nazi and rabid -Semite, and still drawing retirement pay.

Joe McWilliams began as Communist, turned Nazi, organized the "Christian Mobilizers."

A. A. Vonsiatsky, who built a Fascist citadel on his wealthy wife's estate in Connecticut.

Party), aspired to become the American Hitler after Fritz Kuhn went to jail. He organized a bunch of "storm troopers" (many with police records) called the Christian Mobilizers, and was responsible for a series of street brawls in New York City. McWilliams was recently picked up in Chicago on a selective service charge.

STILL another of the American citizens Hitler should remember every Christmas is Count Anastase Vonsiatsky of Thompson, Connecticut. He is now doing five years in prison for espionage. Vonsiatsky's is an amazing case, especially since his early history was exposed about three years ago in Liberty. Despite that fact, he was not picked up by federal agents until seven months after Pearl Harbor.

Vonsiatsky was a key man in the Nazi plan in the U. S. A. and in Russia. He married a reputed seven-million-dollar fortune in the early 1920s. He built a huge fortress-headquarters on his wife's Connecticut estate. He formed the All-Russian Fascist Party in America and moved it behind the eighteen-inch fieldstone walls of his headquarters. He stocked it with hundreds of rifles, tear-gas guns, machine guns. He trained young men for service in his secret army and kept contact with a world-wide organization which reached into forty-six countries.

Vonsiatsky toured the world several times. He could be seen having tea with Nazi officials at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, being greeted by high Japanese officials in Tokyo, addressing Nazi meetings in Shanghai, and organizing a secret striking force that could be used any way he and his buddies saw fit.

When Vonsiatsky became chummy with the leader of the German-American Bund, Fritz Kuhn, he confided that he had done so only in order to keep his party in the good graces of the Nazis in Berlin. He had a deal with the Germans to act as one of the Nazi Quislings of Soviet Russia, and after the Nazi invasion of Russia last year, Vonsiatsky called on Stalin and his government to surrender to the Nazis in order to save useless bloodshed.

After Fritz Kuhn went to jail, Vonsiatsky was apparently even more anxious to help the Ratzis. He was also on splendid terms with the Japanese. One of his Japanese correspondents sent him frequent letters and post cards from Tokyo which usually contained the words, "When Ice Box Party, please?" That, according to investigators, was the code phrase for an American revolution.

THE amazing espionage intrigue into which Vonsiatsky entered baffled investigators for quite a while. It started on a trip to Chicago last summer. Vonsiatsky met in a suite at the Hotel Bismarck with G. Wilhelm Kunze, successor to Fritz Kuhn as leader of the Bund, Dr. Otto Willumeit, and several other Nazis. In this Chicago Loop hideaway they planned a vast espionage program. Vonsiatsky was to act as paymaster. Kunze was to gather the information, and an alien minister was to transport the military secrets into Mexico. The plot was even more clever than usual, since Kunze planned to have the minister carry the information inside his shirt and under his clerical collar, where he was sure no customs officer would think to look.

This man Vonsiatsky could not be described as small fry. Shortly before Pearl Harbor he was visited at his home by a man who wanted an introduction to the military attaché of the Japanese Embassy in Washington. Vonsiatsky gave him a card belonging to a leader of the Japanese General Staff in Tokyo. The inquirer used this card and got into the embassy without any trouble. What happened after that cannot be revealed because it might harm government prosecutions.

Perhaps one of the answers to why Vonsiatsky formed such a kindly friendship with Bund leader Fritz Kuhn can be found in the fact that they both fancied themselves as great lovers. The fantastic story of Kuhn's romances will be told in a succeeding installment of this series.

After the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, Vonsiatsky was one of the leaders of a rebel gang which traveled in the southern part of the Soviet country torturing peasants who were not opposed to the Lenin regime.

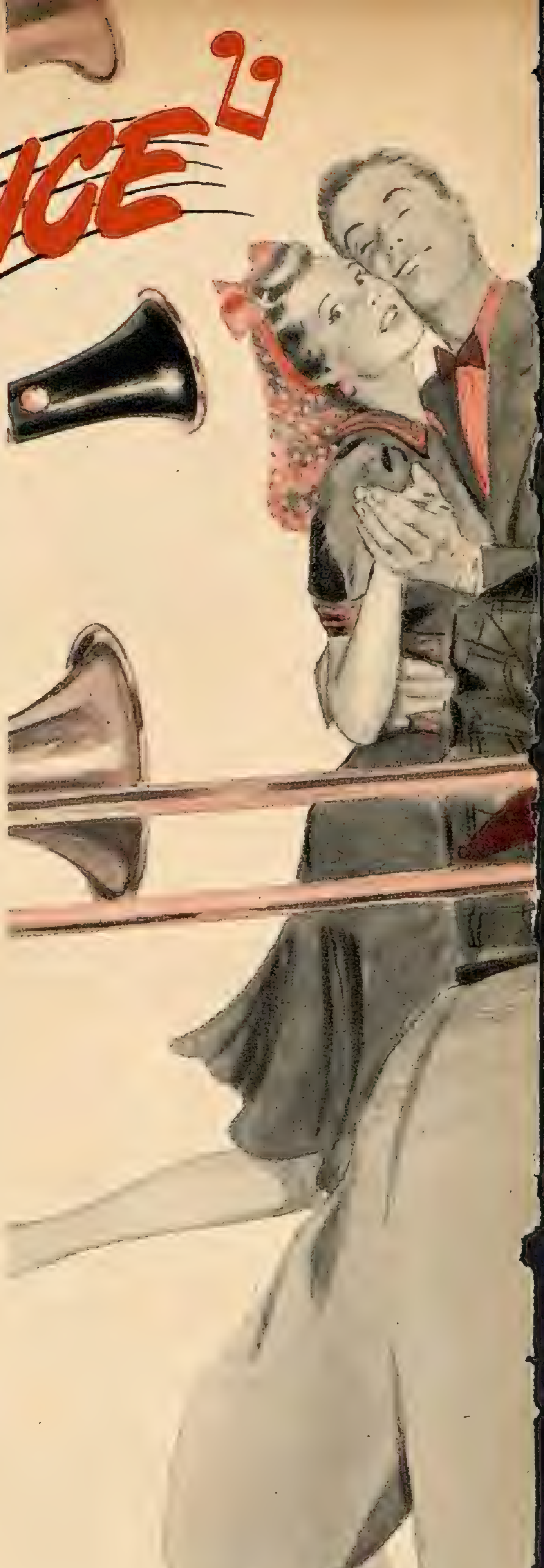
Vonsiatsky's torture killings in Yalta in the Crimea were gruesome. He and several other Czarist officers roamed the countryside making nightly raids upon people "suspected of Bolshevism." Vonsiatsky poetically described his rich victims as "men with caviar," but he added that they tortured men "without caviar" also.

SOME of these stories Vonsiatsky wrote in a Paris White Russian Paper which appeared on June 24, 1921. He described in one how a young boy, "without caviar," was kidnaped, although his mother dropped to her knees and begged that the officers spare his life. His lack of "caviar" made his torture brief. After tormenting him playfully, inflicting the maximum amount of pain with a minimum of trouble, his executioners simply pushed their revolvers into his face and blew his head off. As Vonsiatsky playfully described it later, "The bullets hit the head and the skull burst to pieces." Vonsiatsky said that one of his friends was disturbed because, "pieces of brain matter were splattered over the chest and sleeves of his mackintosh."

Another victim, named Khesman-Zelensky, was first beaten over the head and shoulders with guns by his sadistic attackers. A bayonet was shoved into the soft part of his leg, "Blood gushed . . . the bayonet penetrated deeper and deeper." His torturers ordered him to confess that he was a Jew. He gasped: "I confess . . ."

(Continued on page 44)

"ONE MORE DANCE"



A baby does things to a woman's heart. A war can leave a man unchanged. That was Dinny's problem . . and Dinny was in love

BY ANNE HOMER WARNER

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SHE wasn't matronly exactly; in fact she was thinner than she used to be—almost too thin. And yet it was there, that disturbing difference that Bart might not like. That Bart was sure not to like.

In the old days he used to call her a lot of silly names—Funny-face, and Punkin, and some she had forgotten. They went out every night they could possibly manage it; they danced mostly, and they were so good they made a team that people watched. "Swing it, Dinny!" he'd say, and lift her off her feet. Her brown hair would fly out, and her hazel-flecked eyes would meet his. And the glance they exchanged would be a kind of secret code—because no one had ever had quite as much fun before!

Dinny wore brief skirts in those days, and brightly colored bandannas. They were out so much in the roadster with the top down, or on beaches, that she always had a lovely rosy tan. But she was pale now, and there were shadows under the hazel eyes and a kind of stillness to the mouth that had laughed so much. And Bart would notice that—he was bound to.

But the trouble was even deeper, for by now she had almost forgotten the jokes they used to make and the funny endearing little words that had left them helpless with laughter. She loved him so much that she couldn't bear to have him disappointed. And yet she couldn't remember anything except the blur of laughter, and Bart pouring cocktails into paper cups when they were having a picnic, or putting a stream of nickels into a juke box and easing her out onto the dance floor. He was forever picking up strangers and turning a casual evening into a gala occasion that lasted well into the early morning hours. People liked his genial grin and his unfailing good humor. He put them at their ease because he was having such a good time himself. And Dinny loved it too; she never wanted to go home. Why should she when everything was such grand fun?

And that's the way their marriage had been, simply an extension of the good times. They had had a tiny apartment—two rooms and a back porch—sparsely furnished. Dinny hadn't had much reason to fix it up because they were hardly ever there. Bart would get home from his engineering job about six, and generally they'd have a couple of cocktails and then go some place to dance. Or else they'd snatch a quick bite before a gay evening at some one's house.

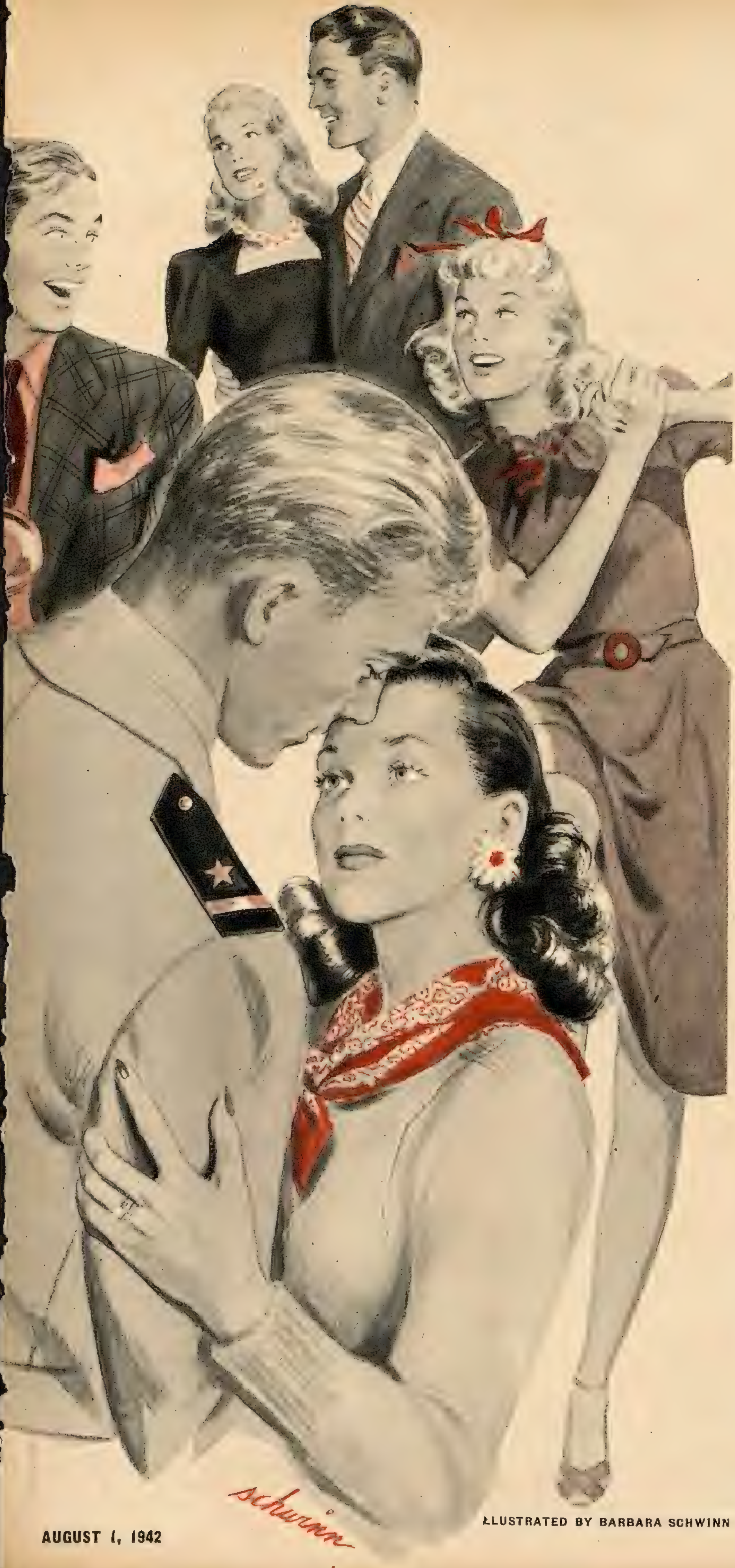
Bart was in the Naval Reserve, and they had been married six months when he was called up. And of course that was an excuse for more parties than ever before. If Bart minded having to go, he never said so. He just gave her a quick squeeze, and said, "Funny-face, if we're going to keep all this, we have to fight for it, and that's that!" And he whistled off tune while mixing a shaker of cocktails.

DINNY met his gaiety as she always had. Every one they knew gave Bart a farewell send-off, and in between they went to their favorite places and danced. Dinny wasn't sure about the baby then, so she didn't say anything to Bart. And because he acted as though the navy were some sort of lark, she felt that way too. He'd be back on leave a lot, he said, and, boy, what times they'd have! They planned the celebrations in advance, and Dinny teased him about the way he'd look in his uniform. His unruly hair would have to calm down a lot, she said. And she just hoped he wouldn't turn out to be bowlegged!

But secretly she knew he'd look the way his picture did now on her bureau—tall, broad-shouldered, laughing, of course. Brown eyes squinting into the sun, sandy hair cut very short. . . . Sometimes it almost hurt to look at the picture.

Because the furloughs hadn't turned out as they'd expected. Three times Bart had planned to come home, but each time his orders were changed at the last moment. First it was something about Iceland, and later the Atlantic Patrol. And then, when he was coming back for Christmas, the Japs had intervened. So Bart had been

Dinny hated herself, because this was what they'd always done together, and now it wasn't enough.



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

away a year now, a long, strange year. So much can happen in that time!

Standing in the dim shadowy room, before the old-fashioned mirror, Dinny felt as though that stretch of time had a positive quality, holding her in a kind of stillness. She was used to dressing in the half-dark because of the baby. But now there was something frightening about it. She needed light and gaiety; she needed reassurance that she could turn back into the kind of girl she used to be.

That's what living alone could do to you. She hadn't been really alone, of course. After Bart left she had given up the apartment and moved in with her sister Ellie. Joe, Ellie's husband, was away a lot on defense work, and they were glad to have her. She had been quite sick for a while. But she had written Bart a lot of bright wisecracky letters. And then, when Bart, Jr., was born, she had sent him a picture with a gay inscription, and he had written back in the same vein.

She saw now that she had always gone back to her old self when she wrote the letters. But all the time she was changing—forgetting how to dance, liking to be alone, liking to go down with the girls to work at the Red Cross, consumed now with only one desire in life—to take proper care of the baby. She had slipped into all that without realizing it. And then the telegram had come—one of Bart's usual idiotic wires, saying he had three weeks' shore leave, so bring out the band and put the champagne on ice, only better make it a dry Martini!

That was Bart's favorite drink, a dry Martini with an olive in it. And his favorite tune was Dipsy Doodle, and his favorite dance was . . . Oh, Bart darling, she thought, I'm not going to fail you! Not now, when you have such a short time!

THE baby stirred and she hurried to look at him. And then she remembered that wouldn't do. Ellie had promised to take care of the baby during Bart's visit. Dinny was to devote herself entirely to his father. But now she was worried. Because, however hard she tried, Bart would be sure to see how much she had changed. She'd never be able to hide it from him.

And yet she must.

She saw suddenly that the old green dress wouldn't do. She changed into a red skirt and a gray sweater. She knotted a red and gray silk scarf about her throat, and leaned closer to the mirror to construct an entirely new mouth. And she realized, with despair, that even her hair seemed to have darkened. It used to have a kind of brightness, but now it was all plain brown. Maybe having babies did that to you. She'd heard of such things. . . . They took the glow out of your hair and your eyes, and put it in your heart. Into a kind of deep satisfying wonder. . . .

She had never used mascara, but now she tried a little, and quite a lot of color on her cheeks. She smiled impudently at herself, and it was a flat failure. Better wait until she saw him. Better not use up that special brand of smile.

She was going to meet him at the station, and then they would go to the Owl, their old dancing stand-by. And later some of the crowd would come in . . . because Bart must have a good time his first night, and all the other nights too.

Ellie was in the hall when she came down. And of course she said all the right things. She said, "You look marvelous, darling! And don't worry about the baby. I'll be listening for him!" Ellie was five years older, and president of the local Red Cross. It was a big job, and Dinny had loved helping.

"Am I really all right?" she asked. "I feel kind of drab. . . ."

Ellie's smile was quick with understanding. "A year is a long time," she said. "And you and Bart had such a few months of being married!"

"That's it," Dinny said. "There are still a lot of things we haven't done together. . . ."

AND then she hurried. She took Ellie's car—they were to have that too—and drove alone through the late spring evening. It was a perfect time of year. They could have picnics. They could go to their special place, above the bluff . . . and Bart would stretch out, with his head in her lap. He'd say, "Funny-face, what's on your mind?" He'd say . . . What would he say?

She arrived at the station too soon. She wasn't ready yet. She hadn't planned what to say or how to act. . . . And then the train was coming in and she was standing alone on the platform. Her heart was stretched painfully, and the tears made the mascara sting. She took out her handkerchief and dabbed furiously. She should never have used the mascara . . . What a thing to be doing when your husband came back—how idiotic to be trying desperately to wipe off those ugly telltale smears!

The mascara made her eyes smart, and Bart yelled, "Hiya, Funny-face!" and leaped off the train while it was still moving, and lifted her a foot off the ground, so she felt his arms before she even saw him. She felt those strong young arms, and the tears were blinding her.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "I'm such an idiot!"

"Sure are!" he said. "Did you just find that out?"

He was still holding her so close she couldn't see; but she could feel his heart beat. She wasn't sure she'd ever felt the pounding of his heart before. "Don't look at me," she begged. "I'm all streaked!"

"Here, let the old man attend to that!" He took out a large handkerchief and began mopping up her face. Through the blur she could see his brown eyes, smiling quizzically. She could see how tanned and well he looked.

"Now this," he said, and fished in her pocketbook for a compact.

Dinny felt the laughter like a kind of hysteria that she couldn't control. "You haven't forgotten a thing!" she said. "Bart, you look wonderful!"

He took a bow; he seized her elbow and started down the platform. "Where to, Funny-face? Let's go!"

And that was so familiar it helped enormously. It made her feel almost like the old Dinny to hear Bart say, "Let's go!" But not quite, because the old Dinny had been able to echo the words and match their exuberance. But this new Dinny felt only a kind of flatness. Because she didn't want to go any place really, except to be alone with Bart. . . .

"Yes, let's!" she said gaily. "The Owl, darling? We can dance, and the crowd's coming over. . . ."

He swept her headlong; he searched aimlessly for bags. "I brought you a sarong," he said, "a green and purple one!" He piled the stuff in the car, and slid in under the wheel, and gave her three kisses, one on the nose and two on the mouth. "We're off!" he said. "Have you forgotten that last build-up we worked out backward?"

And she wanted to say, "Yes, Bart, I have. I've forgotten everything. I'm a different girl. . . ."

But of course she couldn't.

The sun had gone down but there was still a glow. She painted a new mouth, better than the first one. And that helped—it kept her busy.

Bart said, "Me for a dry Martini!" And he'd never once asked about the baby! But, then, why should he? Bart didn't know the way you felt—watching them learn to focus their eyes and grab onto things with their little red fingers. Bart had been away—fighting—so he couldn't know about all that.

THE Owl hadn't changed, he said. He made straight for their favorite table in the corner, stopping only to greet the waiters like old pals. "Hiya, Jimmy. Hello there, Marcus. How you doing?" Dinny was proud of the way that the uniform fitted across his wide shoulders, of the way he held his head straight and alert. She was proud of this tall lean young ensign of hers—and she wished she could meet his gay mood, wished desperately she could somehow end this taut, unhappy longing to be quiet and at peace in his arms. . . .

"Here we are, Funny-face!" he said. "Bring on the peanuts and the popcorn and a double dry for each of us!"

There was a small band and the musicians were friends of Bart. For his benefit they began playing The White Cliffs of Dover. Dinny felt the quick tears sting her eyelids. And when the Martinis came she took a hasty gulp and her laugh was a little shaky. "I guess they've been planning this, Bart," she said. "Look at the flags!"

Sure enough, there was an assortment of flags in a row behind the platform. Bart looked and grinned sheepishly. And then he downed his drink. "Just because I've been paddling around having a fling!" he said. "Come on, Baby, let's dance. . . ."

PADDLING around having a fling. . . . Dinny wished she could ask him how it felt, living month after month on a big gray destroyer, waiting for the bells and the shouts when a submarine was sighted. . . .

"Hey, you're pooping out on me! Three steps backward and then two. . . . Dinny, where are those twinkle-toes of yours!"

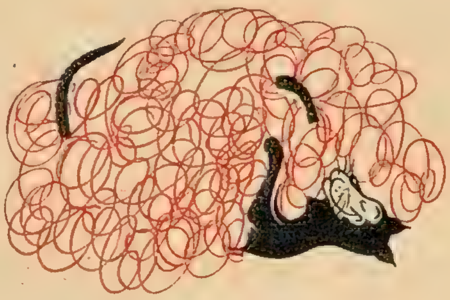
"Just a little rusty!" she said, meeting his smile.

He decided on another drink before the music was over—sure proof that the first dance had been a failure. She began to think he would never ask about the baby, but when he did it was even worse than if he had forgotten altogether. Because it was almost like a stranger, grinning at her across the table, draining his third Martini and saying carelessly, "How's the infant, Dinny? Any teeth yet? What is it they do at this age?"

"No teeth yet, of course not," she said slowly—feeling a hurt so deep she couldn't fathom it. Every evening, when she put little Bart to bed, she'd lean over his crib and talk to him. She'd say, "Wait till your daddy sees you, darling. He's going to be mighty proud!"

She'd say inane things like that and feel a kind of hurt of happiness. And now here was Bart, not even waiting for an answer but waving hilariously to some one across the room. Waving to Steve Graham and a gang of old friends. They trooped over and ordered steak sandwiches and highballs. And Dinny saw that it wasn't any use. She just didn't belong here any more.

And that was when she got panicky. That was when she began to feel that Bart really was a stranger—a boy she'd just met; a tall, smooth, happy-go-lucky young man who made wisecracks and danced with all the girls and wasn't, in a way, quite real. She



remembered how, in the fall, she used to take long walks, scuffing the leaves, feeling the wind cold against her face. All the time she was walking she would think about Bart and even have conversations with him. They would decide what kind of house they would have some day, and whether the baby was going to have light hair, like his.

All that seemed like a long time ago, and the place was crowded by now, and the lights were dim, and Bart had the gang hooting with his wisecracks. He had picked up a lot of jokes in the navy, and the way he reeled them off you'd think he'd done nothing else on shipboard.

"What'll you have, Funny-face? Another highball? Say, here's our tune!" He pulled her to her feet, and they danced; and they had nothing to talk about. Bart hummed under his breath, his rhythm was faultless, his brown eyes were bright with laughter. And Dinny hated herself, because this was what they'd always done together, and now it wasn't enough.

MAYBE if he hadn't been away. If they'd been together during all those long months of waiting. . . . There was something unnatural about trying to pick up a marriage at odd moments like this. The music quickened and Bart said, "Swing it, Dinny!" and lifted her off her feet. Her brown hair flew out and her hazel-flecked eyes met his. But the glance they exchanged had no secret code now—it was friendly and meaningless.

The music stopped abruptly and they wandered back to their table. The others were gathering up their wraps, preparing to leave. "We're going to try the Tavern," Steve said. "How about it, Bart? We'll make a night of it!"

"Sure," Bart said. "We'll meet you over there. I've ordered another highball. . . ."

"O. K. We'll save a place. . . ."

The gang trooped out, and a moment later the waiter brought them each a drink. "On the house!" he said. "Compliments of the boss."

"Thanks, Jimmy." But when the waiter had left, Bart sat looking at the pale amber liquid, and when he spoke his voice was flat and a little tired. "How about it, Dinny? Shall we follow them?"

"If you want to," Dinny said uncertainly. "This is—your celebration, Bart."

He grinned. "Maybe I've lost the hang of it. . . ."

Dinny stared. "Is it anything I've done?" she asked helplessly. "I mean, if there is anything. . . ."

"Not a thing!" he said quickly. But his voice slid off into unconvincing silence. He was drawing on the tablecloth with his fork. The dents he made looked like a battleship, or maybe a destroyer.

She couldn't reach him; she couldn't even make him smile that quick easy way of his. Her hands were folded tight in her lap. And the tightness around her throat—that of course was the red-and-gray scarf. She took it off. "I don't know why I wore this thing," she said uneasily.

"It's a bread-and-butter note from the Pearsons. They can't remember ever having such a lovely time."

Bart picked up the pretty piece of silk and put it down again. "Don't mind me," he said. "It's just—I can't quite get the hang of it. But I know how very much you like a good time, Dinny. . . ."

"Me?" she asked, feeling a kind of pointlessness in everything she said. Bart was unhappy, and he had something to tell her. Whatever it was, she mustn't mind. . . .

"I won't mind," she said. "Is there anything that you want to tell me, Bart?"

"Lord, no!" he said—and the heartiness in his voice she knew now was entirely false. "Shall we follow them, or have another dance first?"

"Neither," Dinny answered firmly. "Not until you tell me, Bart. I mean, what's troubling you. . . ."

He went back to his drawing. "I was hoping you wouldn't notice, Dinny," he said uneasily. "I mean, it isn't anything you can put your finger on—just a kind of feeling, I guess. And it hit me all of a sudden just now, when I was hoping it wouldn't."

"Why were you hoping that?" she asked. "Bart, you've got to tell me!"

She didn't really want him to tell her at all. Something uncontrollable was urging her on like this. The place was crowded and dim and noisy. The music was almost more than she could stand. Because if Bart was going to say he didn't love her any more. . . .

"Funny-face, why are we getting so serious? We never used to. . . ."

"That's true," she said. "But a year is a long time, Bart."

"That's it. A lot of things can happen in a year." His voice was low with embarrassment. He said, "When you spend all that time on a ship, you get to thinking, Dinny. And after a while you begin to change. It's hard to explain, but, well—"

"Yes, Bart?" She was urging him on; she had to know. In the end it would be much better. . . .

"Well, that's all," he said.

"All, Bart?"

"Yes, Dinny. You see, it does something to a guy being in a war like this." He picked up the scarf again, and Dinny felt her heart beating wildly, so that she couldn't speak. Because there was Bart, frowning and miserable, staring at that gray-and-red thing as though it had some special meaning for him. . . . He said uneasily, "You change, that's all, Dinny. You get to thinking about the kid, and about how you have to fix the world so he won't need to fight. You get to thinking things like that, and after a while the good times don't mean so much, and having a home for the kid means more. . . ."

"More? Oh, Bart!"

He glanced at her quickly, so she knew she must have spoken, though her throat ached with a kind of incredulous disbelief. . . . "I didn't mean to tell you all this," he said slowly. "I know how you like a good time, and you haven't had much fun lately. I thought I could put on an act. . . ."

An act! So that's what Bart had been doing—pretending to be gay and hard because he thought she'd want it that way! She felt weak with sudden happiness. She said helplessly, "But, darling, I've been putting on an act too. . . ."

THE music was all around them and the music was beautiful. She said unsteadily, "I've changed too, you see. And I was afraid you wouldn't like the new me. I was afraid you'd be disappointed—"

"Disappointed! In you, Dinny?" And the astonishment in his eyes was answer enough to everything she'd feared. "Good Lord, sweetheart, how could I be? You're all I think about. You and the kid. . . ."

"Oh, Bart!" She tried to laugh so she wouldn't cry. "I guess we've both been putting on an act. Because we've both changed. Isn't it lucky we changed in the same direction?"

"That's not luck," Bart said soberly. "All married people do if they're meant for each other." And then he smiled. "Shall we go home now, Funny-face? I've got to see that kid. . . ."

"Let's!" Dinny said, her voice bright and gay with happiness. "But we'll have one more dance first, shall we? Just to prove we can, on occasion—"

"Right you are!" he said. And he swept her out onto the floor again. The band was playing The White Cliffs of Dover, and Dinny's feet were light as air. Her feet were as light as her heart, and her brown hair flew straight out when Bart tried a last intricate spin. They whirled and he held her gently, and there was only one thing better than their dance, and that was the high moment of its ending.

THE END

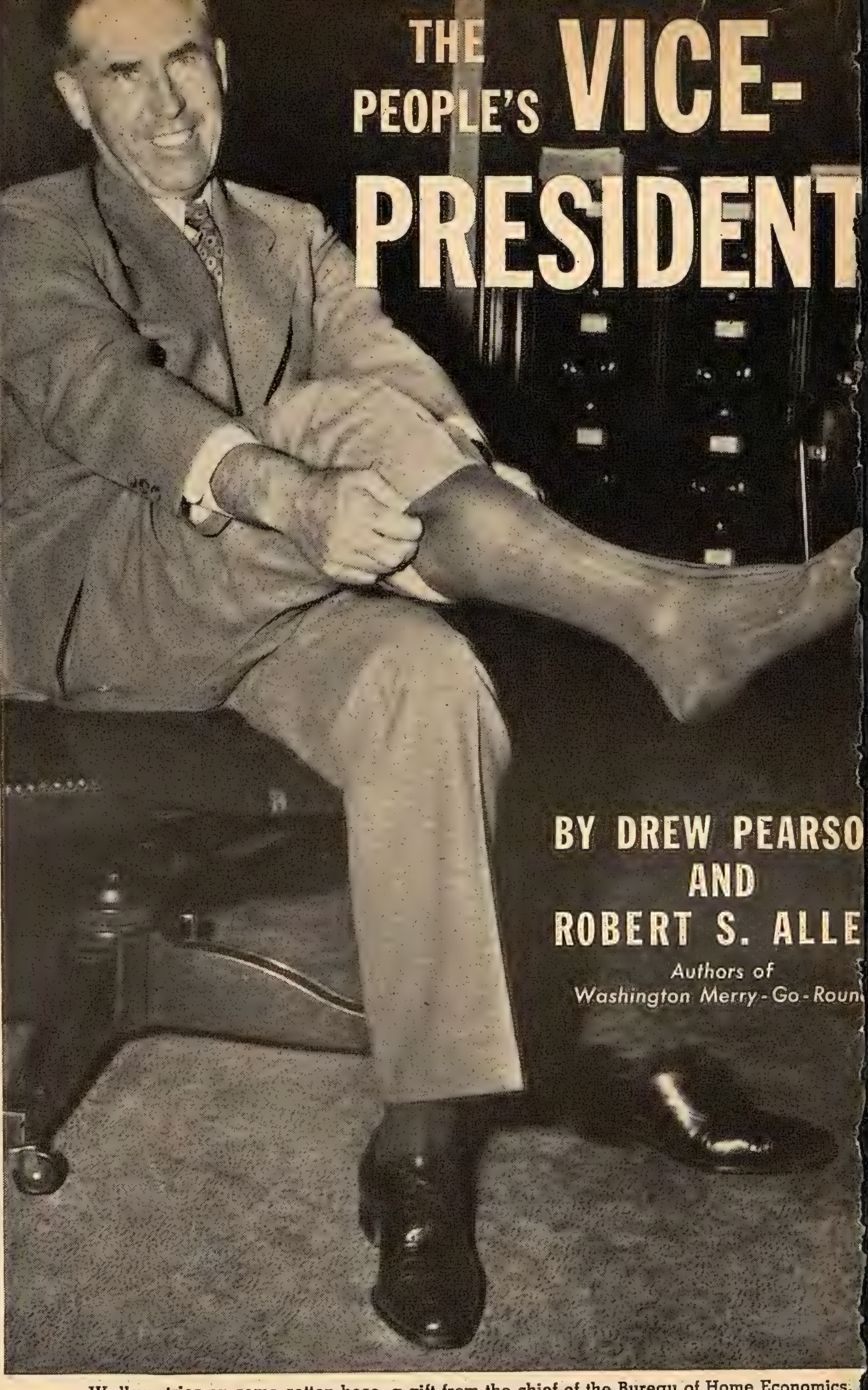
THE PEOPLE'S VICE-PRESIDENT

Presenting Henry Wallace of Iowa. He's making history! The most active "second in command" this country has had in more than 100 years

BY DREW PEARSO AND ROBERT S. ALLE

Authors of Washington Merry-Go-Roun

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



Wallace tries on some cotton hose, a gift from the chief of the Bureau of Home Economics.

IN August, 1932, Henry Wallace was asked to deliver an address at Cornell University. He declined. Later, however, prompted by an impulse he cannot account for, he changed his mind and accepted. In Ithaca, Henry Morgenthau heard the speech and lured Wallace away for the week-end, saying, "You must meet the Governor."

Six months later, a letter with impressive earmarks came to the office of Wallaces' Farmer in Des Moines. Wallace was on a speaking tour in Nebraska. Dante Pierce, his publishing associate and his intimate friend, looked at the postmark—Miami, Fla. He knew that Franklin Roosevelt was fishing off Miami, that he had made no selection for the post of Secretary of Agriculture. Pierce grunted, opened his private safe, and locked the letter inside.

When Wallace returned, Pierce brought him into his private office, sat him down behind a desk, then crossed dramatically to the safe. He brought out the letter and without a word handed it to Henry. Wallace read it. Then he turned away and looked out of the window for several minutes. When he turned back again his eyes were wet. He said:

"What shall I do?"

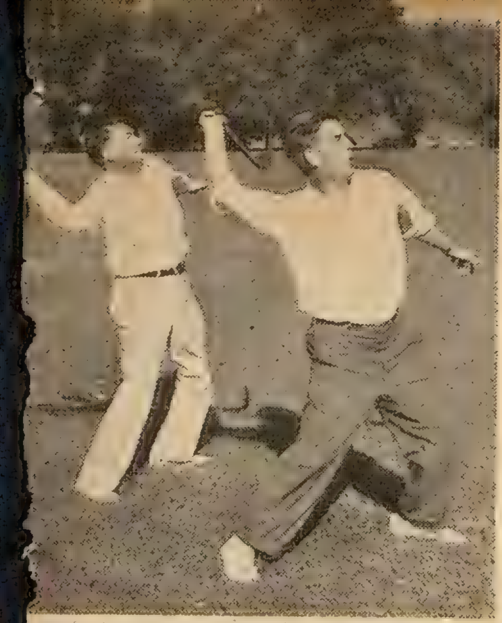
"Do?" said Pierce. "There's only one thing to do! We'll fix up a telegram and say yes."

And they say in Des Moines that if emphatic Dante Pierce had said, "Hell, Henry, you can't be bothered with politics; stick to your last," Henry would have been quite willing to fix up a telegram that said no.

WHATEVER indecision may have been in the mind of Henry Wallace in 1933 is no longer there now. Completely, though not without considerable pain, he made the transition from a farm editor and a corn breeder to an aggressive political exponent and Cabinet member controlling or affecting the lives of 57,000 employees and 6,000,000 farmers. And eight years later he made still a further transition to Vice-President, where, instead of being the traditional figurehead of the Senate, he has become the most active incumbent the Vice-Presidency has known in more than one hundred years. For the first time in the modern history of the country, we have a Vice-President who, instead of being a sore thumb, is the right hand of the President.

Such a record of achievement in one decade might be thought enough to content any man, but Wallace, feeling intimately the woes of the world, and restive under the omissions and commissions of the government, suffers acutely. There are times when he longs hungrily for the tasks which absorbed him ten years ago, scientific experiments in which truths were more easily perceived than in the intellectual dust storms that rage in Washington.

Before he left Des Moines in February, 1933, Wallace was approached by Steve McDonough, staff writer for the Associated Press, who asked for a statement. The new Cabinet member chuckled, ducked his head shyly, and said he supposed he could fix up something by two o'clock in the afternoon. Fearful of getting a lengthy dissertation, McDonough added that 200 words would be about the right length. When he came back, Wallace handed him a piece of paper on which he had penciled a few words in a boyish scrawl. He had begun, "I hope I may have the necessary strength to help our new President." Then he had scratched out "necessary" and "our new," and made insertions so that the statement, his first hesitating official words, finally read, "I hope I may have the strength and wisdom to help the President in carrying out the agricultural adjustments which are so close to his mind and heart."


Wallace, right, shows Bob Jackson how to throw a boomerang.

The Vice-President smiles proudly as Mrs. Wallace pins a second lieutenant's gold bar on the shoulder of their son Robert, 23.

He inspects corn that cam up mysteriously in Washington

Wallace had the strength and in good measure the wisdom. When General Hugh Johnson was sweating in the NRA saddle, Wallace, with the less spectacular but far more enduring AAA, was riding at the same pace. That furious pace unseated the tough-talking ex-cavalryman but not the corn breeder. During 1934, Wallace traveled 40,000 miles through all forty-eight states, made eighty-eight speeches, picked up two college degrees, and wrote twenty articles and three books for publication. Of all the Cabinet members, Wallace was surpassed in the number of his public addresses only by the cornerstone-laying Jim Farley. Wallace dined out three or four times a week during the season, played tennis with his brother-in-law, the Minister from Switzerland; threw boomerangs with Attorney General Bob Jackson, and went picnicking in the woods with Ilo Browne Wallace and their children, Henry Browne, Robert Browne, and Jean Browne.

After a strenuous morning trying to correct the "legalized thievery of the tariff," perpetrated in the lush days of freebooter capitalism, he would knock off for lunch, hail Rex Tugwell or H. L. Wilson to go with him to the South Building cafeteria. Scorning the elevators, he would challenge them to a dash up the five flights of stairs "just to keep fit." If the others demurred, he would take the workout alone.

BY comparison with the present, those were gay days for Wallace. It was a general practice then to picture him as a social misfit, unhappy in the midst of top-hat formality where he was called "Mr. Secretary" and had to endure the demands of pressure groups seeking to maul his policies. It is true that at first there were moments of unhappiness for Wallace, but they vanished as time went by. It didn't take him long to part with his Iowa past. Hardest for him to put aside were the moral precepts he had grown up with. He couldn't forget the precepts of "Uncle Henry," his grandfather, Iowa's famous Bible teacher. Wallace found it difficult to enjoy the sophisticated and often intemperate habits of the capital. He remained temperate himself to the point of abstemiousness, preferring a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk to a full-course dinner, and shaking his head repeatedly at the butler who proffered cocktails, wine, and highballs. Yet Wallace observed that many men of good and high morals did not abstain and he slowly came to the conclusion that he could serve liquor in his own home with a clear conscience.

ONE of the first dinner invitations he and Mrs. Wallace received was from Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. He debated some time before accepting. His article on inflation, written before the inauguration, had just appeared, and he was learning with some discomfort that the views of Henry Wallace the individual were being underscored as coming from Secretary Wallace, Cabinet member. A formal dinner had no charms at any time, still less if he were to be pumped as a spokesman of the administration. But he took the dare and the Wallaces went.

Before the second course was over, his hostess was bringing the talk around to inflation. Wallace turned a serious countenance upon her and said in a confidential manner:

"Mrs. Longworth, there are but two possible courses open to us at the present time."

Eagerly she bent forward to catch his words. Gravely Wallace continued:

"On the one hand, we can *raise* the price of gold."

"Yes, and the other?"

"On the other hand, we can *lower* the price of gold."

Mrs. Longworth got the point.

No one can claim for Wallace that he excels as a wit or raconteur, but there is in him a dry Lincoln-like humor that gives spice to his talk. In Dallas, Texas, at a luncheon in his honor, he was presented with a large bouquet of red roses. As if to challenge Wallace's wit, the donor declared, "Mr. Secretary, it is an ironical thing, but these roses are a variety known as the Hoover rose."

A laugh went round the room and all eyes watched Wallace. He bent his head and buried his face in the fragrant blooms. Then, looking up, he said quietly:

"They smell much better than I had expected."

By the time the second social season of Washington came around, the man who was supposed to be a dirt farmer and who had upset the regimen of his own household by going on an exclusive diet of milk and popcorn to prove it all-sufficient for human needs had become a confirmed diner-out. He would come rushing into his home ten minutes before time to leave for a dinner, hurtle into his dinner clothes, and be ready ahead of Mrs. Wallace, who had been dressing for an hour.

Out of this new social experience, Henry Wallace, the nonsmoking, nondrinking vegetarian, drew these observations:

1. The practice of official seating is stupid, for it brings the same persons together time after time, allowing no variety of acquaintance.
2. Patience and an occasional nod of the head are all that is required to be rated a good conversationalist by most women.
3. It is as true of a dinner partner as it is of show corn that form and function are not necessarily related.

UNDERNEATH, Wallace the diner-out is essentially the same man as Wallace the picnicker. Simple things charm him most, and in the midst of the tumult of Washington he can hear the patter of rain, see the shapes of barn and silo and the design of fields. More than once in the course of a pressing day he has voiced the nostalgic wish that he might be transported back to Iowa. But it is significant that his nostalgia is less for the colors of a setting sun or the call of an early bird than it is for the peace of quiet scientific experiment. Often he wishes to be walking beside a row of corn, stopping at each plant to cover the silk with a transparent paper bag or injecting pollen with an atomizer. This was what absorbed most of his life and what led to the development of the famous Hi-Bred Wallace seed corn.

When he first came to Washington, Wallace was delightfully unpretentious. He went out on the tennis courts one afternoon, found that his shoes pinched, took them off and played in his stocking feet. When the game was over he trotted into the front entrance of the Department of Agriculture with his shoes in his hand.

One day, when a trip took him back to Des Moines in midsummer, he forgot that he was Secretary of Agriculture and found relief by stretching out on the courtyard lawn and fanning himself with his straw hat.

But after he had been in Washington a year a friend asked him this question: "Henry, if you could do what you really want most to do, what would it be?"

Wallace thought a while, then replied. A moment later he revised the answer, then revised it a second time. The evolution of that final answer is the evolution of the Henry Wallace who is a product of the Washington scene. This is what he said:

"I would like to get ahold of a tract of good farm land in New Mexico or Arizona and go off by myself to carry on my experiments in corn breeding.

"But I don't know that I'd want to be entirely alone. I'd like to have a group of friends available, living on neighboring farms, so we could meet occasionally for good talk, like the discussions of the Greek philosophers."

"But that leaves out Washington, doesn't it?" Here Wallace paused again, and made his final revision. "No, I take it back. I like my job—yes, better than anything else in the world. I want to keep on making the world safe for machinery."

BEFORE the wave of wartime expansion swept them away, a row of old greenhouses used to stand at the corner of Fifteenth and Constitution Avenue, with pansies growing outside and chrysanthemums inside. It was here that the "mum" show was held every year, when Mrs. Wallace gave names to new varieties created by the Agriculture Department's botanists.

Walking among the new blooms, Mrs. Wallace would scatter names of persons close to her in that youthful heyday of the New Deal. To two of the most colorful blooms she gave the names "Georgia Peek" and "Rexford Guy Tugwell." This was some months before the clash between her husband and AAA Administrator George Peek, husband of Georgia, and it was more than a year before the fatal purge which strained to the breaking point the relations between Wallace and Tugwell. Wallace was very uncomfortable over the first, profoundly unhappy over the second.

It was in the cards from the beginning that Wallace and Peek would fall out. Peek had asked for complete autonomy as Administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Wallace had insisted the post should be under his jurisdiction. Though supported by the President, Wallace could not bring Peek to agree on this fundamental point, and after a protracted and painful attempt to work out an adjustment, Wallace abruptly, and with an unexpected display of spirit, sent Peek packing.

This was a headline event, but by comparison with the one that followed, which came to be known as "the purge," it was a trifling incident. The dismissal of Jerome Frank, Gardner Jackson, and Lee Pressman not only was more emotionally upsetting to Wallace; it also was more revealing of his character. Even today, when the purge is mentioned, he shakes his head and says, "That was badly done, very badly done."

He readily admits the validity of the criticism that broke loose on his head.

The truth was that Wallace would have liked to do the things that ousted group was fired for attempting. From the beginning of the AAA he had asked Frank to represent him in preventing processors from growing fat on the marketing agreements. This brought Frank into headlong clash with Chester Davis, Peek's successor, who demanded that Frank be fired.

Only a few months before, Wallace had autographed a copy of New Frontiers with this inscription, "For Jerome Frank. Flexible, steadfast, and honest supporter of New Deal fundamentals. With highest regards, Henry A. Wallace." But Davis frightened Wallace with threats of farm leader revolt and Wallace yielded.

HAD Tugwell been in Washington the break might have been avoided. But Tugwell was in Florida. Hastening back, he found men whom he had selected swept aside at a time when he could not be present to defend them. It was a great strain on Wallace and Tugwell, each largely responsible for the position held by the other. Tugwell had pushed Wallace for the Secretaryship after his introduction to Roosevelt by Morgenthau, and in turn Wallace, though unaware of any debt to Tugwell, had said as soon as his appointment was announced that he wanted Tugwell as his aide.

In this early test, Wallace must have been a disappointment to a former associate, Ferner Nuhn, who had written of him in March, 1933, "It is yet to be seen how greatly his sense of strategy will protect him from accepting mutilated programs as a substitute for fundamental ones."

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Pretty pages buy defense stamps from the Vice-President at the opening of "Treasury House."

A short time after the purge, and when the wounds were still raw, Frank (now a United States Circuit Court of Appeals judge) summed up Wallace's methods by drawing a triangle. "If he wants to go from A to B and finds the going rough, he will go first from A to C and then from C to B—a detour—instead of taking the straight, hard way."

Yet in no major act has Wallace betrayed the principles he has so long preached. If he gave ground to the professional leaders, it was a short-time concession. His purpose has remained unchanged from the day he said to an associate, early in 1933, after hours of conferences with the farm lobby, "No, we don't play ball with them; they aren't farmers." And of Charles Holman, secretary of the National Coöperative Milk Producers' Federation and one of the lobby leaders, he said, "He is a milk distributor disguised in overalls."

If Wallace were a profane man, his opinions of Senators "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina and William Bankhead of Alabama would be unfit to print.

But inasmuch as he doesn't swear, he resorts to some such milk-and-water phrases as "They have less than a statesman's interest in farm problems." Time and again Wallace's associates have complained to him that there was evidence of "Cotton

He confers with members of the Economic Defense B

Ed" Smith being interested in some quack cotton remedy solely for the effect it would have on the cotton market, but each time Wallace held his tongue. He has a deep ingrained dislike of personal controversy. Unlike his Cabinet colleague Harold Ickes, Wallace cannot give vent to the colorful calumnies which make both headlines and enemies.

He can be colorful and damning, but the object of his diatribe is never a hated individual. It is invariably a hated idea. Without naming names, he cries out against "the men most interested in the short-time turns of the profit wheel" and "the ghouls fattening on human disaster."

Wallace's purple speeches come from the brain, not from the spleen. Once he went West on a speaking tour when people were saving their dimes to take a fling on the wheat market. He stood before a farm audience with an accusing eye. The blast on the manuscript before him was a fire-and-brimstone denunciation, "A little ill-informed small-minded public returning like dogs to the vomit they quitted in 1929." But as Wallace glanced at the manuscript he lost heart and did not speak the scoring words.

IT is this sort of thing that made Roosevelt doubtful about him as the 1940 Presidential elections approached. Wallace has no capacity for popularizing himself. One day his office was asked for Wallace's signature on a testimonial to Babe Ruth when he retired as an active player.

"I am sorry," a secretary replied, "but it is impossible. The Secretary is too busy today."

"Well, the President is a busy man and he found time," the caller pleaded.

"That is the difference between the two men," was the reply.

The name of Henry Wallace was near the top of the political dope sheets in 1940, and it was near the top in the mind of the President. This was significantly revealed in a conversation he had with Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa in October, 1939. The conversations had come to an end and Gillette had risen to go. But the President brought up the question of the Iowa delegation, suggesting that it should go to the convention uninstructed.

"I am not so sure about that, Mr. President," said Gillette. "I have always felt that the Iowa delegation ought to be instructed for Henry Wallace."

"Henry is a grand person, a grand person," Roosevelt warmly agreed. "There is no question about that, and no one is fonder of him than I am. But you know as well as I do, Guy, that Henry just hasn't got 'It.' "

THE Chicago convention thought so too. It was only the President's prestige that jammed through Wallace's nomination as running mate. There is no delegate to that convention who will not concede Wallace's high stature as a statesman, but there isn't a delegate who doesn't know that the job of nominating Wallace was a railroaded job.

The things that make Henry Wallace a statesman are not the things that strike fire at a political convention. He has brought science to politics—but science is seldom dramatic.

Time and again Wallace has surprised his associates by the breadth and range of his knowledge and intellectual interests. He knows much about corn genetics and presumably little about art. Yet when the international convention was held in Washington to draw up treaties for the protection of works of art in wartime, Wallace attended the convention and addressed it three times in one day.

Indian affairs are not under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture. But when Wallace was on a Western trip in 1934 he visited the Navaho Indian Reservation and found it in desperate need of water. He immediately sent a telegram to the Office of Indian Affairs in the Interior Department, recommending that wells be drilled on the reservation. The wire was signed "H. A. Wallace." When it reached the Indian Office, officials were puzzled. "Have we a field worker named H. A. Wallace?" Finally they took the wire up to Secretary Ickes, who suggested that the "field worker" might be the Secretary of Agriculture.

Symphony concerts, medical cures, and the cross-breeding of dogs—there is nothing that does not intrigue Wallace's interest. He once drove fifty miles to Baltimore to hear a concert and sat in a restful position with his head against the wall, trying to see an intelligent pattern in the sounds of a Beethoven symphony.

A chemist in the Agriculture Department, William Robinson, experimenting with maggots, discovered the healing effect of allantoin on wounds. Wallace sent a bottle of the preparation to his Iowa friend, Representative Fred Biermann, whose foot ulcers had kept him on crutches for months. It acted like a miracle and Wallace was overjoyed.

At the Beltsville experimental farm, Wallace took a personal interest in experiments to determine the intelligence of shepherd dogs.

On one occasion, though swamped with running the Agriculture Department, Wallace made a study of English studbooks in a successful effort to prove that American thoroughbreds were as blue-blooded as the British. Lord Rosebery, president of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, had charged that the American racer Foxhall traced back to the "common cart horses," and thus American thoroughbreds should be barred from the British studbooks. Wallace immediately took up the cudgels and asserted that the ancestry of American horses was just as pure as any bred in Great Britain. Further, not satisfied with pursuing equestrian pedigrees, he went into human pedigrees and pointed out that the ancestry of British royalty is known completely for three generations only, for in the third, a love match introduced a lady with no recorded ancestry.

WHEN, as Vice-President-elect, Wallace went to Mexico for the inauguration of General Avila Camacho, he was not content with a perfunctory top-hat performance. He ranged around the countryside, talked with the Indians, and concluded that what Mexico needed most was a few carloads of vitamin pills. The morose state of mind of the Mexican Indian, Wallace was convinced, was the result of an overdose of tamales, tortillas, and scorching chile con carne, with not enough fruit and vegetables.

e likes to play softball. Here he is at bat.

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With his chief, to whom he is utterly loyal.

Senator Chandler, Wallace, Golfer Hagen.

Because Washington offers an immense playground for an unbounded curiosity, Wallace enjoyed Washington. For eight years he went around with invisible test tubes, exploring the truths of science, including that most elusive branch of science, government.

But since 1941 he has had far less fun and far more anguish in the job of Vice-President.

How the President happened to decide on the man who didn't have "It," few people except Harry Hopkins know. Wallace himself was taken by surprise. He was shaving at his hotel in Chicago when a telephone call told him what had happened. He dropped his razor, put on his coat, and with Eugene Casey, now a White House secretary, jumped into a cab to rush to the convention hall.

Halfway between the hotel and the hall he put his hand to his face and turned to Casey. "Good heavens, Gene," he said, "I have shaved only one side of my face!"

Even some of the most loyal Roosevelt delegates resented this "must" from the White House, and it was not until Wallace had proved himself a sturdy campaign wheel horse that the highhandedness at Chicago was forgotten.

IN many ways the 1940 campaign was not Willkie vs. Roosevelt, but Willkie vs. Wallace. Wallace did practically all the traveling and talking on the Democratic side. Following a strategic plan, aimed at touching the weakest localities, Wallace did a job of one-night stands which would have strained the vocal cords of a William Jennings Bryan. Wallace took the jeers and the catcalls, and smiled wanly at the hecklers, without having the oratorical fire to shame them down. In one instance, in Bismarck, North Dakota, a local Democratic leader pulled the train-bell cord while Wallace, standing on a baggage truck, was in the midst of an address. The train started off and Wallace, with complete loss of dignity, had to scamper after it.

Wallace began serving as Vice-President long before he was inaugurated. He went on a good-will tour to Mexico which is still bearing fruit as Mexico demonstrates a complete wartime accord with the United States. His selection to represent the United States at the inauguration of Avila Camacho was a very smart move. It was not simply Wallace's position that counted—it was what he had acquired at the now famous luncheon club in the Department of Agriculture, a command of Spanish, that really did the trick.

Wallace was forty-eight when he began studying Spanish and he had no more facility in foreign languages than the average Midwesterner. Also he had no more spare time than the average Cabinet member. But he made time. He organized the luncheon club among his own associates who believed as he did that the American republics could not be Good Neighbors unless they can understand one another. The first rule of the club was that all conversation must be in Spanish. Today, Wallace's Spanish vocabulary is strongest in the field of tableware, edibles, and please pass the salt.

Wallace meets President Cardenas of Mexico before Camacho's inauguration.

Speaking Spanish is a lot more than a hobby with Henry Wallace: It is a theory based on rubber, hemp, hardwoods, medicinal herbs, and war in the Pacific. It is a theory that says South America ought to supply the United States with the raw materials we normally get from the Far East—a theory which is sound even without a war in the Pacific. While the State Department has been the vocal exponent of the Good Neighbor policy, the Department of Agriculture, during and since Henry Wallace's time as Secretary, has quietly laid an economic foundation for hemisphere solidarity.

By all former standards Wallace is a flop at his job as Vice-President. He is completely devoid of flair for good fellowship or political persuasion. He cannot, as Jack Garner used to do, take the boys off into a corner, set 'em up, light a cigar, and work out a political deal to make a vote. Garner had a genius for this, though there were times when the President had occasion to regret it, because the Garner genius was used against him.

However, this can be said for Henry Wallace: He may not be able to work out a political deal for the President. But neither has he worked against him. Wallace is completely loyal to his chief.

The Constitution says that the Vice-President shall be President of the Senate. But what makes Wallace different from all other Vice-Presidents is his administrative work outside the Senate. The most powerful government agencies in the last few months have been, successively, the Supply, Priorities and Allocation Board (SPAB), the Economic Defense Board, the Board of Economic Warfare. Wallace has been the head of all of them. And not a mere figurehead. He has been the operating executive of each and has directed their activities as forcefully as he did the Department of Agriculture.

If Wallace had less to do today, he might be happier. Not because he dislikes hard work, but because his work has brought him close to "the men most interested in the short turns of the profit wheel."

Privately Wallace strongly disapproved of the hordes of dollar-a-year men who were allowed to overrun the various defense agencies. He also was profoundly distressed by the stalling and dawdling of certain high-placed administrationites, such as Secretary Jesse Jones, in building up the raw material resources of the nation—aluminum, tin, rubber, etc., that are now so desperately needed. Wallace also was deeply unhappy about the incompetence of OPM and the President's long refusal to centralize authority on war production.

Wallace saw clearly all the things that urgently needed to be done and those that were being done that should not have been. He saw the incompetence, procrastination, buck-passing, division of authority, the shameless profiteering, undercover lobbying for contracts, and obstructionism and worse of brass hats jealous of their bureaucratic powers.

Wallace has not been happy. He knows what should be done and wants desperately to do it. But it would never occur to him to attempt to take the reins in his own hand—as Garner tried on several occasions. Wallace is not made that way. No one, even in the strictest privacy, has ever heard him utter one word of criticism about the President.

As a friend, Wallace has offered plans, suggestions, and ideas to him. Also, as head of the various agencies he directs, Wallace has attempted to prod action from other agencies and stop blunders he saw them making. But beyond that he will not go. To him, one of the fundamental precepts of human relations is loyalty, and no man is more loyal than he to Franklin Roosevelt.

Wallace may suffer, but he will never fight his chief.

WALLACE has undergone many changes in the ten years he has been in Washington, but in one respect he has remained immovably the same: He has never got over the vision of beauty he brought to Washington. He came to the capital to help make a new world, a world he believed in. And, like the Old Testament prophets, he cannot forget his faith.

Standing on Capitol Hill, Henry Wallace sees not only the vast agony of the world at war but also the wretched pettiness of men he must deal with day by day. His thoughts are weighted with irony as he recalls that in 1934 he inscribed a copy of his book, New Frontiers, with these words: "To —— ——. May he live to see the new world in all its beauty."

THE END

TO THE LADIES

ARE WANTED TOO!
THE A.T.S
WAR SAVINGS

Movie's famous "monster," Boris Karloff, and the author put on an act at a war benefit.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

IT does sick people good to look at pictures. Helps 'em forget their miseries. And the better the pictures, the more good done. . . . That's the interesting theory that is being put into practice now by Mrs. Natalie Davies, social service director for the National Jewish Hospital at Denver, Colorado.

Patients at Denver will have fine works of art, by the very best painters, hung in their rooms and wards to help them get well. I asked Mrs. Davies what kind of pictures will be chosen. . . . "No extremely modernistic or abstract pictures," she said, "because the patients might worry too much, wondering what they mean. We'll have lots of landscapes representing the various regions of America. Our patients come from all over the United States, and we'll try to put pictures in their rooms that will remind them of home." . . . There'll be Central Park scenes for New Yorkers, farmscapes for Midwesterners, seascapes for people who come from near the sea. Some reproductions of old masters: Leonardo da Vinci, Frans Hals, Gainsborough, etc. No gloomy pictures. Canvases with cool greens and blues will be preferred; more soothing than hotter colors. No nudes. "I know my Middle West," says Mrs. Davies. . . . Selecting the pictures involves an unusual consideration: the angle from which they'll be seen by patients in hospital beds. Pictures don't look the same when you're lying down as they do when you're standing up. This eliminates all minutely detailed pictures, such as etchings.

The Jewish hospital at Denver is free to all denominations. Artists of all denominations will be represented.

NOW that we're on the subject of art and artists, I'll tell you how they were put to work in real life by a rather desperate young lady. She was the prettiest girl I've ever seen. So exquisite that people looked at her with amazement, as though she were a phenomenon of nature, like an eclipse or a comet. Men didn't try to make dates with her, any more than they would try to make dates with the northern lights. She lived a dull, boring life. Her family was genteel, very poor, stiff with false pride. Not an intelligent family. Wouldn't let her work to earn money. Dressed her in dreadful clothes made over from old things donated by her aunts. . . . A young clergyman and a young professor of Latin were in love with her, but they thought her too tender to approach. She was eighteen. She fixed 'em. . . . She slipped away and got a job as an artists' model, posing for pictures that did not include her frumpy clothes. . . . When her family, her young clergyman, and her young Latin professor heard of this, they were scandalized into action, which was what she was after. The prof and the parson both rushed proposals of marriage to save her from shame. She took the minister, a handsome man. As a couple, they are now a delight to all eyes. That shows what art can do. . . . However, I wouldn't prescribe the same use of it to any girl who isn't overwhelmingly beautiful.

THE picture that heads this page shows Boris Karloff putting on one of his famous bloodcurdling acts, with me as victim, and a bottle of milk as the blunt instrument. We were at the opening of the Piccadilly Snack Bar—British War Relief Enterprises—where Boris had been working hard all day, and I mean really working, as volunteer counterman. Let me tell you, he can slice a sandwich as neatly as a throat! Guess I came back too often for more of those English-type sandwiches. The fillings are new to us here, and very good tasting. Excellent for lawn or bridge parties. Here are some you might like to try: Curried chicken sandwich; shredded salmon and cucumber; chopped mushrooms with hard-boiled egg and celery; smoked tongue and egg finely minced together; pinkest of rare roast beef, paper thin, with mustard and watercress.

SOON as he reached Lisbon after months in Axis military lock-ups, the first thing New York Times war correspondent Harold Denny did was phone across the ocean to his wife, Jean, who hadn't seen him in a year and didn't know that he had been released.

Excited, or something, the phone girls plugged Harold's call straight into a chat Jean was having with a New York woman friend. She nearly collapsed when she heard Harold's voice say, "Jean darling," but she managed to cry back, "Hal darling!"—then the line went dead until next day.

GOOD reading for next autumn's campus kids: She's Off to College—A Girl's Guide to College Life, by Gulielma F. Alsop, M. D., and Mary F. McBride. (Published by the Vanguard Press. $2.50.)

AIR CONDITIONED BABY
SIZE GUARANTEED

NEW science says hot-weather babies tend to grow up short and stout, whereas cool-weather babies grow up tall and slender. How about air-conditioning babies?

GAS or no gas, the antique hunters are still at it this summer. New collecting fads I've noticed are for old calico dress goods, old cemetery chairs, old police handcuffs!

HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

PART II—DATE WITH DESTINY

Exclusive!—The thrilling true story of the A. V. G.

BY WALTER PENTECOST
as told to ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

It was in May, '41, that Walter Pentecost, expert on pursuit aircraft, reached Rangoon to superintend the assembling of planes for the Flying Tigers—the American Volunteer Group recruited and trained for Chiang Kai-shek by Major, later General, Chennault. Not until after Pearl Harbor were two of the Group's three squadrons based within China. By New Year's, in the air battles of which Pentecost told the thrilling stories in Liberty last week, the Flying Tigers had bagged 77 Japs and destroyed 20 more Jap planes, losing only two of their own men and three planes. Their third squadron was still based at Rangoon, and there, on January 10, spotters reported that about 150 Jap planes of new types were approaching from three different directions.

"OLGER" OLSEN, the commander of the Hell's Angels Squadron, looked with envy at the thirteen boys who were lighting out to tangle with 150 Japs. "Just my luck," he said, "Grounded, with the sky full of five-hundred-dollar bonuses."

The other eleven grounded pilots gathered around Olger in the alert shack. Nobody said a word about our boys being outnumbered more than ten to one. They were grousing over their bad luck at having this third raid on Rangoon come on their alternate day off. If there was one thing they all liked more than the $500 bonus that the Chinese government put on the line for each Jap ship they got, it was shooting up a Jap.

How the A. V. G. hated those Japs!

Our thirteen were soon out of sight in the southeast. They were going to hide in the sun at 22,000, half a mile above the oncoming Japs, then drop down and break them up with passes. The boys in the alert shack stiffened when they heard the words, "This is Hodges," coming through the radio loud-speaker. "Look," said Freddie. "Will one of you lazy bums hop over to the department store and tell Helen to dress for the Silver Grill tonight? I'm going to celebrate."

The radio was silent for the next ten minutes. The battle was on. It was like the previous scraps. It could be heard from the airfield but not seen. There was no use in Olger asking how things were going and expecting an answer. The boys were probably too busy writing their initials on Jap ships, or so high they were wearing their oxygen masks, which prevented them from sending.

"This is Dupouy," were the next words that came through. Vice-Squadron Leader Parker Dupouy, in charge of the flight, had just dropped down to 15,000 to finish off two bombers and a fighter. "But things are pretty bad," said Parker.

"How do you mean?" asked Olger. "The boys are all right, aren't they?"

Dupouy's chuckle came through the speaker. It was a heart-warming sound to hear. "Hell, yes," he said, "only these yellow ——s are taking in so much sky it's hard to keep up with 'em. They're in new Zero fighters that are plenty fast, and they've got some light bombers even faster."

"Where are you?" asked Olger.

"About seven miles southeast."

"Got many so far?"

"About twenty. But I don't think we can stop some getting through."

Olger was asking another question when Jap talk started crackling through the speaker. The enemy had a hidden radio some place near by and was sending on our wave length and jamming the air!

Dupouy was swearing and trying to shout above the Jap jammer. But the louder Parker got, the louder the Jap got. Pretty soon Parker's voice wasn't on any more and the Jap started to laugh. You've never had a real chill until you've heard a Jap laugh just after he's pulled something. Then came silence.

Now ships could be heard high overhead. They couldn't be seen for the blinding sun, but the A. V. G. pilots could tell they were Japs from the motor sounds.

THEN the boys at the field heard something else. The Japs had got through and were dropping eggs on Rangoon. It was Hodges who reported next. "This is Fearless Freddie," he said, laughing at the nickname some of us had hung on him. "I'm two miles northwest of you. I got a bomber in trouble. It's landing in a clearing. Better send out a jeep; maybe we'll take some prisoners."

"O. K., Freddie," said Olger. "How's everything going?"

"Great! We've got at least forty. But some of the buggies need first aid. You ought to see Dupouy's. It looks like a honeycomb."

Olger was asking something else when the Jap at the radio started jamming again. "Wonder what that hyena's saying?" asked Olger. The jabbering kept up. The Jap would stop once in a while to laugh and make the fellows in the alert shack see red.

Then a queer kind of sound came from the speaker. It was like shots being fired. The boys exchanged glances but said nothing. They wondered if what they hoped was happening was really taking place. Then the Jap's voice stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"That bird won't bother us any more," were the next words through the speaker.

"That you, Freddie?" asked Olger.

It was Fearless Freddie, all right. On the way back to the scrap he had spotted a Jap with a portable sending set, at the edge of the jungle a couple of miles southeast of the field, gone down, and given him the works!

The battle had been on for about three quarters of an hour when a couple of Jap bombers seemed to be over the airfield. The fellows in the shack knew what was coming. "Hey!" Olger shouted into his mike. "There's a couple right over us! Don't you guys want to have a place to land?"

"Sorry, chum," Dupouy came back, "but we can only handle five at a time. Better hold your hats."

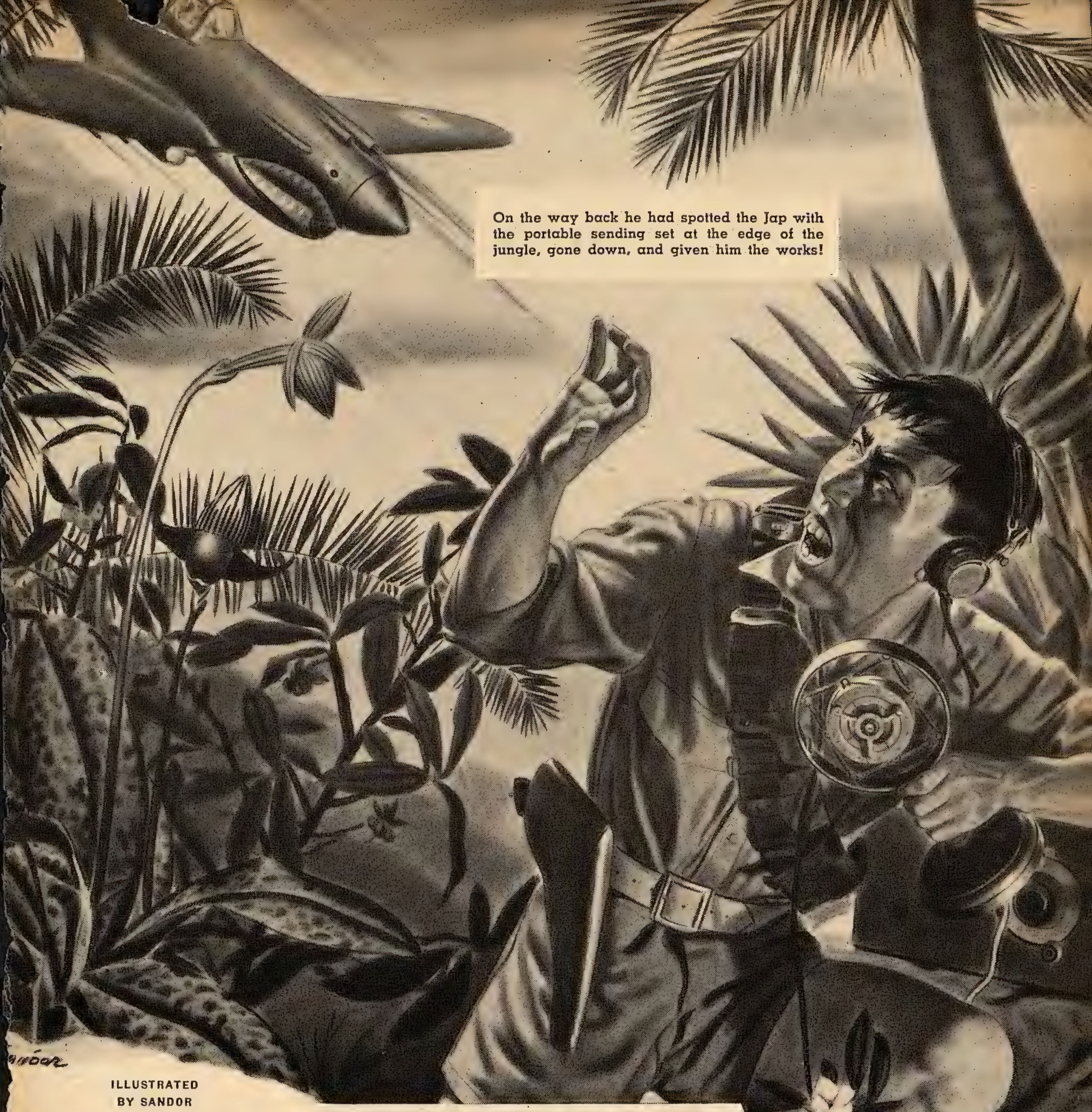
The boys in the shack hopped outside and looked up into the blinding white sky. But it was no use, even with specially made smoked glasses that set them back twenty bucks a pair. They hadn't been craning their necks long when they heard an egg on its way down—and close. "Flatten!" said Olger, and they spread out on the ground.

THE egg landed almost in the middle of the field and the alert shack looked as if it had St. Vitus' dance. Chunks of concrete flew through the air as if they had been fired from a cannon, but Lady Luck had joined the flattened dozen and they didn't even get their hair mussed. Then the Japs laid five more eggs, but they landed farther away. Olger picked himself up and grinned. "For a minute there I thought maybe they had something new in bomb sights," he said. "But they were just lucky with that first one."

Dupouy was on the radio again. "We're coming in," he said. "I think they've had enough. They're taking a powder."

"Kill some time by chasing them," said Olger. "The runways are a mess. It'll take half an hour to clear them enough for you to come in."

Olger barked a few words into the field loud-speaker and a hundred



On the way back he had spotted the Jap with the portable sending set at the edge of the jungle, gone down, and given him the works!

ILLUSTRATED BY SANDOR

whites and Chinese in the ground crew appeared like magic from under the banyan trees. Each one of them went to work like Snow White in the house of the seven dwarfs, and pretty soon most of the debris was cleared away. The hole where the egg dropped remained, but the A. V. G. pilots could get around a little thing like that. Pancaking on a spot the size of a baseball diamond had been part of the instruction drummed into them by General Chennault.

Thirteen had gone away, and thirteen came back. As near as the fellows could figure it out, 140 Jap ships had come in in three formations from the southwest, south, and southeast. Our boys, getting the lay of the land from above, split up into three groups—two of four planes and one of five.

The Japs didn't see the Volunteers coming down, and the three A. V. G. attacks were timed to the split second to open simultaneously. Freddie Hodges banked $1,000 for himself and Helen Anderson in the first twenty seconds when he came down at a right angle, squirting juice from all six guns, went into the deflection act, and bagged two bombers.

About half of the boys tallied once, and the rest of them twice, during the opening pass, and when the Japs saw a score of their ships spiraling down in smoke and flames, they went nuts. They took in as much sky as they could, and some of the bombers laid their eggs in the jungles and streaked for their base at Tavoy, 150 miles away.

Then our little yellow brothers got together in groups of five to ten and attempted to gang up on lone Volunteers.

The Old Man, as we affectionately called General Chennault—behind his back—would have smiled had he been up there to see that ganging-up stuff. That's just what he figured the Japs would do. A Volunteer would play decoy and set himself up in such a precarious position that the greedy Japs would all try to get him at once. The decoy's partner, who had meanwhile climbed above, would then come down from the side and bring the deflection routine out of the bag, and a couple more would go into a spin while the decoy ducked out of range.

In the first ten minutes of fighting, another score went down. After that, it was a question of our fellows drawing a line across the sky between the enemy and Rangoon, and holding it, while they took turns going in and making passes. Only a few of the bombers and fighters got through the line. But what inhuman fiends were in those ships! After they set fires all over Rangoon, they hung around and strafed crowds in the business district with machine-gun fire. They killed about 300.

Parker Dupouy's P-40 surely looked like a honeycomb. The propeller was shot so full of holes that when I examined it I couldn't figure out how it had managed to get enough bite to keep the ship up. One fellow returned with hardly enough cockpit glass to cut himself with, and his instrument board looked like something that had gone through a stone crusher.

The official bag that day was thirty-eight ships, which meant that the boys were going to cut a melon of nineteen grand. The flight leader figured they had gotten more than fifty all told, but some of the bags were not official, because they had not been witnessed, and some ships had been shot down deep in the jungles, where they could never be located.

WE all had our fingers crossed in the Silver Grill that night. In four tangles, the Volunteers had bagged more than 125 Jap planes, and we had lost only two men—and the Japs wouldn't have got them if some signals hadn't been missed. We wondered how long our luck would hold out.

The boys were having a good laugh at the expense of their pals in the First and Second Squadrons up in China. Every Volunteer was itching for action and more action, but there had been little doing up along the Burma Road so far. "Won't they be sore as boils when they hear about this afternoon?" Olger Olsen was saying as he lifted a seltzer bottle to mix some water with his Scotch. But Olger put the bottle down again before he got a chance to squirt it. "Do you see what I see?" he asked the pilot alongside of him.

A big dark good-looking fellow, dressed in a heavy suit of civvies, had come in and was picking his way through the dancers, looking for somebody. His heavy clothes were the tip-off that he had come down from China, where the altitude is high and it gets bitter cold. Olger knew who he was, of course. He was Jack Newkirk of Scarsdale, New York, who was the commander of the Second, or Naked Angels, Squadron. He spotted Olger and approached him with a grin on his face like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Well, my boy," said Scarsdale Jack, as they started calling Newkirk back in the days when he had trained as a navy flyer at Pensacola, "I've got bad news for you. It's not official yet, but it will be in a few days."

Olger had an idea what it was.

"Yep," laughed Scarsdale Jack, "you guys are going back to Kunming and the Naked Angels are coming down here to replace you. You can't have *all* the gravy, you know." Jack grew serious. "The Old Man," he said, "figures your squadron is entitled to a rest, and I guess he's right."

"Nuts," said Olger. "Have a drink?"

"Ginger ale. I got the afternoon train from Lashio. Got to look up some friends of my wife here in town."

HOW is your wife," asked Olger.

"Got a letter from her two days ago. She's fine. Worried, of course." Jack was thoughtful as he reflected on the Lansing, Michigan, girl he had married only a few months before leaving for the Orient. "It must be pretty tough on a girl, Olger," he went on, "being on the other side of the world, wondering in the middle of the night, when it's daylight here, if her husband's being killed or not."

"My wife's like that," said Olger. "I guess it *is* tough on a girl, all that suspense. It's different with us—we always know what's going on."

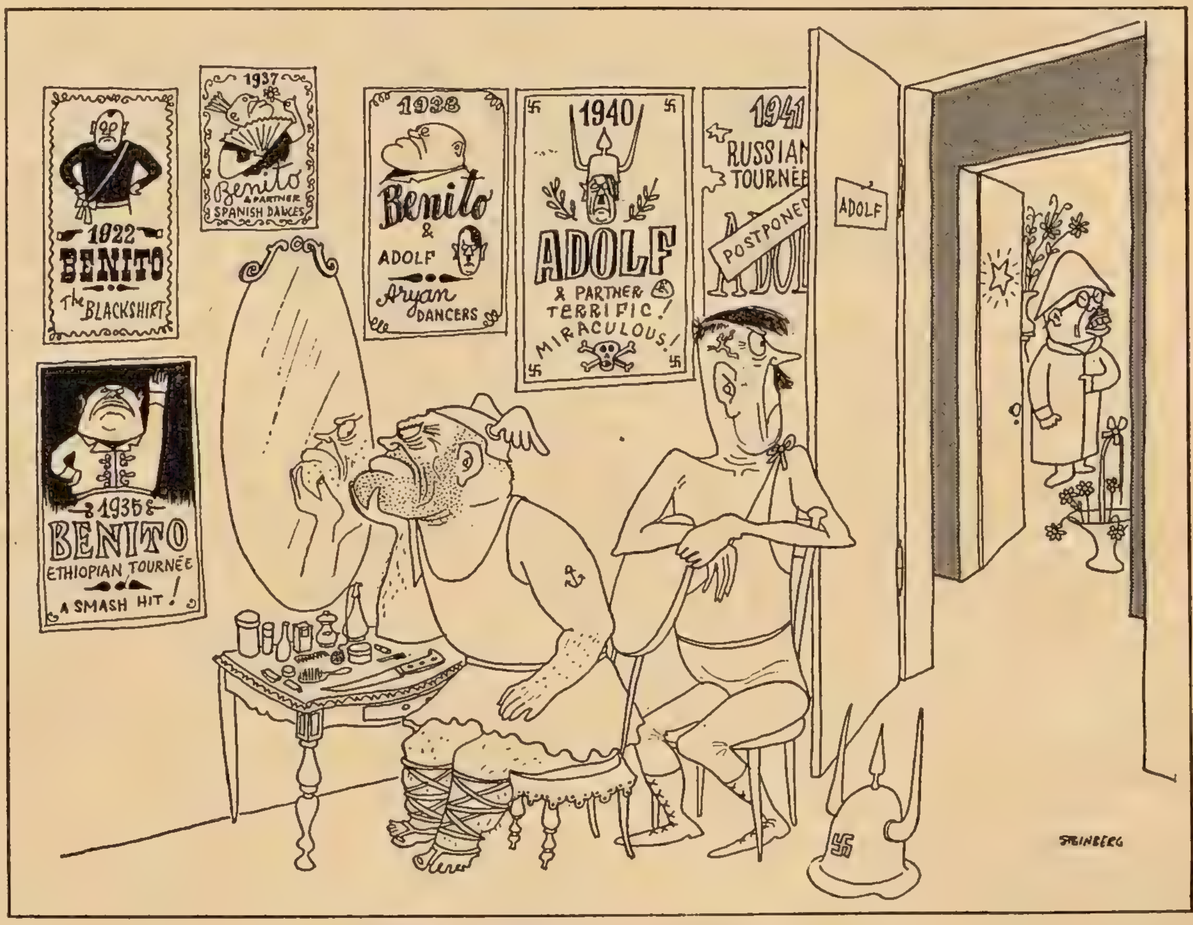
It wasn't until the next morning that the British Intelligence located a crew of three from the Jap bomber that Fearless Freddie had crippled and caused to make a forced landing northwest of the town. The Japs had not been injured in the landing, and they had hidden in the home of a Burmese fifth columnist.

One of the Japs—the turret gunner—spoke good English, which he had picked up while running a vegetable stand in Los Angeles. He wasn't on speaking terms with his pilot. The pilot, it seemed, had gotten scared stiff when Freddie Hodges had started to chase him. "It was that tiger shark's face on the front of your ship that scared him," the yellow ex-Angeleno told us. "Most Japanese are very afraid of tiger sharks; it is a racial superstition. That is not fair of you to do a thing like that—paint sharks on your ships. You may expect reprisals."

In a way, I was responsible for those sharks. I had been getting in some free reading at the newsstand in the Strand Hotel one day with R. L. Hasty, one of the pilots. I picked up a copy of the Illustrated Weekly of India. On the cover was a painting of a fighter ship with big jagged tiger shark's teeth on each side of the front of the fuselage. I showed the cover to Hasty. "Boy," said Hasty, "you got something there! Let's ask the Old Man if we can paint shark teeth and eyes on our ships." General Chennault laughed and told the boys to go ahead.

At the time the prisoner told us that Japs were superstitious about sharks, not all of the ships had the teeth painted on them. You may be sure no time was lost in teething up the rest of the fleet after the Jap's tip-off.

I WENT up to Kunming to give the ships of the Naked Angels a quick once-over before the squadron left for Rangoon. Do you know what the biggest concern of the pilots was? Their baseball schedule was being disrupted. A team on which Scarsdale Jack Newkirk was the star pitcher and a slugger was fighting it out for the league lead with a mechanics' team from the First Squadron—the Adam and Eves. The mechanics' team accused the Newkirk outfit of being afraid to face them and ducking out on the eve of a



"He's crabbed our act, Benito!"

crucial game. "We're afraid, huh?" said Newkirk. "O. K. Just give us time to get in a couple of good tangles with the Japs and we'll fly up on a day off and knock the tar out of you."

The games were usually umpired by General Chennault, and once the Old Man shouted "Play ball!" he was no longer the respected leader of the American Volunteer Group but just a poor ump who took a terrific riding when he called a close one that the players or the spectators didn't like. Once, when Jack Newkirk had a count of three and two on a batter and the batter let the next one go and Chennault gave him a base on balls, Newkirk stormed: "Why, that pitch was right over the heart of the plate! Whoever told you you could umpire?"

Chennault, who always wore a battered felt hat and a rumpled business suit, walked away, just like an ump at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn with Leo Durocher on his tail. Newkirk kept following him. Then the General turned and said, "Newkirk, any more cracks like that and I'll give you the thumb." When a game was over, all arguments were either forgotten or the subject of laughs. Chennault wanted his Tigers to be that way—to play as hard as they fought, and to speak out honestly at all times.

THE romance of Mary Foster, the pretty red-haired nurse, and Pilot Petach was coming along in great shape up in Kunming. Petach was kicking, though, because he was a member of the Adam and Eve Squadron, which was still staying in Kunming. Mary wanted her sweetheart to do his part, but she pouted a little because Petach was so anxious to get down to Rangoon when she had to stay at the hospital in Kunming. "Hell, sweetheart," said Petach, "what are we going to use for money after we're married if I don't get a crack at some of those bonuses? From the way the Hell's Angels went, there won't be any Japs left when the Naked Angels are through in Rangoon."

Mary laughed and forgave her pilot. Like Helen Anderson, she knew down deep that the man she was engaged to, like every other Volunteer, was living on borrowed time.

This Scarsdale Jack Newkirk was a strange fellow. He came from a well-to-do family, and when he was a kid some other kid from the wrong side of the railroad tracks called him a sissy. Jack had always been very sensitive and he had never forgotten that kid's remark. He told me that practically everything he had done later in life was because he didn't want to be a sissy. He had become an Eagle Boy Scout, and while attending Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute he had decided to be a navy aviator. When he heard they were recruiting flyers for the A. V. G., there was no holding him, wife or no wife.

"Red," he said to me just before he took over in Rangoon, "I'm not convinced yet that I'm not a sissy. Most men live and die without ever being put to a real test. I'm anxious to find out how I'll stand up when I'm up there alone, with death coming at me from all sides."

"You'll stand up all right, Jack," I told him. I wasn't giving him any salve, either. I had a hunch that Scarsdale Jack, even more so than the other fellows, had a date with a hero's destiny.

Helen Anderson, left behind in Rangoon when Fearless Freddie went up to Kunming with Hell's Angels, went out to the airfield whenever she had time. She was almost as nervous about the other pilots as she was about Freddie. Paul Christman, a quiet little blond chap who had given up being a newspaper cartoonist to join the Navy Air Force, was a particular pal of Freddie, and he and Helen used to swap stories about the Fearless One. Christman had done a good deal of the painting of the insignia on the ships. Once in a while we'd get hold of an American newspaper that carried the comic strip, Scorchy Smith, which Paul had created and then sold, and we started calling Paul Scorchy.

The Japs paid three visits to Rangoon right after the Naked Angels arrived. It was really one big visit, for they kept coming over in relays from dawn to dusk for three days running. Newkirk and Christman were going Jap-crazy. The fellow who wanted to prove to himself that he wasn't a sissy got himself a mixed bag of three bombers and a fighter the first day, three more the second day, and three more the third day. Scorchy Christman had six by the afternoon of the third day—but he had used two ships, hitting the silk behind our lines both times. The Naked Angels got everything but their pants shot off, but not one of them was scratched. They had a total bag of more than 100 in the first forty-eight hours, and at nights they were phoning and telegraphing to the Hell's Angels fellows at Kunming and rubbing it in.

IT was on the third day of the continuous fight that we heard a Tokyo radio broadcast saying that the American Volunteer Group was using unethical tactics. As if anything could be unethical after Pearl Harbor!

We weren't prepared for the kind of retaliation the Japs had in store for us. The Vols were just old-fashioned enough to believe that there would be a certain amount of chivalry and decency in the air, even with Japs.

It was about dusk on the afternoon of January 23. Newkirk, Christman, and Company were holding a line about 10,000 feet up, a couple of miles to the southeast. The fight could be seen from the field, because the sun was down, and the boys were low and comparatively close. They were, as usual, outnumbered about ten to one. Somehow one of our lads got into a trap and didn't see a Jap on his tail. Our radio man was about to give him a warning when a Jap at a portable set, somewhere in a spot where he could see what was going on, started jamming the air, and it was impossible to get the warning through.

"A little farther back, please . . . No, not quite so far . . . I can't see you."

The trapped Tiger got wise—but too late. When he started pulling out, it was obvious that something was wrong with his ship. He started limping toward the field, but then smoke began to come from the P-40. "This is Christman," he managed to say on the radio. "I'm hitting the silk."

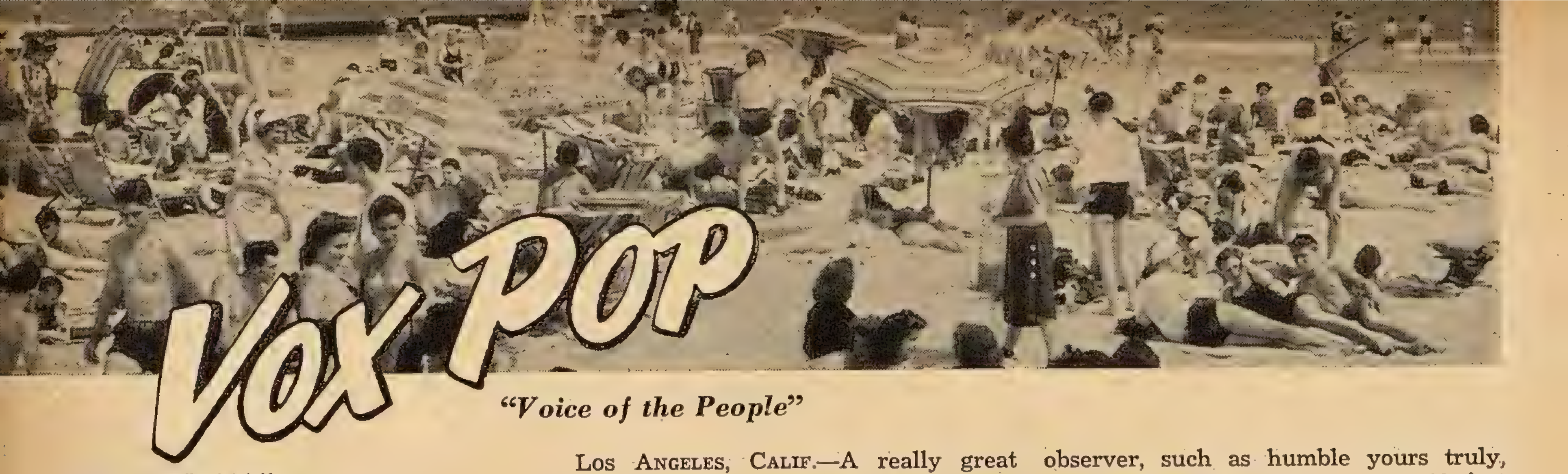
SCORCHY got clear and took quite a drop before he opened his chute. He was coming down nicely and had gone about 1,000 feet when one of the Jap fighters broke through the line, apparently unnoticed except by those back on the field, and went into a dive toward Scorchy. Our radio man started to bark the news to the other boys, so one of them could intercept, but that yellow fiend at the portable started jamming again!

The Jap was soon down to Scorchy's level. Still none of the Vols had noticed him. The Jap on the radio was laughing. At least there was one thing in Scorchy's favor. He would never know what hit him. Death from a squirt is absolutely painless.

The Jap moved in for a pass, then moved out again. He circled, and came in again. Then the full horror of what he was up to became apparent. He wasn't aiming for Scorchy at all, but for his chute. He was going to shoot it so full of holes that it wouldn't hold any more air than a piece of mosquito netting, and then Scorchy wouldn't die until he plummeted more than a mile to the ground!

The Jap kept moving in and out. The fiend on the radio was splitting his sides. Scorchy's chute began to descend faster and faster. The Jap jammer sounded positively hysterical. Then Scorchy's chute collapsed, and he went down, down, down, faster and faster, until he was lost from sight.

And then? You'll find not only this story's great climax but even more gripping stories of the Flying Tigers in Liberty next week!



Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

HITS THE NAIL ON THE CHUCKLEHEAD

Jamesville, N. C.—Thanks for Who Is Mr. Chucklehead? (June 27 Liberty) which so cleverly portrayed myself and many others that I know. It so neatly throws the light on us that we cannot fail to benefit from its message.

Whoever the author may be, he's a genius for dishing out the truth and making us like it.—*Wendell Peele.*

IS FRED COLLINS ALL WET?

Firth, Ida.—Why, oh why, did you ever corrupt your fine magazine by an article like Prohibition—Will It Happen Again? by Frederick L. Collins? (June 27 Liberty.) There are *many* falsehoods in this article, and truths deliberately left out.—*Mildred Gillett Sundquist.*

Lagro, Ind.—In all my reading I have never read an article where facts were more distorted.

With all the drunken potential murderers that are on the highways today, it makes Al Capone's days look tame.

Please cancel my subscription immediately, as a magazine that would print such an article isn't fit to be on any one's reading table.—*Geo. Trozel.*

Alamance, N. C.—The article provokes me to laughter. It resembles an old-fashioned mud-slinging political speech. Prohibition is on its way, and there is little Mr. Collins or anybody else can do to stop it.

The fact is, his article will help the drys. If you want to keep legalized liquor, Mr. Collins, you will have to get your facts all straight and not lose your head when you present them to the public.—*J. H. Lackey.*

Hartford, Conn.—Collins is "wet" in more ways than one.—*X. Y. Z.*

AND ON THE OTHER HAND—

Perkins, Okla.—Thanks, Mr. Collins, for the Prohibition article.

Bootleg and bootlegger are the greatest menace to home, property, and honest business we have ever had.

I saw bathtub gin come and go and surely hope the American people won't repeat the experience.—*O. E. Reilly.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—A really great article! I must say you are taking a sane head start on the thing that blasted our country for so many years.

May I add here that I was for ten years the assistant superintendent of the largest mission in America and came in contact, daily, with 1,500 men whose lives were wrecked by Prohibition, and their confessions, to me, were something, I believe, every one in America should read before letting this thing hit us again. —*John Marsh.*

Jackson Heights, N. Y.—A very clear insight of a problem being forced on us in a time of national emergency by a well organized minority group of opportunists who studiously ignore the costly lesson of a disastrous experiment.—*Rudy Marwede.*

St. Louis, Mo.—Tell Fred Collins I'll buy him a Tom Collins any time he says the word.—*A. R. Baldwin.*

CUT OUT THAT EXTRA RUBBER OF BRIDGE, TOO!

Dallas, Tex.—Right now rubber saving is vital to our all-out war effort. Will you kindly whisper to the Cockeyed Ted Shane to make his puzzles less cockeyed? We fans have run out of erasers for the duration, so what!—*Dr. C. W. Billings.*

BARKING DOGS—

Liberty
MOSCOW WAR DIARY

Los Angeles, Calif. —Gray O'Reilly's June 13 cover of the "Sarge" cooling his dogs while writing a letter home was certainly a great masterpiece if I've ever seen anything. Just breathing and talking.—*J. H. Faler.*

TIME-TELLER TAKEN TO TASK

Allentown, Pa.—Referring to your June 27 issue, letter of Victor Hawkins of Camp Forrest, I wish I had typographical time to take the trouble to tell the tall tipsy Tennessee technician to try to tell the truth, tipping off technical editors about flicker frequencies of film.

'Tis quite a correction from 16 frames to 90 feet a *second.* By *no* "simple calculation" can this figure be transmuted into 24 frames a second, unless one happens to be a simple uncinematographical observer, such as humble yours truly, who realizes that Victor meant 90 feet a *minute.*—*Samuel Marks.*

SEEING STARS BECAUSE THEY SAW STARS BECAUSE THEY SAW STAR RATINGS

Danvers, Mass.—Where do you get your picture ratings? The man who put The Male Animal among the three-star pictures is either kidding you or gets paid for it.

The wife and I left after fifteen minutes of agony at the Orpheum in Danvers, only to hear the daughter say she had seen it Sunday and it was "terrible" and "rotten" and she had left before the end.

I have bought your paper lately for the sake of the ratings, without reading anything. When I see Liberty next week on the newsstand I shall remember the licking you gave me. P-u! —*R. H. Seer.*

THIS *IS* COMMON SENSE— ISN'T IT?

Norwalk, Conn.—The quotation from Thomas Jefferson given at the beginning of Louis Bromfield's article (June 20 Liberty) was worth my whole dime. This ought to run in *every* issue of Liberty; we ought never to be allowed to forget it. —*R. F. A.*

We don't know about every issue, but we gladly repeat it in this one: "No force is so great, so sure, so dependable in government as the sum total of the common sense of the common people."—Vox Pop Ed.

I DUNNO— ALASKAMERICANS WHAT THEY THINK

Chicago, Ill.—I, too, think we should have "a word for it," because we really have no right to appropriate to ourselves exclusively the designation "American." Why not call every citizen of the Americas not only an American but also tell in the same word from what part of the Americas he hails?

Thus a native of:
North America is a Namerican
South America is a Samerican
Central America is a Camerican
Mexico is a Mamerican
Cuba is a Cubamerican.

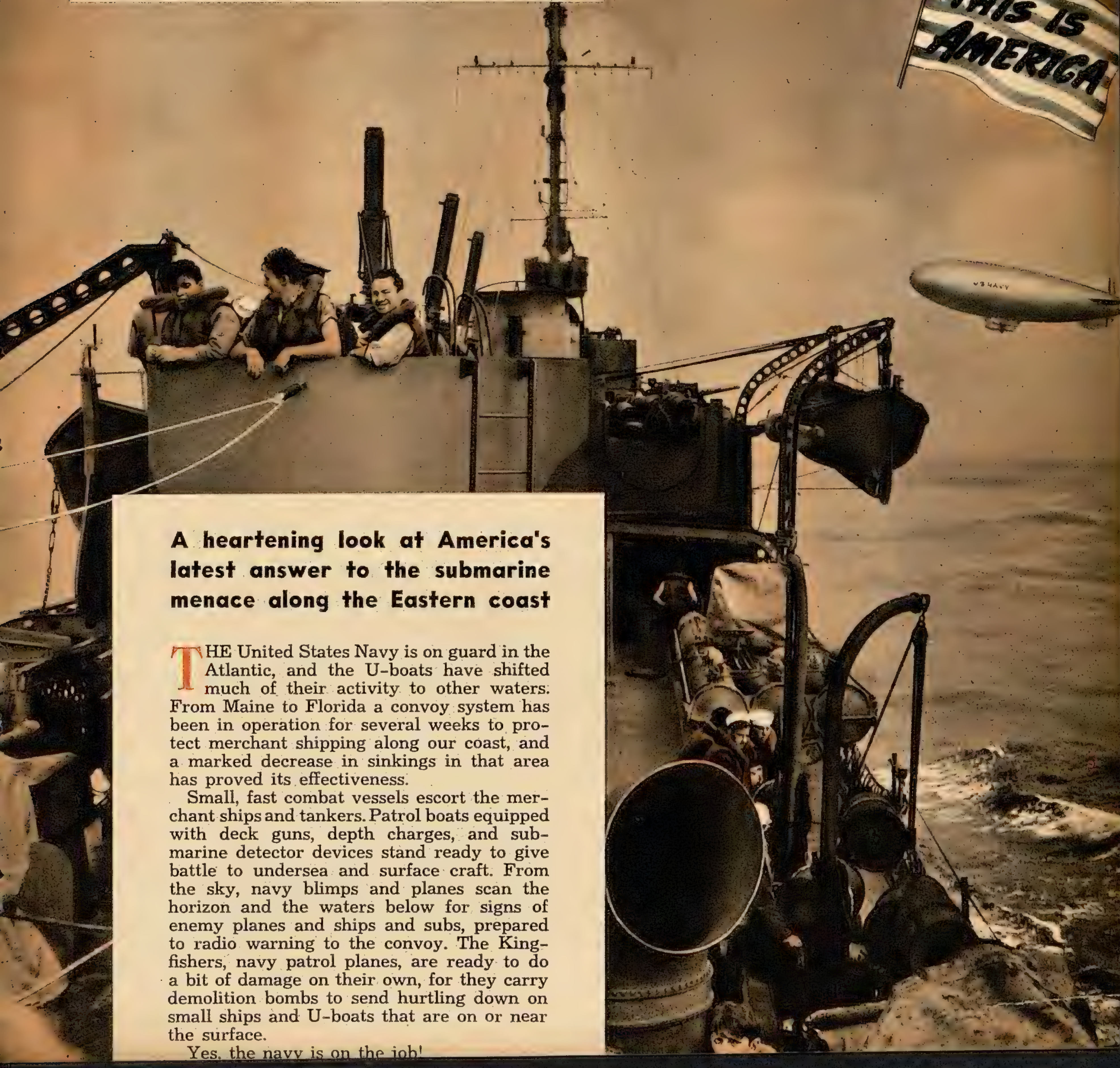
—*Julia Bolio.*

ATLANTIC CONVOY

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

A sailor on the "flying bridge" of a destroyer on convoy duty watches for enemy craft. Below: A view forward from the destroyer's after deckhouse shows machine-gun nest and torpedo tubes.

THIS IS AMERICA



A heartening look at America's latest answer to the submarine menace along the Eastern coast

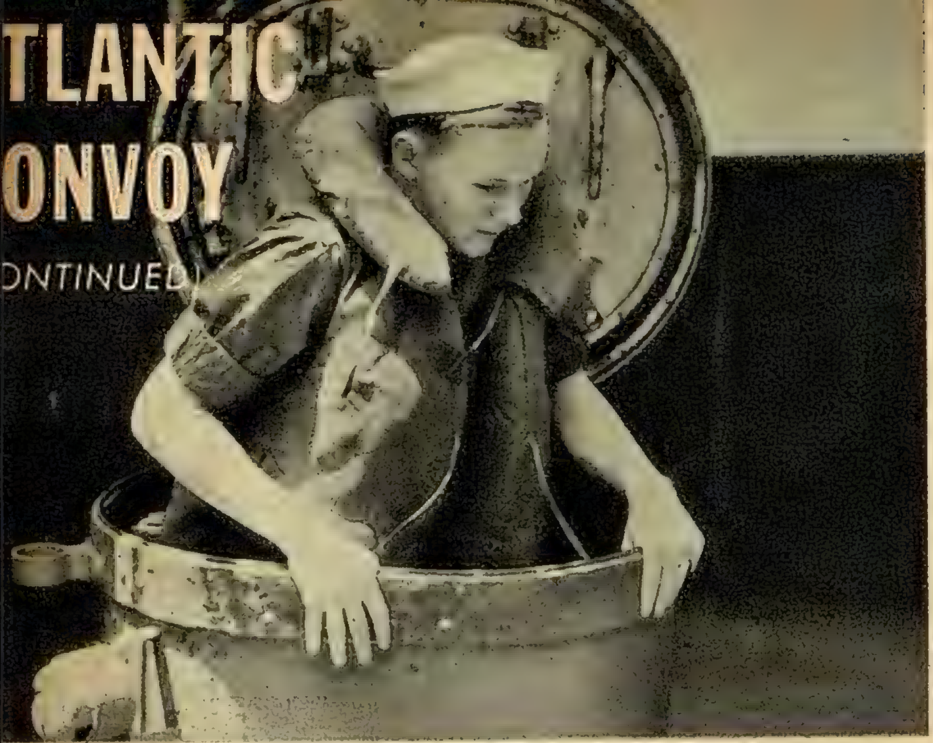
THE United States Navy is on guard in the Atlantic, and the U-boats have shifted much of their activity to other waters. From Maine to Florida a convoy system has been in operation for several weeks to protect merchant shipping along our coast, and a marked decrease in sinkings in that area has proved its effectiveness.

Small, fast combat vessels escort the merchant ships and tankers. Patrol boats equipped with deck guns, depth charges, and submarine detector devices stand ready to give battle to undersea and surface craft. From the sky, navy blimps and planes scan the horizon and the waters below for signs of enemy planes and ships and subs, prepared to radio warning to the convoy. The Kingfishers, navy patrol planes, are ready to do a bit of damage on their own, for they carry demolition bombs to send hurtling down on small ships and U-boats that are on or near the surface.

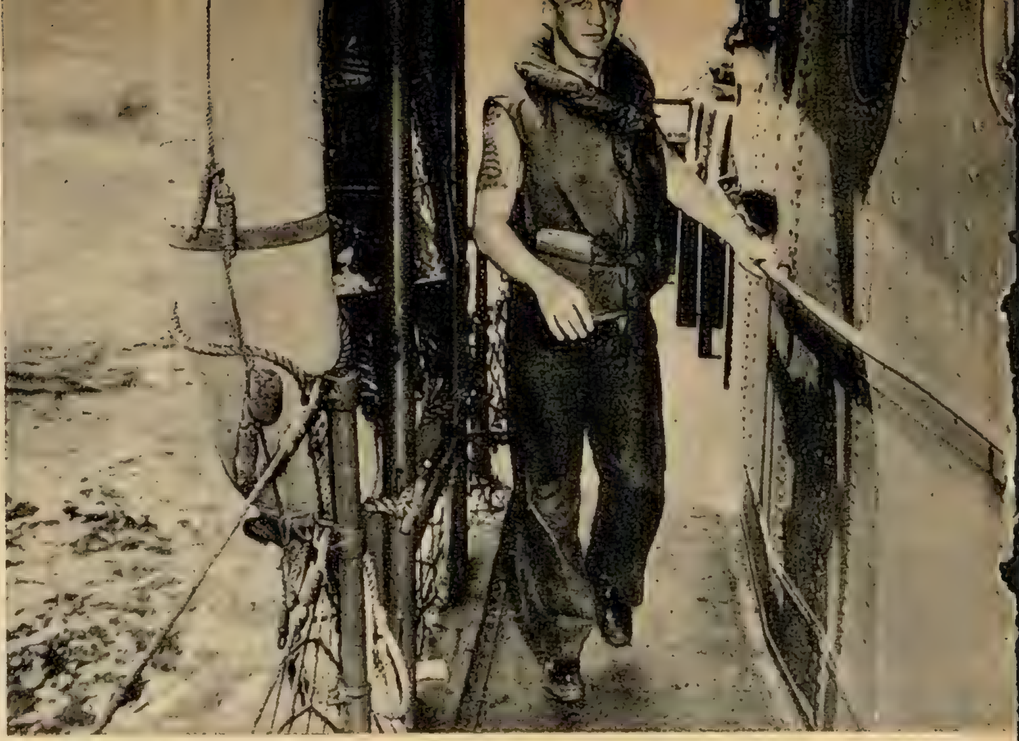
Yes, the navy is on the job!

TLANTIC ONVOY

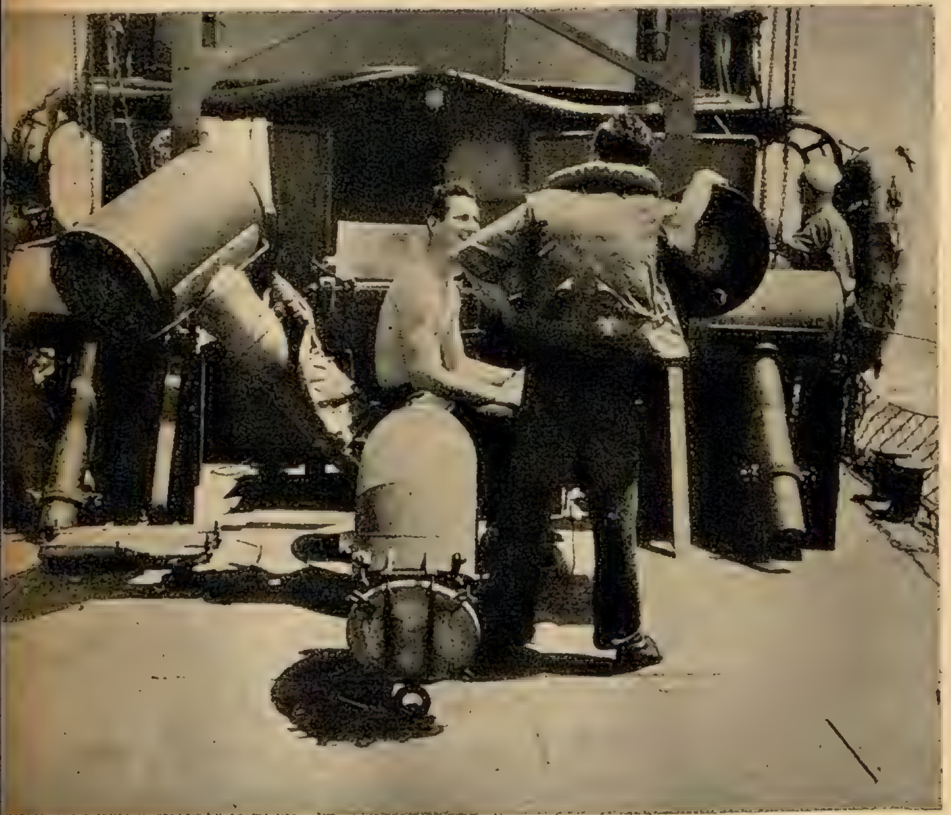
ONTINUED)



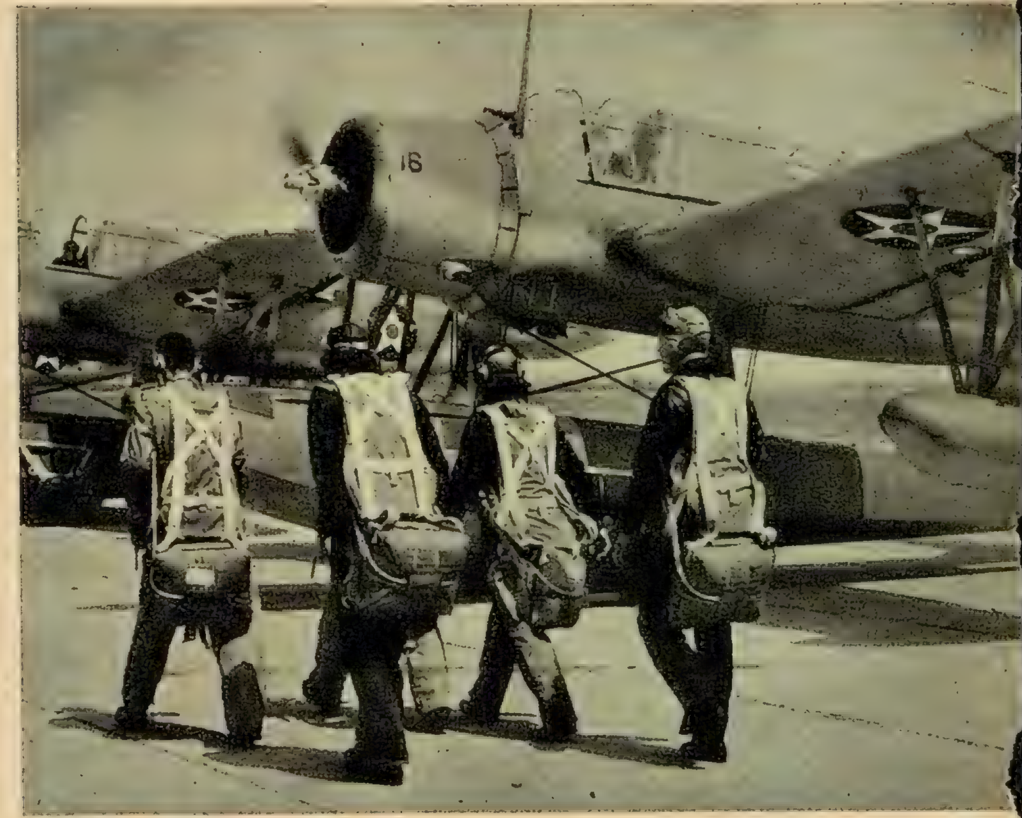
Sub sighted! The alarm has just sounded and this sailor comes out of a hatch in his hastily donned life jacket to dash to his battle position.



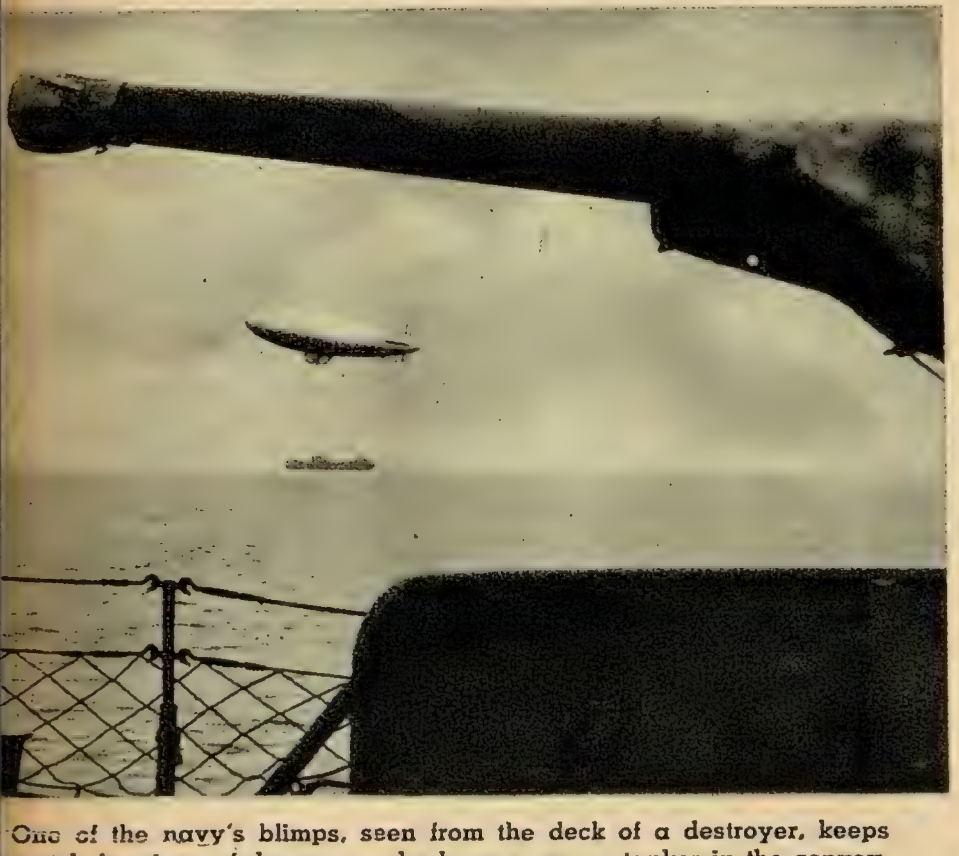
2 Here's another crew member heading for his "battle stations" post at the warning bell. The book in the life jacket pocket will have to wait.



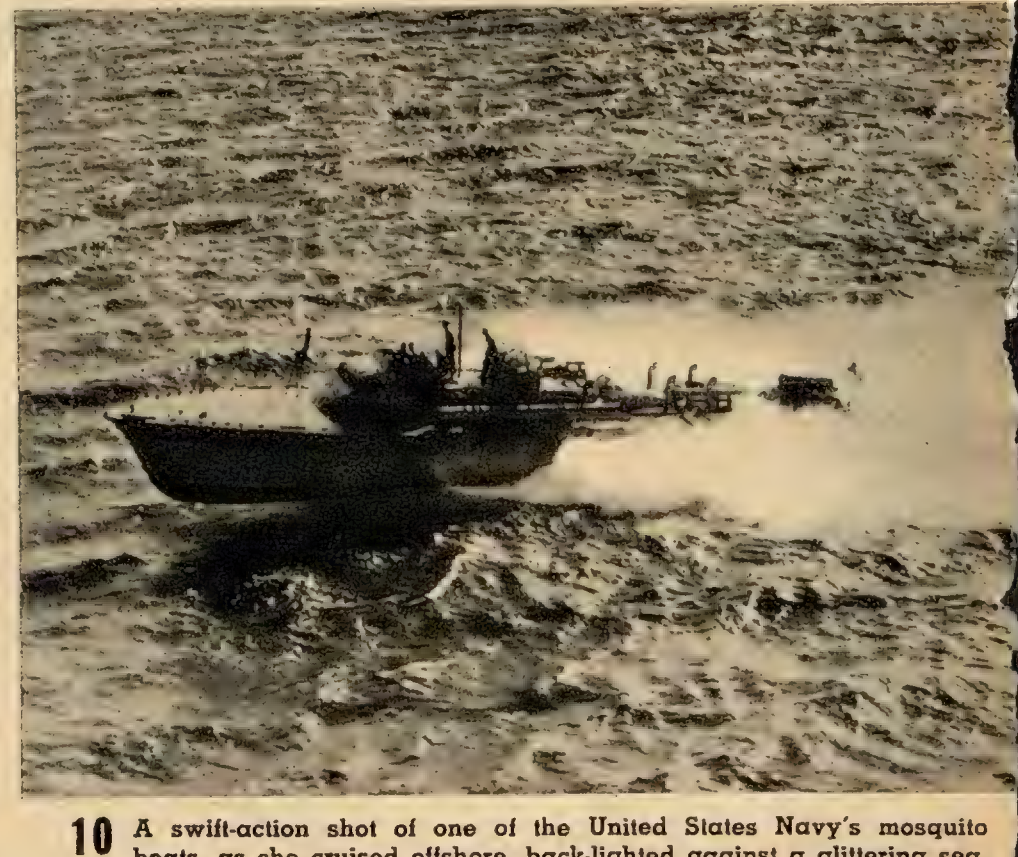
Men on duty at a Y-gun wait the order to release depth charges—two "ash cans" which will be projected to both sides of the destroyer.



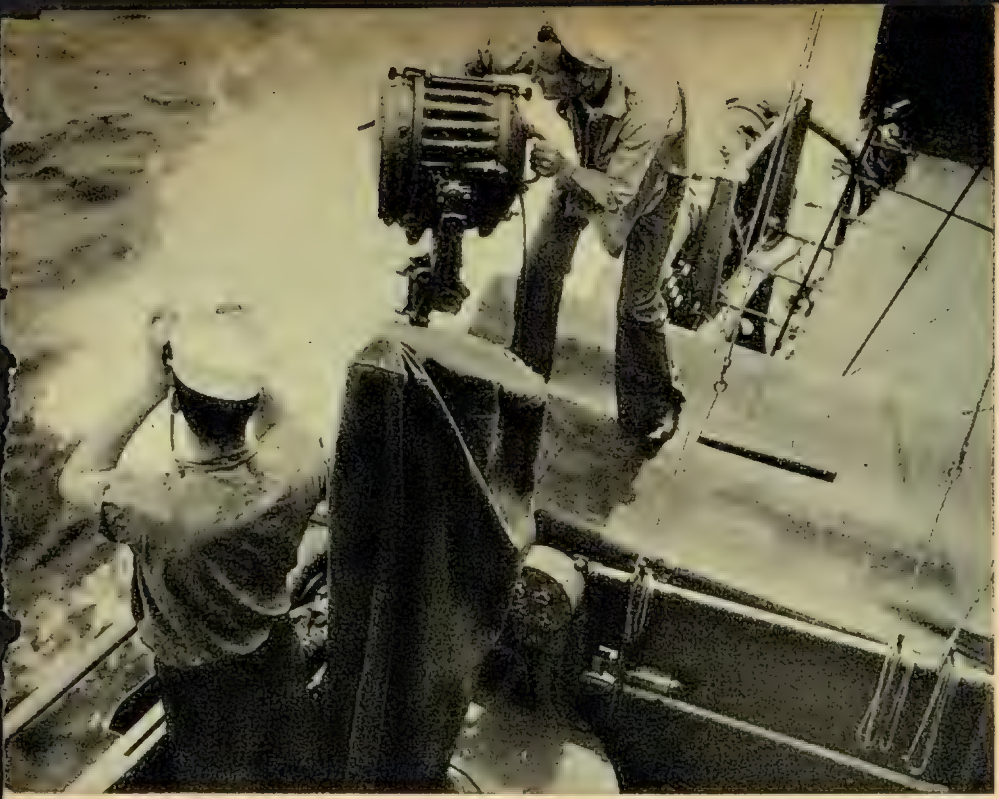
6 Naval pilots hurry to the ramp on the bay's edge to take to scouting planes. Each man wears a rubber life belt underneath his parachute.



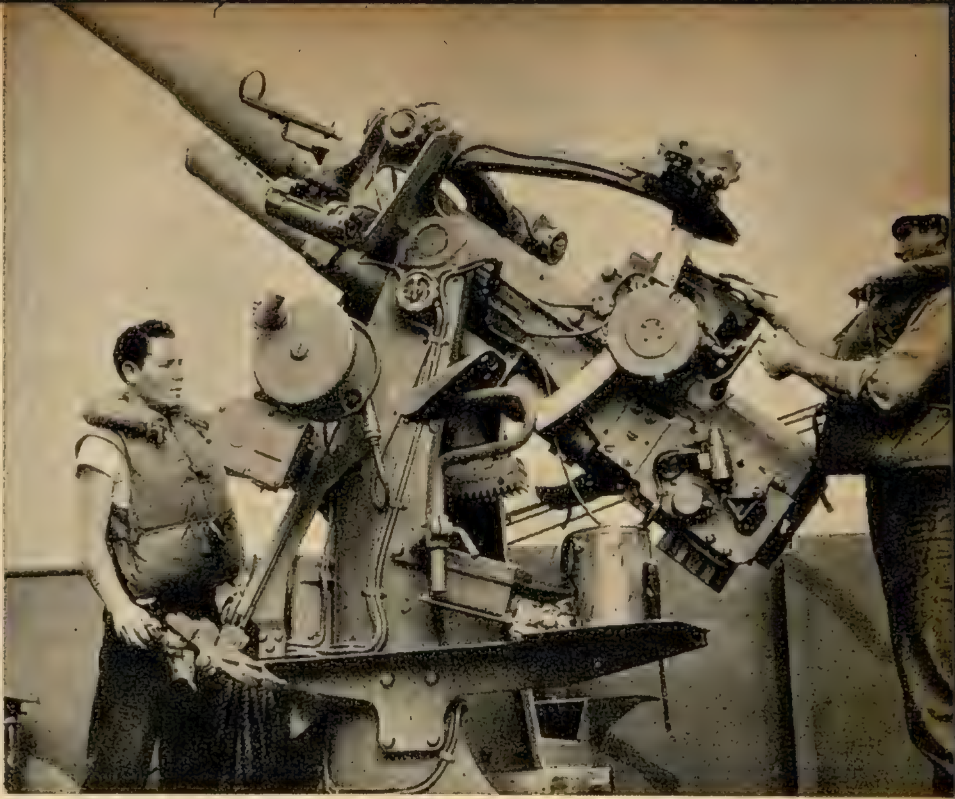
One of the navy's blimps, seen from the deck of a destroyer, keeps watch for signs of danger as she hovers over a tanker in the convoy.



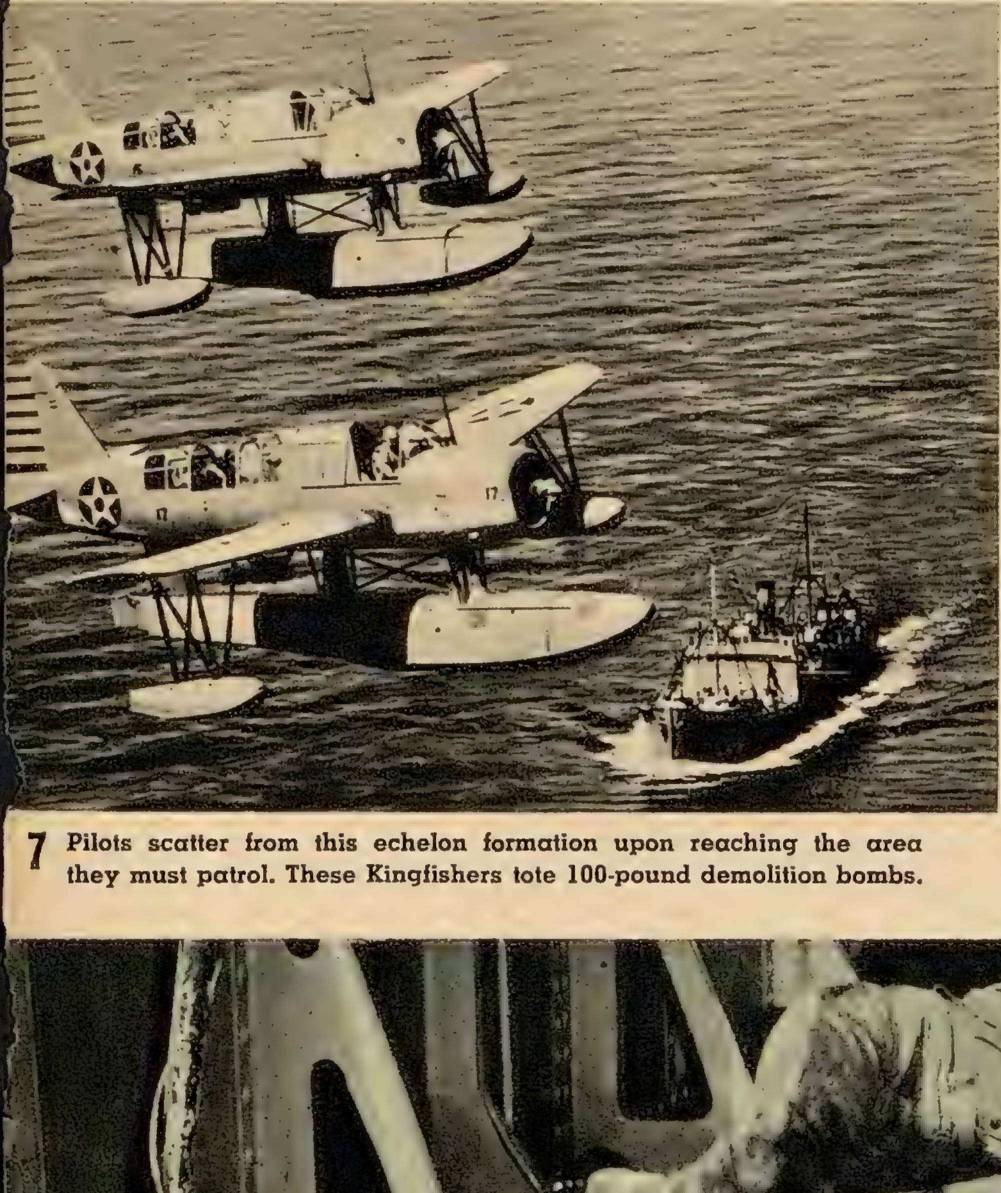
10 A swift-action shot of one of the United States Navy's mosquito boats, as she cruised offshore, back-lighted against a glittering sea.



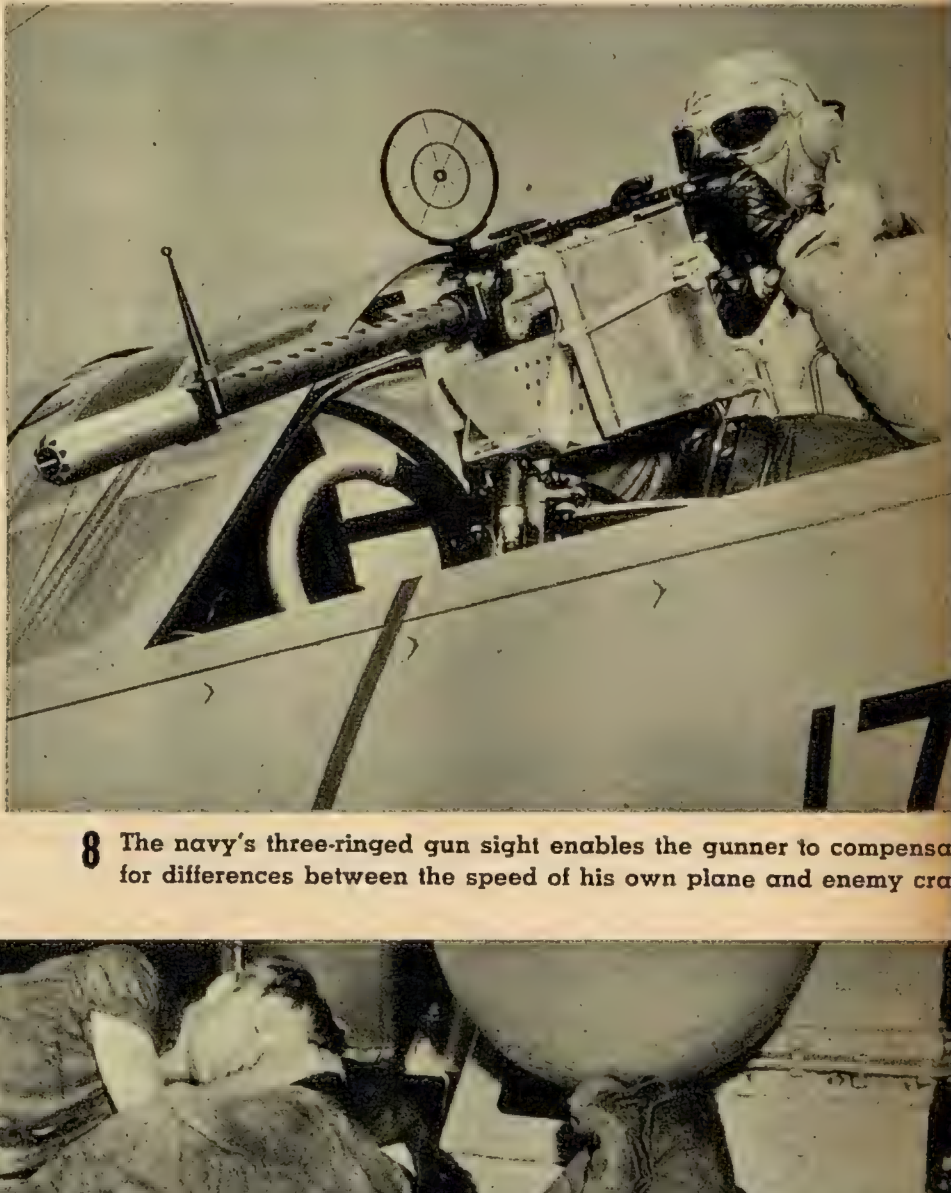
3 A signalman on a destroyer blinks the message "Permission granted" to a convoyed tanker that wants to use its gun for target practice.



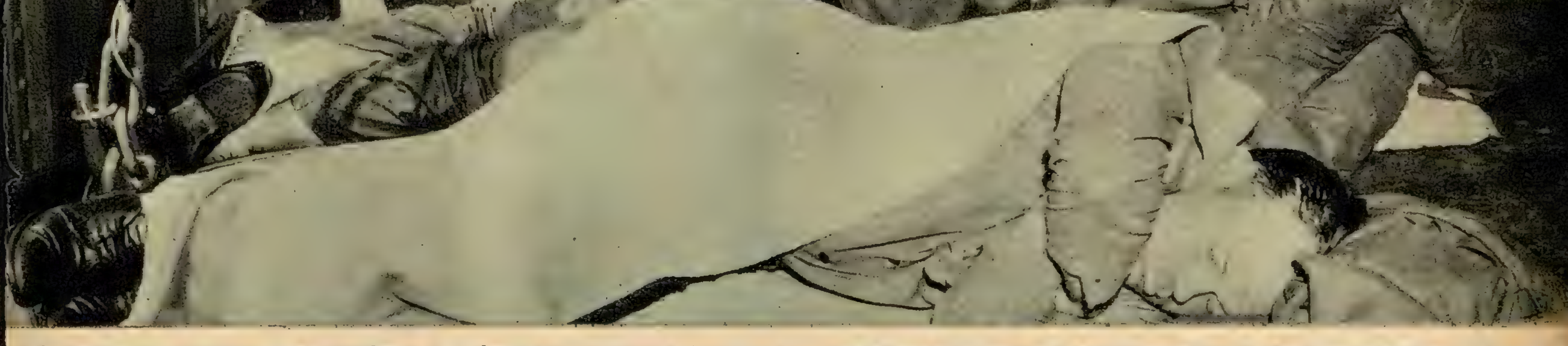
4 Two sailors, decked out in their life jackets, get on with the importa job of servicing a three-inch dual-purpose gun aboard a destroye



7 Pilots scatter from this echelon formation upon reaching the area they must patrol. These Kingfishers tote 100-pound demolition bombs.



8 The navy's three-ringed gun sight enables the gunner to compensat for differences between the speed of his own plane and enemy craf



11 Ready for anything, crew members on a destroyer on convoy duty catch naps on the ship's deck, using life jackets as pillows. Even when he doesn't have to, many a sailor comes up to sleep on deck after a hard day preferring the brisk clean sea air above to the comfort of his bunk below

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Basil Rathbone, William Powell, and Hedy Lamarr in the absorbing new melodrama, Crossroads.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ CROSSROADS (for Powell-Lamarr teaming).

WILLIAM POWELL and Hedy Lamarr do some nice teamwork in this psychological thriller. He handles most of the acting, to be sure, but she is as easy to look at as ever while playing an odd role persuasively. Since the show has an original story and smart direction by Jack Conway, you can't go wrong on it.

The plot presents quite an intricate puzzle. The hero doesn't know whether he is David Talbot, a respected French diplomat with a beautiful wife, or a gunman wanted for murder. It seems that he was in a railroad wreck and suffered amnesia at the same time that the gunman disappeared. Out of this central situation a lot of exciting scenes develop.

Obviously the acting is what makes the plot stand up. Powell was the man for the job. He makes Talbot a real amnesia victim, haunted by the fact that he may have killed a man. The screen doesn't often present as subtle a psychological problem as this. It doesn't often have a Powell to interpret it. Every time I see this fine actor in a film I realize that I've definitely missed him since his last appearance. That's high praise.

In Crossroads he has an extremely difficult assignment. It's no joke playing a character who may be one sort of fellow but then, again, may be the exact opposite. Powell keeps the part beautifully balanced right up to the slam-bang climax, in which he traps a gang of blackmailers who thought they had the perfect set-up.

Hedy Lamarr has a relatively simple role but it is all-important in sustaining the mood and even the excitement of the picture. As Talbot's devoted wife who is torn by doubts as to her husband's identity but loves him anyway, she contributes romantic warmth to what might have been a calculated melodrama. She makes a fine leading lady for an actor who's had plenty during his distinguished career.

As for the supporting cast, it is exactly right for the mental melodramatics involved. Basil Rathbone is exceedingly sinister as the chief blackmailer. There is a frightening intensity to the scenes in which he tries to convince a nice fellow that he was once a crook and a killer. Claire Trevor and Margaret Wycherly are splendid as his accomplices. Then there is Felix Bressart, giving a stanch portrayal of the doctor who treated Talbot after the wreck.

The staging, like the acting, is just what Crossroads should have had. Conway has built up suspense and terror, but he hasn't labored a tricky story, preferring to keep it human and romantically absorbing. Crossroads is excellent as a mystery melodrama, but it is a rattling good show for more reasons than that.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ ACROSS THE PACIFIC (for all-out war melodrama)

THE factors which stacked up so handsomely in The Maltese Falcon are present again here. The result is a stunning melodrama. Humphrey Bogart plays an American counterespionage agent with all of his tough dynamic power. Sidney Greenstreet is a ruthless Japanese spy, and Mary Astor is remarkably good as a girl who unwittingly walks into a melodramatic maelstrom.

As in the case of The Maltese Falcon, the show owes plenty to its up-and-coming young director, John Huston. He knows what to do with a movie thriller. He does it superbly in Across the Pacific. The atmosphere is built up in masterly fashion, the suspense becomes almost intolerable at times and the straight action has the smashing impact of a battering ram.

The story needs to be taken with a grain of salt. It shows a young officer being tossed out of the army and then being turned down by the Canadians. He takes a boat from Halifax through the Panama Canal and meets an assortment of strange characters. There's the girl who lies about her identity. There is the Jap spy ring, headed by the oily fat man of The Maltese Falcon. The hero pretends to join the gang of saboteurs, but before the ending he stops them all in their tracks. It wouldn't be fair to the show to give away that climax. Take my word for it, it's terrific.

Bogart is still the toughest of them all in a screen thriller. With enormous conviction, he plays Rick Leland, who undergoes public humiliation to serve his country. It's far more than delivering lines and gestures. When he's on the screen you are always waiting tensely for new fireworks. There is genuine menace in his performance.

Greenstreet is perfectly matched with him in this spy melodrama. When the two come to grips, the excitement is irresistible. Mary Astor as the heroine is better than she has been for a long time, and all the supporting players are excellent. Across the Pacific is in every sense a superior spy show. If you like excitement on the screen, don't miss it.

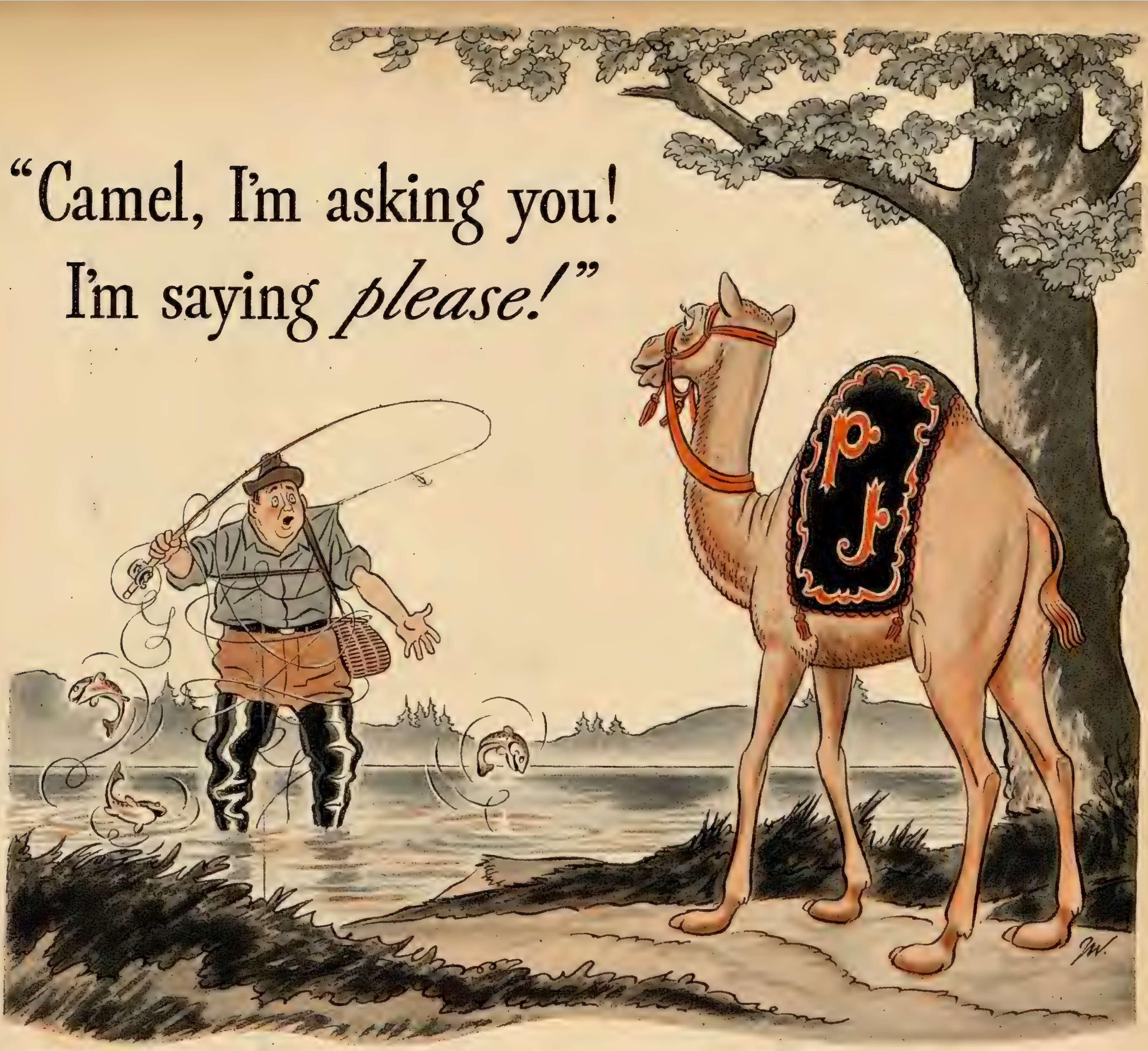
(Warners.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde.

★★★—The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers.

"Camel, I'm asking you! I'm saying *please!*"



MAN: Now look, Camel, I know you have a living to make. And I know you're pretty proud of the Paul Jones whiskey you sell. But, friend, I know all about this fine whiskey. And anyhow can't you see I'm tied up? Go away and tell someone else about it!

CAMEL: Ah, but, Master—

MAN: Oh now look, Camel. I don't wish to be rude. You introduced me to Paul Jones and I'm grateful. It is a fine and noble whiskey. It is modestly priced. I like it and I buy it. But I know all about it from cork to bottom. So will you take your knuckle-kneed carcass out of here and go tell someone who doesn't?

CAMEL: But, Master—

MAN: Look, Camel, perhaps you misunderstood me. I shall repeat myself: I know your Paul Jones story backwards, get it? You needn't tell *me* what *dryness*, or lack of sweetness does for your whiskey. I know the rich, mellow flavor it brings out in Paul Jones. Camel, I'm a Paul Jones fan! So, you needn't—

CAMEL: But, Master, I'm not here to talk about Paul Jones! This is my vacation! I haven't said a word about the whiskey for two full weeks!

MAN: Not a word, Camel?

CAMEL: Sahib, not a syllable.

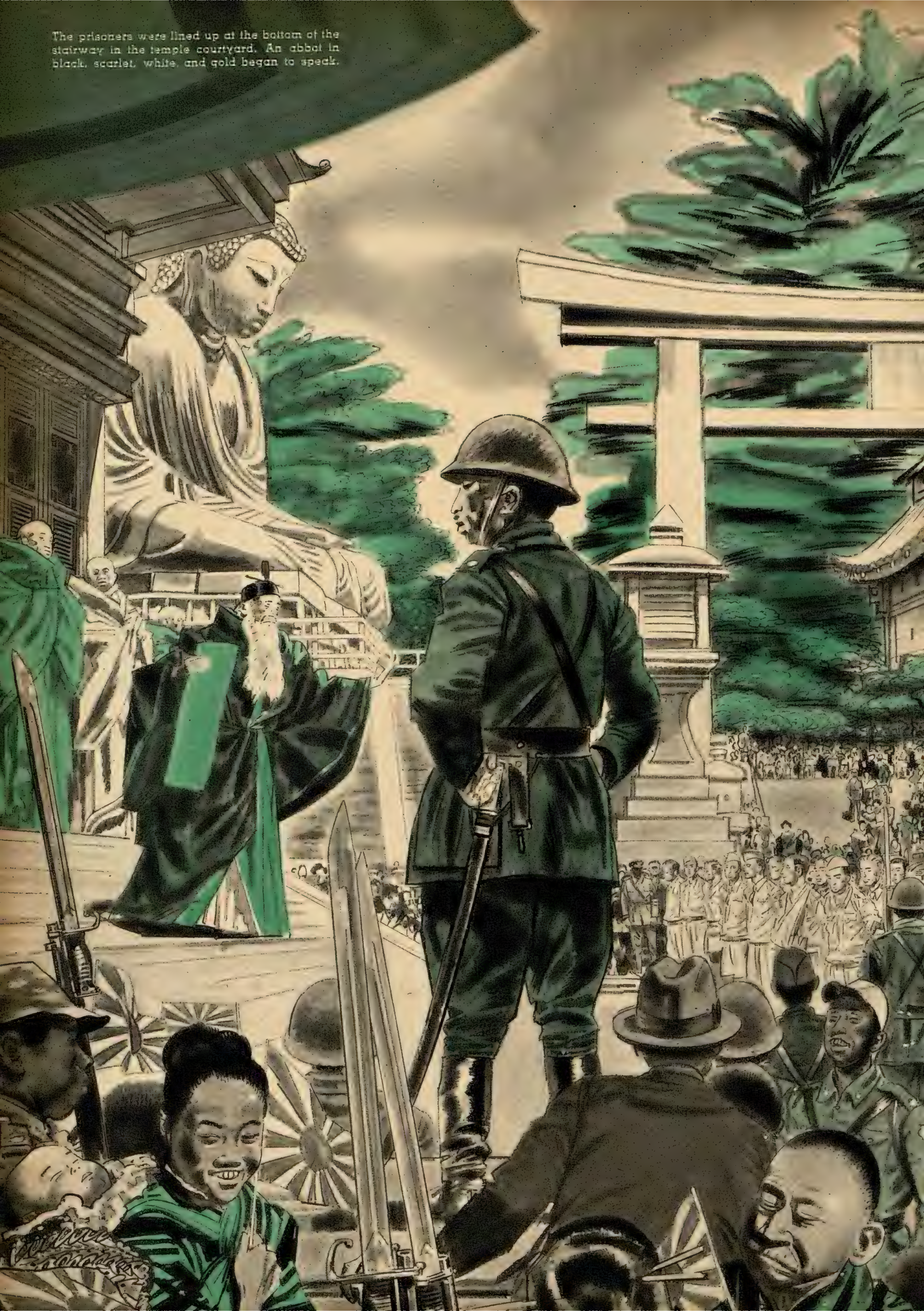
MAN: So! That's the way you treat the company that puts food in your mouth and a blanket on your back, is it? Why you clock-watching Oriental ingrate—for two cents I'd skin you for a rug! Out of here, you unstuffed symbol of dryness! Out, Camel, before I break you up!

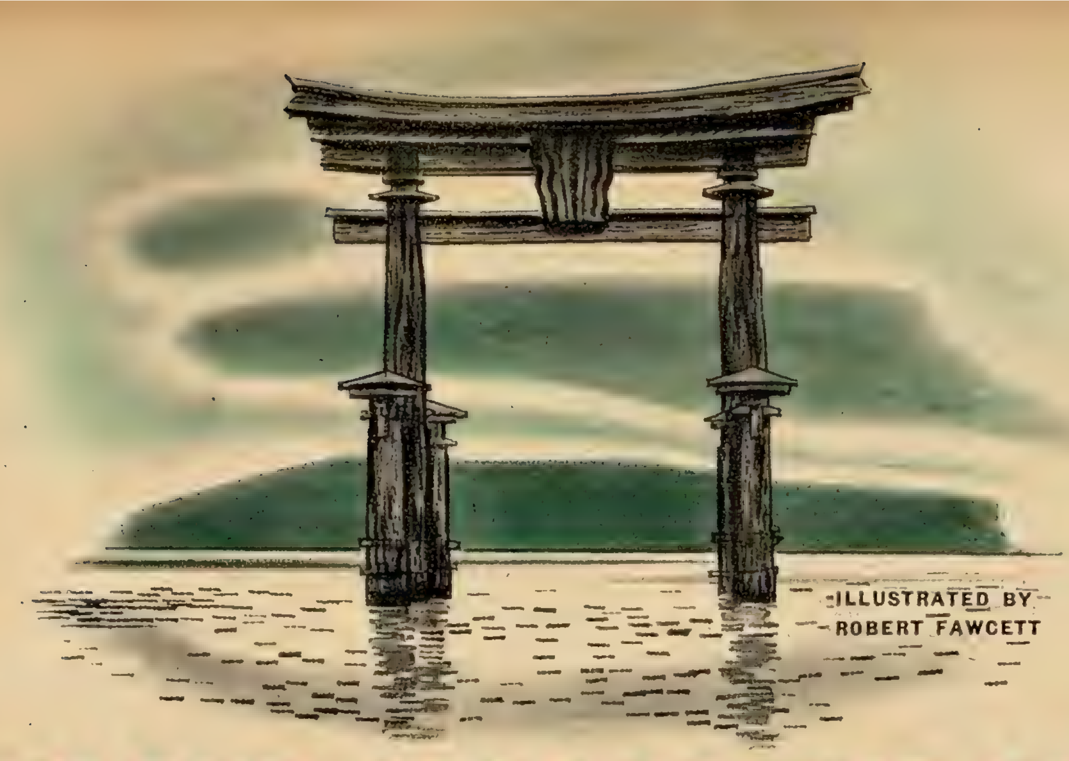
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF. FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC., LOUISVILLE & BALTIMORE

The prisoners were lined up at the bottom of the stairway in the temple courtyard. An abbot in black, scarlet, white, and gold began to speak.





ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

CLOUD ACROSS THE SUN

A Yank may be down, but he's never out! The stirring tale of a prisoner's courage and wit—the kind that will win this war

BY SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BRILLIANT morning light slashed into Andrew Lane's eyes as he followed other soldiers up the ladder to the ship's deck. He heard a continuous shout of *"Atsumare!"* as the prisoners were ordered to fall in; and he wondered, as he limped into line with the rest, if he looked as haggard and grim as they.

A soldier beside him muttered, "Where are we?" and added jerkily, as if unable to keep from asking, "What happens, sarge?"

It was the first time any of the battalion's remnant had spoken to Lane since leaving Luzon, prisoners. Andy could see the scarred volcanic cone of a peculiarly shaped island in the bay.

"Kagoshima," he said. "Southern Japan."

As to what would happen, every one knew. Prison camp. But what was apt to take place more immediately Lane could guess from the Japanese officers' dress uniform and smugness. There would probably be a march along the streets, where crowds could see the difference between the heroic victors and the unshaved, bandaged, defeated *seiyo-jin* enemy. He said nothing of this, knowing how bitter the men already were, and how much of the bitterness was directed toward him.

He had been ordered to destroy the ammunition when the battalion, holding off a Bataan attack while the main force set up new positions, was surrounded. When he reached the supplies he had realized how they could be exploded after the Japanese found them. What he had done to cause the explosion would work; Lane had been with an electrical company in Japan before going home to enlist. When he had returned to the fox holes, his C. O., to whom he would have reported, was dead; and then the Nips had attacked overwhelmingly from all sides.

If the forty-one survivors had not been hurried away, they would have heard the explosion. As it was, the bitter men believed Lane had bungled the order, thus allowing the Japanese to secure American ammunition to use against the main force of the defenders.

ONLY thirty Americans now were in line on deck; those wounded who had died had been buried at sea. Uniforms were stiff with sweat, blood, and Bataan dust. Two officers were in the line, but their bars had been torn away, just as the chevrons had been ripped from the noncoms' sleeves.

The Japanese major said, *"Ten no bachi da ta akiramero,"* which to Lane meant the prisoners must expect heavenly punishment for having defied the emperor.

Then a lieutenant began to speak in English. "Be obedient," he advised, "and you will receive fair treatment. Unless Japanese in America are persecuted. Then steps must be taken." He paused, and then demanded, *"Wakarimasu ka?"*

The final words asked if the Americans understood; but Lane, the only one who knew Japanese, was not tricked into admitting it. His leg, from which a bullet had been dug, was aching; what hurt more was that his mates despised him. Why must men need something on which to vent their bitterness? It did not occur to him that his own bitterness had prevented him from explaining.

Captain McMinn said to the Japanese lieutenant, "May the wounded fall out? Some have painful injuries, and—"

The major gave the order in Japanese and a Japanese noncom demonstrated its meaning, but none of the American soldiers moved, as if showing one last defiance. Not until their own captain gave the command did the men march behind the strutting noncom, along the deck, around the ship to the gangplank, and down it to shore.

Lane could see up the narrow street leading to the city. The gateways were all decorated with pine branches of victory, straw ropes, oranges like miniature rising suns, and lobsters enameled to a bloodier red than any ever lifted from a cooking pot. Here were the signs of welcome to the conquerors, although the narrow way was deserted. Then Lane remembered how Chinese prisoners had been paraded, and guessed that every one was waiting on a principal thoroughfare.

THE coaling dock was lined with infantrymen; there were salutes and handshakes and multiple bows between the landing officers and those on shore. When the thirty men who had once formed a full battalion were shoved into a column of twos, Captain McMinn managed to get beside Lane.

"Some of the men, including yourself, aren't fit to walk, sergeant," the captain said. "You've lived in Japan. What can be done?"

Andy said, "Sir, we're to be marched on the main street. The worse we look, the better lesson it'll be for the watchers. If some of us can't stick it, that will prove our inferiority. I think all of us would rather march than have you ask them anything again, sir."

McMinn's face became rigid. "To hell with them, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Lane.

The captain called, "Heads up!" But whatever else he might have added was cut off by the Japanese hands which covered his mouth.

The expressions on the soldiers' gaunt faces told Lane that they wanted somehow to hold him responsible for McMinn's treatment. Nor did the fat Japanese major fail to observe how the prisoners stared angrily at the one who had been a sergeant before evidences of rank had been removed. The major's comments drew the attention of the group of Nipponese officers to Lane. They nodded.

Andy knew how adept the Japanese had been in making use of Korean, Formosan, and Chinese renegades and outcasts. He shivered as he stared ahead, and his right hand did not unclench until the major mounted a shaggy horse.

Drummers and buglers formed behind the commander. Scarlet-rayed sun flags were unfurled, the color guard hopped into place. Two infantry companies formed behind. After these were the prisoners in a column of twos separated by a file of Japanese. More infantry companies, one of machine gunners, brought up the rear.

When the order to march was given and the drums beat the rhythm for the jerky quickstep, the route was up the empty street; but when the end was reached, a wild shout of *"Banzai!"* obliterated drums and marching feet. The broad main thoroughfare was lined ten deep. Children, the boys in uniform, were standing at the curbs; every child waved a paper sun flag.

A bell clanged, the brazen sound coming from the temple which, Lane could see, blocked off the street to the east. Shouts, drums, and bugles made a savage undertone to the triumphant summons to devotion. The major stared fiercely about, the lesser officers strutted, and the noncoms imitated them; and as the pace quickened, the Americans gritted their teeth and held to it. Overhead a plane circled and then dived. The civilians nervously sucked in their breath, and the infantrymen blinked, but the Bataan battalion's remnant gave no sign at all. Their bandaged wounds, their ripped uniforms had been earned in fighting off dive bombers.

WITHOUT warning, when the plane flattened out at the bottom of its dive the major's horse shied and reared, throwing the major to the street, where, flat on his back, he screamed the order to halt. The bell's clanging stopped also . . . and thirty Americans began to laugh.

Pride ended Lane's own laughter. Here were no beaten men, nor men who could be beaten down. They would pay for their howl of derision; and they began to pay when the march was resumed. Japanese of the file between the prisoners started a deliberate business, slyly dropping rifle butts so limping Americans sprawled headlong, crisscrossing so it would appear to the watchers that the once-feared *Amerika-jin* could not even march properly, let alone fight.

The crowd closed in behind the procession, following it under the winged gate into the temple courtyard, where the prisoners were lined up at the bottom of the stairway. Out of the doorway came priests to receive this proof of victory.

An abbot in black, scarlet, white, and gold began to speak; it was here, Lane heard, that the first foreign blackrobe had spoken of a false god. Here, too, damage had been done long ago by the gods of an *Igirisu-jin's* ship merely because another Englishman had accidentally died with a knife in his back. A greater evil had been done by ancestors of these captured *Amerika-jin:* they had forced their unholy way to Tokyo, giving as excuse for the arrival of their fighting ships a lie about shipwrecked sailors being caged like animals. Such unforgotten insults must be wiped out. Look! Observe the descendants of the arrogant liars now, weak, dirty, impotent, defeated. *Banzai!*

The pain in Lane's leg had become intolerable, and he gripped his thigh as the throng shrieked their response to the abbot's shout. McMinn was supporting a private whose eyes were closed. Lieutenant Moran nudged Lane with a bandaged elbow and whispered, "How long will he pray?"

"He isn't praying, sir," Andy said. "He's rubbing it in."

The major cried, "Since our soldiers are never captured, none will ever suffer humiliation like this. Nor need you worry about relatives in America. Even members of our Black Dragon Society there are well treated, and at the proper time will be able to perform patriotic duties. Everything has been planned."

It seemed to Lane that the major's glance shifted toward him, and that the officer's quick nod could be a signal.

The abbot had taken a scabbard, black, inlaid with silver semicircles to form scales, from a pillow. He drew out the blade, holding up this *shintai,* this symbol venerated by the Black Dragons who were pledged to die for Japanese supremacy, for every Nipponese to worship. When heads lifted again, the English-speaking lieutenant, followed by privates with a stretcher, had stepped up to Lane.

"The major," Lieutenant Komaru said, "appreciated your conduct when his horse became uncontrollable even for a fine horseman. You are the only prisoner who did not laugh. Special care is to be your reward."

Lane could see the disgust on his companions' faces. He tried to keep his head as he said, "No." Had the major's glance toward him meant he was to be involved in the plan of which the major boasted? Or was he imagining it because he knew how Chinese captives had been utilized?

"Would it look better," asked Komaru, as if for Lane's ear alone but loud enough for the other Americans to hear, "if we appear to use force?"

Wretched as he was, Lane realized the diabolical cleverness of the question, how it trapped him, and, irrespective of his reply, what the battalion's remnant would think. Captain McMinn already was frowning at the stones of the courtyard. Lieutenant Moran muttered under his breath. A soldier muttered, "Yellowbelly"; another ironically whistled sick call.

Andy wanted to plead, "Can't you see they're up to something?" But before he could move his stiff lips Komaru's revolver butt smashed up and thudded on his temple. Red suns blazed; and then there was a black void.

PAIN was what he knew when he was able to know anything. Added to it was the realization that if the Nips had struck down any other soldier of the battalion, there would have been furious interference. He was an outcast. What he was thinking, and the motion of the stretcher, sickened Lane; a brown hand shoved his head over the side of the stretcher. When the spasm was over Andy stared at the sky until he was in the hospital.

He was put to bed, and after his wounds had been dressed and an ice bag was on his head, the nurse made conversation. Lane was not surprised that she spoke in English; all professional Japanese learned it. He heard her say that the wooded hill visible from the window once had a fortress on its top, although now a school stood on the old foundations; where had he gone to school, please?

"You are unpolite," Azami-ko said, when Lane did not reply. "Surely our people in America are better polite." Smiling, she went on, too casually, "I hope you in America are good to Japanese there as we are good to you."

There it was again. And not accidental. The nurse was following instructions. Turning away, Andy said shortly, "I don't know."

Lane's first visitor was Lieutenant Komaru. "Soft," Komaru grinned. "A

"Well, men, you're going to have *more* than a year to learn to love me!"

good bed, plenty to eat and smoke, a pretty nurse. I envy you!"

"Do you?" said Andy.

"Come, come," Komaru said pleasantly. "Don't be annoyed because I struck a bit hard, old man. My intentions were of the best."

Andy said deliberately, "So sorry," and felt better when he saw anger burn in the officer's eyes.

But Komaru's voice showed no trace of the inner rage. "I would have come sooner, but your comrades . . . had to be marched to their train. All you need to do is take things easy. Why, if you are afraid that your people at home are worried," Komaru went on soothingly, "perhaps we can arrange for you to let them know that you are alive and receiving the very best of treatment."

Mustn't this be what the major had in mind? Wasn't this how the Nipponese intended to utilize a captive who didn't care how his alienated comrades fared? Such a man would mouth whatever the Japanese wished, would convey the idea to America that interned men were accorded every consideration. Yet it seemed to Lane that this could be done by a simpler method; perhaps the Japanese had more in mind than he could guess at.

He said, "I don't care who worries about me," as a basis for a later refusal to help the enemy. Hoping for a hint of anything additional on which they might be figuring, he added, "I didn't want to get into the damned war, anyhow."

Blinking with satisfaction, Komaru said, "Nevertheless we mustn't allow your dear parents to suffer needlessly. Where do they live?"

"The Pacific Coast," Andy lied, because he had no intention of giving the Japanese any information. "Why?"

Instead of replying, Komaru said, his eyes shining, "I was happy there. In college, I had no thought of war. I made friends." He sighed, too loudly. "Yes, I can promise that you will be able to inform your relatives that you are safe." Patting Lane's shoulder, he spoke in Japanese to the nurse, then turned back to Lane. "I've warned her to take good care of you," he explained.

WHAT Komaru had said to the nurse was vastly different. He had boasted that the manner in which the promise would be kept would surprise the enemy. And while he watched for any sign of understanding by Lane, it was without worry, because the prisoners had already been tested, and Japanese doubted the ability of *seiyojin* to know more than a few words of any Oriental language.

"I will see you again," Komaru said, rising. Again he spoke to the nurse in his own language. "Allow the vulgar fellow to make love to you, if he wishes; it will help Japan. He must wish to return to ease and pleasure."

It came to Lane, as the nurse bowed, that the Japanese would neglect no detail to win the war.

The nurse brought him a cigarette and lit it. She was slim and pretty in her uniform. "What you liking? Newspaper in English are not. I not knowing how to card-play. Perhaps you are enjoying radio music even if words do not mean something?"

Andy nodded. Anything was better than talking. There was a small radio on the table; Azami-ko cut across voices until she came to a station where there was the metallic accompaniment of stringed instruments to a recitation . . .

"A STORY of two who died for love," Lane heard, " 'In Kyoto was a merchant of great wealth. One daughter he had, by name O-Kichi; at sixteen she was lovely as a flower. Also he had a clerk by name Seiza, who was young and handsome. The maiden fell in love with him, and they decided . . .' *O machi asobase!* Our forces attack the terrified enemy again. The Americans will be exterminated for their presumption in resisting. We are suffering no losses. *Banzai!*"

Down the corridor, Japanese shouted *"Banzai!"* with one voice, bellowing more loudly and vindictively than all the rest.

"That must be some story," said Lane. "Why is every one cheering?"

"It are sweet tale of love," Azami-ko smiled. Then she demanded, frowning, "I ask: How you knowing it are a story being related?"

Andy said quickly, "When we hear talking on the radio at home, it is always a story or a play." To get back to the subject in which she should be interested, he added, "Home. Every one there must think I'm dead."

"Do not be unheartened," The nurse's hand went to the top of the radio, "Komaru-san, lieutenant, are promising kindness soon to you."

Did the hand on the radio have meaning. Why not? No other rapid way of communication existed between the warring nations. Lane already had reason to believe he was to be used to convince America how well prisoners were treated here, in order that plotters in the States would be unmolested. The Japanese would prepare well; they would work on him until he was willing to say what they wished . . . and when his message, after transmission, was recorded, his voice could be identified by people who knew him, and what he said would be believed and would be printed in the newspapers.

Were the Japanese grooming him to be a new Lord Haw-Haw? Would they check on him through their espionage agents and learn that he had given an incorrect address? Or question him about his missing dog tag, the chain of which had broken at Bataan? But wasn't it more probable that they were so pleased with having found a perfect tool, a soldier despised by his comrades, that they were going ahead with their plans without misgiving?

Komaru's next visit, when Lane was out of bed, gave Andy the first news as to what was happening at home. The lieutenant said that Japanese nationals and their descendants were being cruelly sent to the interior.

"We might relieve their suffering if America knew how kindly we care for you," Komaru said, "but we would not be believed." He seemed lost in thought, to Lane's amusement, since everything had been planned. Then, as if inspired, Komaru burst out, "I have it! I promised we would radio your parents that you are safe. If *you* did it, your voice would bring them great happiness . . . and surely you would not object to mentioning our kindnesses to you?"

Lane said, "Would a single case prove anything? I don't know what is being done with the other men."

"Did they mind what happened to you?" asked Komaru. In true Japanese fashion he brought all arguments to bear, so earnestly that Andy was convinced something very important depended on the message. "You must not allow your parents to be unhappy," urged the lieutenant. "And since parents here will suffer less when they know that their children in America are not mistreated, your charitable and Christian act will make it possible for us to continue rewarding you."

The blade's out of the scabbard, thought Lane. That was the hint of the steel. He said nothing, to see what the Japanese would say next."

"In the hospital here," said Komaru softly, "is one of our officers. A major. He was at Bataan. He was injured in an uncivilized manner, and lost his arm when abandoned explosives were wired and left to kill our soldiers. I think," the Japanese shivered delicately, "that if I were a prisoner, I would not care to be under him when he is assigned to command a prison camp. No."

AS if forced to acquiesce, Andy said, "Just a message to my people, and then a few words about how kind Japanese are to prisoners?"

"It will be written out for you to read into the microphone," smiled Komaru as he rubbed his hands together. "You agree?" Before Lane could say anything, the Japanese said, "We will discuss details later."

When the officer had gone, and Azami-ko returned, Lane did his best to figure what would be behind the message. Its obvious purpose was to assure Japanese in the States sufficient liberty so that members of the Black Dragon Society would be free to carry on sabotage. The major, at the temple, had said as much. Lane knew that he would refuse and take the consequences, but he wished he could do what was demanded and at the same time ruin the Japanese plans.

Nothing was neglected which would remind him he had better agree. He was allowed to overhear English comments about prison camps. He was shown photographs which purported to be of prisoners in the coal mines. He was reminded about the one-armed major. And with the explanation that Japan refused no man the solace of his gods, the nurse read to him from the Bible. When she came to "A living dog is better than a dead lion," or "He shall return no more to his house," and similar warnings, she would pause and let the phrases sink in.

The passages, Lane found, had been faintly marked, proof of how the Nips were working on him. He himself paused when he came to a passage in Genesis: paused, almost whistled, and then continued reading. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." That was what the message would be. The voice of Andrew Lane. The hands, the plans, the actions, of the Japanese.

When Lane put the book down, it was to ask Azami-ko about the result of throat operations. His brother Jacob, he told her, had been operated on, according to the last word he had received. Lane learned enough from Azami-ko's comments to discuss it with Komaru, who assured him that Jacob Lane's recovery would be hastened by the knowledge that his brother Andrew was living and well.

LANE now was ready. Intelligence officers in the States would be informed when the address was found to be incorrect, and would certainly swiftly and easily discover that, in addition, Lane had no brother at all. Jacob's voice. Esau's hand. Surely Intelligence would attach real importance to the message, whatever it would be, and would waste no time in digging out the hidden meaning.

Lane heard internes telling Azami-ko of a pilgrimage to be made by the emperor to the Ise shrine, in celebration of a coming triumph . . . and all possible because of the prisoner here. It amused the Japanese, Andy knew, to have an ignorant *Amerika-jin* in a fog while they said things which he could not possibly understand; it was typically Japanese. But it had him on edge, too, to hear, *"Nanzo omoshiroi gozarima-senu"* . . . "It is the prisoner who will assist us to victory."

When the nurse seemed nervous on bringing him breakfast, Lane felt that action was near. Azami-ko was unusually attentive, peeling an orange and feeding him the sections on a toothpick, pouring his tea, lighting his cigarette. He caught her glancing at her watch again and again. Finally, smiling, she asked, "Do you not thinking I am pretty?" and gave him a provocative slantwise glance. "I are never receiving *kissu* from you," she pouted.

Lane wondered, Where does this fit in? And then Azami-ko's arms were around him and her mouth was on his.

At almost the same instant hospital people rushed in, pulling the nurse away. Andy had a glimpse of Azami-ko's face as she left, and she was not alarmed, but was smiling as she rubbed the immoral kiss away.

A stubby interne spoke in English. The prisoner-patient had violated decency by seducing a nurse. The hospital wanted no more of him . . . and then everything was so well planned that Lane would have needed little else to convince him that this was all an act. His uniform was thrown at him. He was rushed out and taken to the station, where he was turned over to waiting soldiers.

When the train moved off, he saw the gulf and Cherry Tree Island. The naval anchorage was empty. Soon the engine began to puff, and shortly Lane could see peaks sentineled by volcano smoke. The engine was laboring up into the coal country where prisoners were interned, prisoners, as the photographs had proved to Lane, who were working mines to turn Japan's industrial wheels and to keep her ships fighting.

He was taken off the train and through a guarded gate, and a corporal told what happened to men who tried to escape. Then Lane was led to a crowded shed and put to work sorting lumps according to sizes. Andy saw some of the men from Bataan at the sorting tables. To them he was a renegade. A spy. The word was passed around, and by the time the buckets of water were brought for scrubbing tired bodies, the Americans avoided looking at him, the British appeared unaware of him, the Dutch stared; but Chinese spat at his feet. When tubs of boiled millet and fish soup on which raw cabbage floated were carried in, Lane ate alone.

Captain McMinn came to remove the tubs while the prisoners arranged blankets on the floor; a space was left where Lane sat. McMinn, returning, found his own blankets and dropped them near Lane, apparently too exhausted to recognize his sergeant. Then the lights were turned off.

"SIR, it's Lane," Andy whispered; but there was no answer. "I've been brought here to show me what it's like," Lane went on, "so I'll want to get away. The devils're making sure I'll do what they're after. I was picked because of what they saw you all think of me." When McMinn still said nothing, Andy swallowed and then said savagely, "That ammunition at Bataan—"

"Was used against us. A bullet now would be preferable to this hell. Tell that to the Japs. For me. I can't be punished more."

"Officers receive rotten jobs so they lose face, sir; prisoners are being humbled, while at the same time the Nips sing a different song to America. That's one thing they want to use me for. The other—"

McMinn said dully, "It's worse than humiliation. The day after we arrived they took us up where we could see ships. Cruisers and carriers. They told the men from the West Coast what the planes will do. To break morale."

If I said I knew something like this was up, thought Andy, you'd be positive I am in with the Japs. So it was an attack from the air which the Japanese planned, an attack in which members of the Black Dragons, on the coast, would supplement or guide. Lane believed McMinn and the soldiers had been told the truth about it; the Japanese, when confident of success, invariably boasted.

Men twisted and turned, fighting for sleep horribly, but Lane was wide awake. What was going to be in the message he was to send? Time and place of attack? What else could it be? After his voice had been identified by his people, proving the authenticity of the message, the Japanese knew, because of what happened when word was received from prisoners, that what he said would be printed in the newspapers. The Black Dragons, waiting for just that, would be ready. The wording of the message would pass through any ordinary censorship.

Rough hands jerked him up before daylight. He had failed to sort enough coal . . . and he began to get the treatment he expected, if his reasoning was right. He lifted heavy sacks, pushed carts, resacked coal until his hands were ripped, and then was lowered to one of the pits, where the pick handle with which he worked had been roughened.

Four days of this made him wonder if he could be right. But on the fifth day he heard a guard say, "Our navy will soon have fun." On the next day Lane was ordered to the commandant's office, where he found Komaru apologetic and seemingly aghast.

"I was away from Kagoshima," Komaru said, "and only returned today. Those asses in the hospital! A damned outrage. Poor little Azami-ko is sick with it. But I've come to arrange everything for you, old man."

Lane acted, too. "It's hell here," he said.

"It will not be better when Major Takobuno takes over," said Komaru. "He is out of the hospital, I was told, and he has no liking for the men responsible for the loss of his arm. I am glad," Komaru showed his teeth, "that, as soon as red tape is cut, I can get you away. Back to Azami-ko, eh?"

Lane looked at his hands.

"I feel guilty for your pain," groaned Komaru, "both physical and mental. Why, I promised you could inform your people of your safety. Your poor sick brother. Because it may take a few days to have you released, I have brought a recording machine, and we will broadcast the record tonight from Kagoshima."

KOMARU'S acting, when he sat at the desk to word the message which had surely already been decided upon, was remarkable. He would bite his pen and then his lip, ask Lane's advice, light a cigarette. . . .

"How does this sound?" he said at last, leaning back. "'I am safe and well in Japan, dear mother' . . . mother, sergeant, or father?"

"Mother," said Andy quietly. His mother was not living. This, plus the incorrect family address, would have Intelligence on its toes. "Mrs. James R. Lane."

"Good. Now . . . 'There are many prisoners here. We are well fed, well treated, and receive plenty of healthful exercise. Many—'"

Andy asked, "Should I . . . say that?"

"Why not? *You* were, and you will be *again*. Do the others care what happens to you? No! So think of the comforts of Kagoshima, of Azami-ko."

(*Continued on page 38*)

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

THIS IS MR. HOOPER. He didn't start off so chipper this morning. Sort of gloomed along until he came to Main Street.

Then the sweet old lady on the corner sold him a flower for his buttonhole. And look at Mr. Hooper now!

That's what little things can do for people. Little things like a posy in your lapel, or a friendly wave from the traffic cop, or a shave and haircut down at Ray's . . .

Small, pleasant, everyday things . . . they all add up to what we call morale. They help us take the bad news with the good. They keep us smiling.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer or ale . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—
a moment of relaxation . . .
in trying times like these they
too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

COOL shaves

Cited for Comfort!

Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

A MEDAL FOR COMFORT—citations for smoothness—belong to Ingram's. As it wilts your whiskers with motorized speed, Ingram's helps condition your skin for shaving. You get a smooth, clean, close shave—and a COOL one.

Long after the final maneuver of your flying blade, your face keeps on feeling braced, refreshed—looks smoother, younger!

Get Ingram's today, in the long-lasting jar or the handy tube.

Ingram's
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S shaving cream

(Continued from page 36)

Head bowed, Lane said, “Please read the rest.”

“ ‘Many of the prisoners are from San Francisco. We all appreciate the care we are receiving. We have our own church services on Sunday. Do not worry about me. I send love to every one, including Jacob.’ How is that?”

Andy said, “I would like to say that I hope Jacob's voice is better.” He was about to add something more, but decided against it.

“Of course. It will prove that the message, since it contains an intimate detail, is truly yours.” Komaru jumped up and shook Lane's hand. “We are all ready.” He called out, and the recording machine was brought in, and the message, written in English, handed to Lane. The record was already on. “Read it slowly,” ordered Komaru, as the machine began to whir.

“ ‘I AM safe and well in Japan, dear mother,’ ” Andy read. “ ‘There are many prisoners here. We are well fed, well treated, and receive plenty of healthful exercise. Many of the prisoners are from San Francisco. We all appreciate the care we are receiving. We have our own church services on Sunday. Do not worry about me. I send love to every one, and hope that Jacob's voice is better.’ ” Then he added, with a look at Komaru as if pleading for swift release from the camp in return for additional praise of Japanese behavior, “I am in very good hands.”

“Excellent!” exclaimed Komaru. “A nice touch. Well, I'll see you in . . . Kagoshima. We'll have a party.” Then he said to the colonel, “I want you to take good care of my friend. Prove that he is in . . . good hands.”

Lane, as he walked from the office, guessed what would happen now that his usefulness was over. Nor was he wrong. By night Lieutenant Moran's rations were cut for protesting; but the next morning the battalion was growling about it. By Saturday noon Lane had come to the place where it was difficult to remember that Intelligence ought to be able to interpret the message. Given a mother no longer alive, and a nonexistent brother, they would have time to figure out why that “brother” was named Jacob, why his voice was involved. “Hands” had been added to aid in the tip-off. G-2 would recognize in the innocently worded message what the Black Dragons in America were waiting to read! San Francisco and Sunday.

Saturday was bad for Lane, and Sunday, in the pits, horror. When a line-up was ordered on Monday, he swayed as he stood in his place.

The colonel was accompanied by an officer whose empty sleeve was pinned to his shoulder. “I go to Ise shrine to celebrate victory,” the commandant announced. “At this moment you are being raided in revenge for attacking Tokyo. Major Takobuno, a hero, is now in command here. Dutifully bow to him.”

No prisoner moved. Takobuno cried, “Those of you who were defeated at Bataan cost me my arm. Cowards! Men who wired explosives which killed many of my soldiers and which crippled me. I will make you pay!”

Andy knew that—while no man of the battalion glanced at him, since he would pay doubly if singled out—he was part of the outfit again. Nothing had to be said, but when the soldier beside him muttered, “It was a good brawl after the Nips socked you, sarge,” his heart beat fast.

An orderly was racing toward the colonel, to hand him a note. As the commandant read, his skin turned to pasty yellow, and his hands were trembling when he handed the paper to the impatient major.

“Sa!” Takobuno hissed. Then he shook note and fist at the prisoners. He screamed in English, “Now there will be greater vengeance! You will pay for every one of our planes shot down—for every ship sunk! You—”

“Nani ni shiro,” pleaded the colonel. “Do not let them know.” Dazedly, loudly enough for Lane to hear, he pleaded, “How could the Americans have known? Our aircraft carriers, with cruisers and destroyers, crept in the fog near San Francisco; but the Dragons were unprepared, although all they waited to read was the time and place. But no fires were set by them to guide our attack. No roads to airfields were blocked, no wires cut. And the enemy was ready, with fighters up. Their bombers sank a carrier. Heavy cruisers annihilated the carrier support. Oh, disgrace! The emperor was pledged to report the vengeance to his ancestors. Now Komaru must commit honorable suicide. What went wrong?”

LANE wanted to shout, “G-2 knew it was a Japanese-dictated message. I told them only the voice was mine.” His dullness was gone. Sunday, at home, was Monday here. “Sunday” and “San Francisco” had not been printed in the newspapers as part of a touching message from a prisoner to his mother; but on Sunday, beyond the Golden Gate, reconnaissance planes must have flown over the fog bank, diving into the grayness like ghostly gulls, searching, searching to inform naval units and bombers of the stealthy approach of the Japanese.

Standing in line with the Americans, British, Chinese, Dutch, Lane thought of American cruisers and destroyers on the dark ocean, surging out to intercept the enemy, and of the planes in the sky, now shimmering in the sun above the fog, now penetrating the wet gloom and roaring down to beat the Japanese carrier-based bombers into the sea. . . .

The others had to know. Additional punishment no longer mattered. Lane cried, “Our navy got 'em! We—”

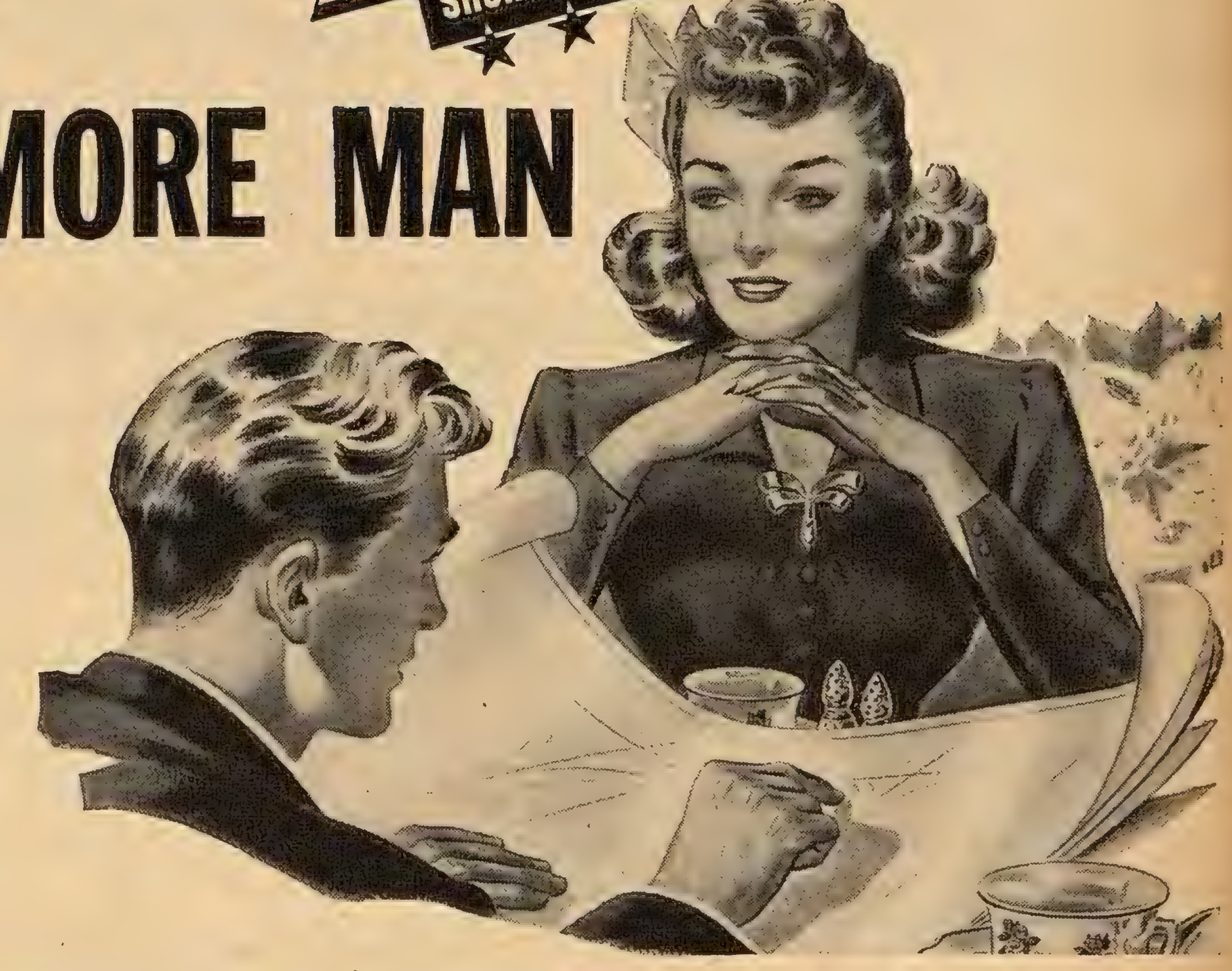
A Japanese hand slammed over his mouth, but since his ears were not covered he could hear the yell which went up. It was a yell which nothing could stop, just as nothing could ever chill the great warmth now in him.

THE END

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

Just ONE MORE MAN

BY KEN KESSLER AND MARJORIE HOLMES



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

MIDGE sat at her desk in the office of the draft board and stared blankly at the wall. Then her dazed eyes dragged back to the selective service card she had just rolled into her typewriter. The card which read: "Joe Mallory, age 28."

For that wasn't just any Joe. It was *her* Joe! Big gay Joe of the crooked grin and the cowlick, and the hands of skill and tenderness. Joe, who had struggled so hard for his engineering education, waited so patiently for his break. The break that was coming—he'd told her at breakfast—today.

"Well, darling *Hausfrau*, how do I look?" he'd demanded, taking a last swipe at his just polished shoes with her tea towel and tying it foolishly about her neck as he kissed her nose. "Like a smart young heating engineer about to be interviewed by the commanding officer of a shell-loading plant?"

"Oh, but definitely!" Her voice had been light, but her eyes, plucking a thread from his freshly cleaned and pressed best suit, kept low. And she had been praying, more desperately than usual, "Don't let it be his name on any of those little cards today."

And now here it was. So few strokes of her typewriter to put it there; so many fierce little hammers beating on her brain. They were asking her to summon Joe to service; to inform him that the time had come when he must leave his home, his wife, his work, and go to learn to fight, to kill—to be killed himself, perhaps. Joe, who had so much more than just his life to give!

She remembered how he had gulped his coffee, then shoved the breakfast things aside to unroll his blueprints for a last-minute look. "Look, hon! Here's where the thermal element for the temperature controller will be. It's an entirely new system of powder drying in the detonator line. But I know it'll work. I know it'll cut down the danger of explosions and save workers' lives. I've had the devil's own time getting this interview, but now they've got to listen; they've got to give me a chance to prove it'll work. Lord, if I'm just not called till I can see this thing through!"

But now he was being called. Midge herself must call him with a card which fate had put into her hands.

One more uniform, she thought bitterly. One more gun. One more man. How much did one more man, just one, count among so many? One man among a million—while for her he was all men, he was the universe.

I can't do it! she thought. And then, with a thin stab of chill and shock, I wouldn't—have to.

She looked about the office. Mr. Burnette, director of the local board, was across the hall at one of those meetings that would change the course of so many lives. She was alone.

If she rolled the card out of her typewriter, slipped it into her blouse, destroyed it! It would never be missed—not for a long time, anyway. And if it ever came to light, it could have been an error, an accident.

With one blind movement she ripped the card from the typewriter and clutched it against her heart.

And—the words crawled up through an agony of shame and indecision—I am justified.

The hands on the electric clock above her desk jerked to eleven thirty. Joe would have finished his conference by now. He'd have taken the first step, made them listen, convinced them he had something big. You couldn't work on anything as long and hard as Joe had—five years—with faith and patience, not caring whether you ate or slept or made much money, and then muff your big chance when it came.

By keeping him here to finish the job I'll be serving my country, she reasoned.

Her fingers, shaking crazily, were poised to rip the card in two, when the telephone rang. For a second she sat motionless. Then she laid the card down and picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is the office of the draft board. The director is across the hall. You can reach him on extension 212."

Again Midge picked up the card. Her fingers felt numb now, useless. She stared at it through blurred eyes. "Joe Mallory, age 28." A name on a card. A man loved by a woman. And a thousand names marching the span of a thousand cards. Suddenly she saw them—all the Joes in America and the Midges who loved them. The cards spread into a fan about her, hemming her in, and upon them marched the men and behind them watched the women, and she knew that she couldn't do it. Never—and face those watching eyes again. Joe—I can't. You wouldn't want me to.

Brushing the corner of one eye with the back of her hand, she forced a smile and placed the card neatly among the others to be mailed.

The door opened and Mr. Burnette, a thin hawk-nosed man with kind eyes, walked in.

"Mrs. Mallory, if you've come across your husband's card, hold it back," he said. "We've just had a call from the commanding officer of the ordnance plant, urging his deferment until a very important project can be completed. In view of the facts, the board wants to reconsider his case."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WOMAN SOLDIER NUMBER ONE

Director Oveta Culp Hobby, right, shakes hands with Emily Newell Blair who has just heard her life story.

The story behind Oveta Culp Hobby's rise to fame as commander of our new WAAC

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JUANITA CULP was a beauty. Oveta, two years younger, was not. Oveta realized this as soon as she understood words. "Too bad," she heard them say, "that Oveta is not pretty, like Juanita." The words became familiar. "Too bad," she heard them say, "that Oveta is not good, like Juanita." The one followed naturally the other. It followed, too, that the child was shy, painfully shy. She stuttered, set herself in rebellion against authority.

Her Sunday-school teacher gave her a temperance pledge to sign. She was five years old. Oveta set her lips, shook her head, tore up the pledge, and abruptly left Sunday school to visit her grandmother.

A problem child, Oveta. Sullen, because shy; always hiding out that she might avoid comparison with good, pretty Juanita; afraid to speak lest she stutter. The Culps did not know what to do with her. Killeen, Texas, is a small town, two streets at cross angles, with a gas lamp where they meet. Father was busy with his incipient law practice; mother with having babies and looking after the unfortunate of the town. Both were imbued with the strict ideas of their Dutch-Quaker ancestors. They could only censure the maverick in their midst, and this increased what they wanted to cure.

Then Grandfather Hoover died. Grandmother was left alone. Oveta, five years old, went to live with her.

Thirty-two years later—on May 15, 1942, to be exact, Oveta Culp, now Mrs. William P. Hobby, stood in the large conference room in the Munitions Building in Washington, D. C. On one side of her stood General Marshall, Chief of the United States Army; on the other, the Secretary of War. Movie cameras clicked, photoflash lamps gleamed. Mrs. Hobby raised a white-gloved hand and took her oath of office as Director of the newly formed Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—the first corps of women to serve with the United States Army.

Slim and gracious in a dark tailored suit, perfectly poised, with a flashing smile, Mrs. Hobby was variously reported by the press representatives as magnetic, brilliant, able, glamorous, dynamic, beautiful; the choice of generals and congressmen and the rank and file of office workers as the ideal woman to head the new Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

What could have happened to little Oveta Culp?

It is a long story—a thirty-two-year story—a modern success story—a very human story—a combination Cinderella, Ugly Duckling, Joan of Arc, and Sleeping Beauty story—American brand.

LET us return to the five-year-old child.

Oveta Culp's Grandmother Hoover was a woman of parts, individual, independent, determined, and wise, of the Southwestern pioneer pattern.

When, a few years ago, Mrs. William P. Hobby went with her ex-governor husband to her grandmother's funeral, the pastor of the Baptist church laid great stress upon one point about Mrs. Hoover. "Sister Hoover," he reiterated again and again, "may have had her own ideas. She may not have adapted or followed our discipline, but Sister Hoover had her convictions and followed them."

Riding home, Governor Hobby said to his wife, "You know, it sounded to me almost as if the minister was apologizing for your grandmother."

"I think he was," said Mrs. Hobby, smiling. "Grandmother would have loved it."

When Oveta came to live with her, Grandmother Hoover treated her child guest as a contemporary, an equal in age and in intelligence. Oveta confided to her grandmother her ambitions and resentments.

Companionate as she was, grandmother did not believe in coddling. There were certain things one did. Some because one was a Hoover and a Culp in the town of Killeen. You also had responsibilities.

School offered opportunities for a serious child. Juanita with her pink and blue ribbons and appleblossom complexion might have her beaus. Oveta excelled because she could outthink her opponents. This was her first recognition of the use of logic. Later she saw its value in the school debates, which she adored. Her lawyer father labored methodically to teach Oveta to overcome her stuttering.

Much as she loved "dramatics," Oveta loved still more her father's law office over the bank. After school she would repair there. The rows of sheepskin-bound volumes fascinated her, her father's desk littered with papers, the men coming and going with their strange talk about candidates and primaries. Crouched down on a chair she listened, wide-eyed, open-eared.

Oveta also heard about politics on her frequent visits at home. She heard, too, the visiting politicians who came to discuss candidates with her father, for I. W. Culp's influence in Bell County was to be sought by any one seeking a county or a state office.

She first heard her future husband's name in just such a discussion. The family sat talking about the current campaign for governor. One of the candidates was a young man from Dallas who was opposing the firmly entrenched Ferguson machine. Oveta's father was supporting him. Even her mother had made speeches for him. It sounded interesting and she remembered the name. "Will Hobby," they affectionately called him.

When she was fourteen, the family moved from Killeen to Temple, a bigger town, twenty-eight miles away. Oveta left her grandmother's home and went with them.

Juanita, two years older, was taken up at once by the new schoolmates. There were beaux and parties, but Mrs. Culp had old-fashioned ideas that included chaperons, but compromised by saying that Juanita could go if Oveta went with her. Juanita could easily provide an escort for Oveta, but she could not make him interesting to Oveta or her to him. "If you have to think, Oveta," Juanita said, after a foursome, "do you have to think out loud when you are with a boy?"

AT sixteen Oveta was a thin girl with great serious eyes, a high brow, and a large mouth which opened over extremely white teeth. High brows and large mouths were not the fashion in feminine pulchritude in those days, nor had flashing teeth been popularized by the movies. But the men who saw her in her father's office were impressed by her air of inquiring interest.

After two years at college and a brief bit of teaching, Oveta went to work as a clerk for a legislative committee and made an intensive study of parliamentary law. The session over, she went to Houston to get a job in the circulation department of the Houston Post. The erstwhile war governor, Will Hobby, was publisher of the Post. It was characteristic of Oveta that she never thought to presume on her father's acquaintance with him. But a visitor from Austin asked the governor one day if I. W. Culp's daughter was not working on his paper. Publisher Hobby asked that his unknown employee come up to see him. This was the first meeting with Mr. Hobby which Oveta recalls in detail.

Oveta was a problem child, shy, sullen, who set herself in rebellion against authority.

Dan Moody, anti-Klan man, became a candidate for governor in a campaign to oust the Fergusons. Oveta enlisted as a worker in his campaign, became office secretary at official headquarters, and threw herself into the campaign with zeal. Her earnestness, her idealism, her ability to speak and organize, attracted the attention of state politicians. When the State Democratic Convention met in San Antonio to ratify Dan Moody's nomination she was named secretary of the meeting.

Came a period of tangible achievement . . . first woman parliamentarian of a state legislature, ex-secretary of the Women's Democratic Club, and handy woman for the National Democratic Convention in Houston in 1928.

She took a turn at being assistant to the Houston city attorney, and finally, bitten by the political bug, ran for the state legislature.

This was her first defeat—and, unprepared for it as she was, she seemed to take it in her stride.

The reason may be that she was also being courted by Governor Hobby—a courtship more flavored by intellect and politics than the more routine flowers and candy.

After her wedding in 1931, Oveta set to work at a new job. She became a hostess. As the governor's wife she went at her wardrobe as she had her house, as a business. The result was the sudden blooming of an already attractive woman into a stunning one. A new coiffure emphasized the oval face, well cut clothes outlined a junior-miss figure, the Brazilian topaz set off a clear olive skin.

AND back she went into a more active life with the presidency of the Texas League of Women Voters, research work for her husband's paper, editor of its book page. The birth of a son in 1932 did not stop her, nor the spill from a horse which left her with a broken leg and a shattered wrist. She was lame for two years but never missed an issue of the paper.

At her husband's suggestion, she turned to newspaper work—on the Houston Post. To hear Mrs. Hobby tell about the newspaper today, one knows she found both her vocation and her avocation.

She began in the circulation department and literally worked in almost every phase of the paper, including the composing room and the women's service departments.

By 1938 she had made so many changes in the paper that the board of directors created a new job for her—that of executive vice-president of the publishing company. "It is," said one of the directors, "to give you the right to do what you do anyway."

She continued to make changes. One year the composing and press rooms were redesigned and equipped; another, the photogravure section, and so on throughout the plant. She also changed the financial system. Each head of a section or department was given control of a certain percentage of the budget. The budget of the paper itself was planned for two years.

As though a newspaper and an official hostess job were not enough, Mrs. Hobby continued to add the chairmanships of committees to her string of activities. Did the city university need a residence building? Mrs. Hobby organized the town and raised the money. She even did a minor "assist" to a Citizens' Committee organization to work out a flood-control plan, the only woman on the committee and a successful pleader in Washington for federal funds. She was chairman of the Houston Community Chest. She was chairman of the committee to get a symphony orchestra for Houston.

Through it all she managed to maintain a reputation as an indefatigable hostess and even blossomed out as an author of a popular book on parliamentary law, published a few weeks after the birth of a daughter.

During these nine years Mrs. Hobby had, inevitably, met many people. In 1941 she was active executive of the radio station connected with the paper, a bank director, a director of several newspaper associations, member of the Associated Press, member or chairman of dozens of boards.

Perhaps one of the least publicized American women and most respected among her own craft—publishing—Mrs. Hobby was the logical choice when the War Department wanted expert feminine advice in its public relations. She was asked to act as special adviser to the Secretary of War, and after weeks of temporizing, and at her husband's insistence, she took the job.

That was in July, 1941. By October she had the section running with an able staff and an advisory council composed of the heads of thirty-three of the national women's organizations. Mrs. Hobby has never played the "lone wolf" hand. Ready to return home, the question came up of the W. A. A. C. General Marshall asked her to please stand by.

WHEN at last Congress passed the bill creating the new corps of women to serve with the army but not of the army, General Marshall and the Secretary of War were agreed that the one woman to head it was Mrs. Hobby. It was a great honor, it was an opportunity for a public service, but it also entailed leaving her husband and moving the children to Washington.

Governor Hobby is first and last a patriot. He insisted she do the job.

Mrs. Hobby's house in Washington is small compared to her Houston one, but it still requires a homemaker.

"Won't you find it more difficult," asked some one of her, "to have the family here and a house to run?"

"No," she said; "they are my recreation. I always work better after an evening with the children."

There spoke the feminine Oveta Culp Hobby, the Oveta Hobby that appeals to men with her womanly reserve, her daring hats, her exquisite clothes, her maternal concern for the human factor involved in economic or political life; the Mrs. Hobby who in a handmade frock and a flowered hat bowled over my domestic-minded daughter-in-law; the Mrs. Hobby who insisted that the W. A. A. C. should be allowed to wear frilly dresses when off duty and saw to it that their uniforms should be flattering.

But there is the other Mrs. Hobby, the Oveta Hobby who wears the uniform with the colonel's eagle on the shoulders, who eschews lipstick and rouge, shows proudly her gray hair, and points with pride to the Pallas Athene insignia which denotes the W. A. A. C. She chose it herself, chose it because Pallas was the goddess of wisdom and she believes in wise women. This is the Oveta Hobby with the stern self-discipline which asks of others nothing she will not do herself, the deep sense of justice, the mind that is not moved from its objective.

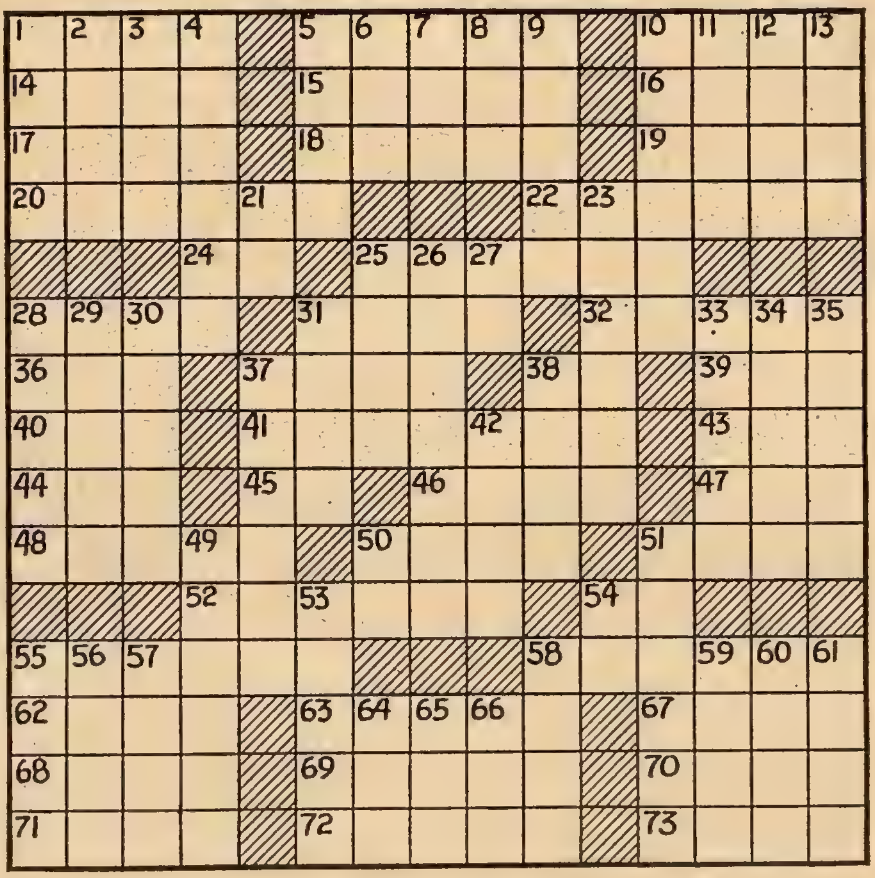
Such is the bifocal personality that developed from the little Oveta Culp who was not "pretty" and was not "good." And who in her thirties has become a national figure, a chic, gracious woman, an executive worthy of the title "America's Woman Soldier Number One."

This is the story of the Oveta Culp Hobby who is Director of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



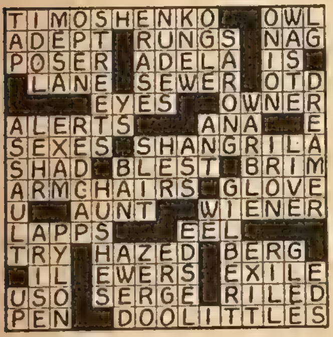
HORIZONTAL

1 Interjection
5 Resurvey
10 Fermented grain
14 Pronoun
15 Genus of palms
16 Molding
17 Always
18 Thin plate
19 Tear
20 Part of stair (pl.)
22 Corrodes
24 Negative
25 Critical mark
28 Slender rod
31 Arabian port
32 Coupled
36 In time past
37 Seed covering
38 Preposition
39 Hail!
40 Male turkey
41 Means
43 Water barrier
44 Silkworm
45 Bone (Lat.)
46 Weathercock
47 Commotion
48 Speeder
50 Soften
51 Portent
52 Make fun of
54 Atop
55 Befall
58 Strengthened
62 Entrance to a mine
63 Departed (soldiers' slang)
67 Sport
68 Reduce
69 Without company
70 Island in North Sea
71 In the midst of
72 Tardier
73 Steeps in water

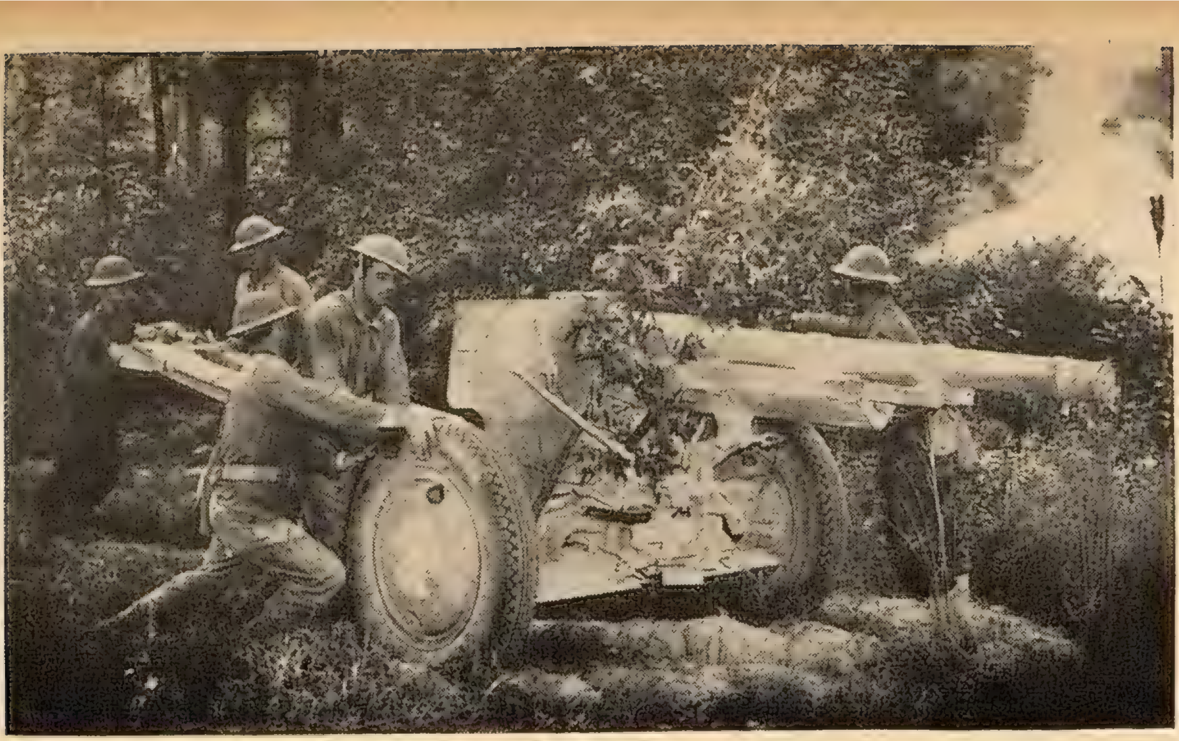
VERTICAL

1 Word of ratification
2 Charged (elec.)
3 Again
4 Unclouded
5 Strikes lightly
6 Period
7 Encountered
8 Playing card
9 Jury
10 Gloomy
11 Old
12 Unaspirated consonant
13 Spreads for drying
21 Exclamation
23 Wrinkled
25 Norse god
26 Cherished
27 Printers' measure
28 Serve
29 Ancient Greek market place
30 Ordinary
31 Measure (pl.)
33 Title
34 Elude
35 Fruit
37 Worshiped
38 Canvas shelter
42 Story
49 Corrected
50 Note of the scale
51 Asian wild ass
53 Pertaining to kidneys
54 Conjunction
55 Eastern title of respect
56 Cheese
57 Small monkey
58 Inhabitant of South Africa
59 Concern
60 Give forth
61 Lair (pl.)
64 Wing
65 Kitchen utensil
66 Number

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


TIMOSHENKO■■OWL
ADEPT■RUNGS■NAG
POSER■ADELA■IS■
■LANE■SEWER■OTD
■■■■EYES■■OWNER
ALERTS■■■ANA■■E
SEXES■SHANGRILA
SHAD■BLEST■BRIM
ARMCHAIRS■GLOVE
U■■AUNT■■WIENER
LAPPS■■■EEL■■■■
TRY■HAZED■BERG■
■IL■EWERS■EXILE
USO■SERGE■RILED
PEN■■DOOLITTLES

Last week's answer



161ST SIGNAL PHOTO CO.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THIS is my first and only attempt to crash your page, but I think it's high time that some one should let the folks know about our branch of the service: the United States Army Transport Service, which carries guns, food, clothes, and supplies of all kinds to the men in khaki and blue all over the world.

We travel by day and by night, tense, alert, and (some of us) afraid because we know that submarines are lurking like wolves in dark and hidden places, waiting to strike without warning. At night all lights are out; there's nothing but darkness and silence; no smoking unless we go below, where the ship is closed up almost airtight. Crew quarters are hot—hot as hell—and sleep is almost impossible. On we go, nervous, inexperienced youngsters and nervous, tough oldsters, hard-working, hard-fighting, hard-drinking, upset, cranky, but all willing to go down if need be.

Yes, we drink (when ashore), especially in a foreign port. Who wouldn't? We must relax sometimes, and we have only a few hours ashore, then off into the night again, no one knows where and very few care. Sure we posted letters to loved ones and maybe sent a few little souvenirs, but no address could be given, no destination shown, no ship name mentioned, no date when we might be expected home. There are no flags, no dances, no glad hand in those ports.

"Just a bunch of bums and boozehounds," that's what I heard a bartender say in a New York hotel bar about the boys of the U. S. A. T. Service. Well, it's a damn lie. I happen to be chief steward on my ship. I see them come and go, good, bad, and indifferent. But they're all good *Americans*, workers and fighters, even if they don't wear uniforms. More merchant marines, per capita, are dying in the performance of their duty than any other service men. So here's hoping you'll let the folks hear our side of the story.

Of course you know that all chief stewards are no-good belly-robbers, just the same as mess sergeants.

Jack C. Kayne, Chief Steward, Aboard the U. S. A. T. Roanoke, at Sea. No date, no location allowed.

You've told 'em, Jack, and told 'em well. The U. S. A. T. S. has been too long neglected on this page as well as elsewhere, so I've tried to make up for it by giving you all the space you wanted. Here's how!

* * *

We've heard a lot about this new dependency law, but very few details. Can you tell us just who benefits?

Sgt. A. O., Calif.

Army men of the fourth to seventh grades (buck sergeants, corporals, privates first class, and buck privates) and corresponding grades of the other services. A wife (working or nonworking) can get $50 a month—$22 by allotment from her husband's pay and $28 from the government. For the first child the government adds $12, and $10 for each additional child. Class B dependents (other than wives or children) receive similar but smaller allowance.

* * *

My husband is an enlisted man in the Navy and carries the regular government insurance available to men in the armed forces. He is anxious to obtain further information about his policy which he is not able to get at the Naval Training Station, and he suggested I write to you. We would appreciate it very much if you would tell us to what bureau of the government we can write to get the additional information we are looking for. Many thanks.

Mrs. H. E. G., Los Angeles, Calif.

Your husband should write to the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Civilians know that we of the Army are fighting to preserve democracy—*theirs* as well as ours—and they preach the gospel of "Let's help the boys who are helping us." Well, I wish they'd practice it a little more when we're waiting on the road for a lift to a local destination. We're not permitted to hitchhike, but we sure appreciate freely given rides when they're offered. We'd *rather* pay our own way, but lots of times our finances won't permit us to travel by taxi or bus. We don't want sympathy. All we want is a bit of help when we need it—such as the use of an empty seat. Why not?

Pvt. M. D., Camp Blanding, Fla.

No reason why not, soldier, except thoughtlessness or selfishness. Have you heard of the recently formed Service Motor Corps, whose members are glad to provide free rides for uniformed men? The corps is sponsored by the Automobile Club of America, and members have a sticker on the windshields of their cars with the legend "We Give Them a Lift." A fine idea.

* * *

Do commissioned officers have to supply their own uniforms and furnish their own maintenance—food, living quarters, etc.?

B. M., Hartford City, Ind.

They get an initial uniform allowance of $150; a subsistence allowance of seventy cents a day up, in proportion to rank and dependency; a rental allowance (when no suitable quarters are available) of $45 a month up, depending upon rank and dependents.

* * *

One of those girls-they-left-behind-them read the news dispatches about the A. E. F. marrying Australian girls, and cabled her boy friend:

"What have they got that we haven't?"

Back came the cabled reply:

"Not a thing, honey. Only they got it here."

Camp Robinson News.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Are YOU

DISTRESSED because of

GRAY·HAIR

Is gray hair a necessary accompaniment of age? Science is beginning to doubt it. Evidence indicates that gray hair may be caused by a certain vitamin deficiency—the absence of calcium-pantothenate—and that when this deficiency is supplied gray hair tends to resume its original color. This color restoration applies even to hair that has been gray for many years. Interesting laboratory tests have been under way for some time. You may have read of them in a leading magazine. KAL-PAN contains calcium-pantothenate—a harmless food substance which is part of the Vitamin B complex; also thiamin-chloride and brewer's yeast. It may offer the solution to your problem. Write for interesting booklet on what experiments indicate and what this may mean to you.

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Without obligation, send me the booklet described above.

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"YOU CAN'T BEAT
this to relieve itchy soreness of
ATHLETE'S FOOT"
so many druggists say

If you're discouraged about a stubborn, hard to relieve case of Athlete's Foot—just try "Extra Strength" Zemo. Wonderful soothing, highly medicated *liquid* Zemo (a Doctor's amazingly successful formula) promptly relieves itching soreness and gives the cracked, raw, peeling skin between toes a chance to heal *faster*. First trial convinces!

ZEMO "EXTRA STRENGTH"

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Wenzel

"My gosh! In Brooklyn they only whistle at you!"

AMERICANS WE COULD DO WITHOUT—

Continued from Page 11

The bayonet was now almost through his leg, but neither Herr Vonsiatsky nor his colleagues were satisfied. Vonsiatsky described how he grabbed the man's hands, while another of the band stuck needle after needle under his fingernails. "He emitted a few more terrible cries and lost consciousness. . . . Half dead, he was dragged into the park and to the sea. Two days later the sea threw out, near Yalta, a human corpse, all cut up, all needled. The face could not be distinguished."

Among those attracted to the Christian Front movement was a Mrs. Rudyard Uzzell who lives in Jamaica, Long Island. Mrs. Uzzell's home was the scene of a most interesting meeting on May 5, 1939. Present at the gathering were Fritz Kuhn, Wilhelm Kunze, Gustave Elmer, Rudi Markmann, and James Wheeler-Hill, all members of the Bund. In addition there were a number of Mrs. Uzzell's moderately wealthy friends who had been invited, perhaps in the hope that they might become interested in this Fascist movement. Still another present was Major A. Cloyd Gill.

The gathering was really a very special event, because the Bundists were invited to meet the soldier who was described as "the Man on the White Horse in American Fascism," none other than Major General George Van Horn Moseley, U. S. A., retired. General Moseley had become increasingly important to the Fascist scheme. As a man who formerly held the third highest rank in the army, he was in a position before his retirement to control three or four army divisions. He had become increasingly pro-Nazi after he left the army and was anxious to see a federation of all fifth-column rightist elements.

At Mrs. Uzzell's house the hostess opened the meeting with the statement: "General, you are now addressing the most representative crowd of patriots that I could get together. It is a hand-picked audience and you can say anything you please here and not be afraid of its getting out."

When Moseley arose, he launched a vicious anti-Semitic tirade, praised the Nazi way of life, and referred to the marvelous conditions he had found in the Reich during his visits there. He demanded the annihilation or sterilization of all enemies. When he got through, Bund leader Kuhn and his deputy Führer Kunze were asked if they had anything to say. Kuhn stood up and said:

"I agree with everything the general had to say, absolutely."

Kunze was even more vigorous. He said:

"I, too, will go along with everything the general had to say, but I think action should be started at once."

Today General Moseley is drawing retirement pay from the army and is still in a position to become active politically any time he wants to, now, so long after Pearl Harbor.

Incidentally, the Major A. Cloyd Gill who was also present at Mrs. Uzzell's gathering was last reported within the past few weeks to be working as a news commentator on a Washington, D. C., radio station.

One of Lawrence Dennis' colleagues, Philip Johnson, wrote for Nazi agent Friedrich Auhagen's magazine, Today's Challenge. Philip Johnson was foreign correspondent for Father Coughlin's Social Justice. He also worked for Auhagen, the convicted Nazi agent. Before he left the United States, he wrote a subtle article for Auhagen called Are We a Dying People? In Europe, Johnson swiftly made connections with Sir Oswald Mosley, head of the British "shirt" movement, and traveled around the Continent mouthing the Goebbels line. Johnson wrote one story entitled Inside Wartime Germany and another called Letter from Munich, which couldn't have been better if they had been written by Dr. Goebbels himself. William L. Shirer reported on Johnson in his Berlin Diary saying:

"Dr. Boehmer of the Propaganda Ministry insisted that I share a double room in the hotel here [at Zoppot, near Danzig] with Philip Johnson, an American Fascist who says he represents Father Coughlin's Social Justice. None of us can stand the fellow and suspect he is spying on us for the Nazis. For the last hour he has been posing as anti-Nazi and trying to pump me for my attitude." This was on September 18, 1939.

On his return to the United States, Johnson lectured for Nazi agent Auhagen on the wonders of wartime Germany. He also conferred a number of times with Lawrence Dennis and with Joseph E. McWilliams.

Johnson now claims he has seen the error of his ways and repudiates his former connections.

THERE were thousands and perhaps even millions of Americans who were not in favor of this war up to Pearl Harbor. However, when the first Japanese bombs hit our great Pacific naval base, much of this changed. The leading isolationist group in the United States, the America First Committee, disbanded. To those members of America First who sincerely opposed the war before Pearl Harbor, there can be no objection. Many of them, however, have continued their isolationist, pro-Nazi, appeasement line. Few have had the courage to join new groups, preferring rather to work underground against the war effort.

However, the prize package of them all since Pearl Harbor is a former New York America Firster who has had the temerity to come right out into the open with a Fascistic organization which bluntly ignores Hitler and attacks Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and the United Nations while calling for a negotiated peace with the enemies who declared war on US.

Leader of the new group is Hubert J. Haase who makes his headquarters in a modest Broadway office in New York City. Haase was crestfallen when America First folded. However, by April of this year he had recovered his balance enough to start a new group that is called "Americans for Peace."

This organization carries out the same theme that all appeasers and Fascists use. Even now, after the Japanese have bombed our boys, slaughtered our youth, and raped our women, Haase had the gall on April 15 to make the following statement about why he and his clique oppose the war:

"We believe this war is wrong. In our opinion, it is a struggle for domination of the world by Britain and America. . . ."

Another member of the pro-Nazi hierarchy in the United States who is still untouched by the law at this writing is George Deatherage of St. Albans, West Virginia. Shortly after Hitler rose to power, Deatherage formed a Fascist organization known as the Knights of the White Camellia. Deatherage sent out memorandums to his followers urging them to stage swastika burnings as a substitute for the cross burnings formerly practiced by the Ku Klux Klan. Deatherage claimed that he financed the "Knights" out of his own pocket. However, investigation shows that he has received substantial funds from so-

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, missed Nos. 1, 4, and 9. Count double if you get these right.

1. One was a famous literary figure; the other is a leader in today's war effort. Hannibal, Missouri, was the boyhood home town of them both. Who are they?

2. If it's a pack of wolves, a flock of geese, a school of fish, and a covey of quail—of what group is a "flight"?

3. Is Melbourne, Australia, north of Darwin or is it the other way around?

4. What is believed to be the derivation of "Yankee"?

5. On which side of the Lincoln penny is "E Pluribus Unum"? (Don't look.)

6. What is the modern name of Caledonia?

7. Which star is closest to the earth?

8. In Spanish, is a married woman called señora or señorita?

9. What spherical object has an official weight of 1.62 ounces and an official diameter of 1.68 inches?

10. What government office is headed by Elmer Davis?

11. In cards, what is a "cold deck"?

12. What was the Pharos of Alexandria?

13. Which of our Chief Executives was sometimes referred to as "President de facto"—and why?

14. Can you give the line which follows this: "Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day"?

15. Who is Manuel Avila Camacho?

16. A tweed sports jacket was an important clue in a murder. The pockets were empty, there were no special marks, and the design was so simple it might have belonged to a man or a woman. But police knew it was a woman's. How?

17. Was there ever a wall on Wall Street, New York, and, if so, what did it enclose?

18. In what profession is the name of Sir William Blackstone famous?

19. What famous character was created by Joel Chandler Harris?

20. Long ago he was solo trombonist with Sousa's band. He became a famous band leader and wrote many songs and marches. He died a short time ago. What was his name?

(Answers will be found on page 47.)

Says the Man Who Wasn't There:-

I CAUGHT COLD FROM A FELLOW-WORKER SO NOW I'LL TELL 'EM TO USE *KLEENEX* AND HELP KEEP GERMS (AND COLDS) FROM SPREADING!

(from a letter by J. G. S., St. Paul, Minn.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Two-Timer!

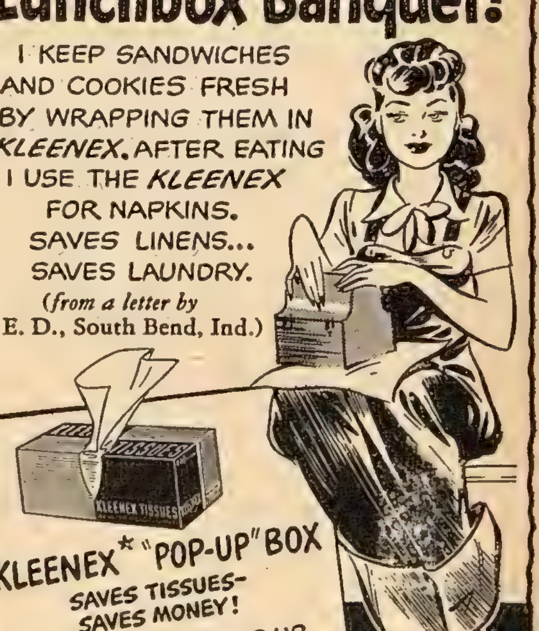
WHEREVER POSSIBLE I TEAR *KLEENEX* IN TWO (ACROSS THE FOLD). SAVING *KLEENEX* SAVES ME MONEY... SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR!

(from a letter by J. A. V., Charleston, S. C.)

Lunchbox Banquet!

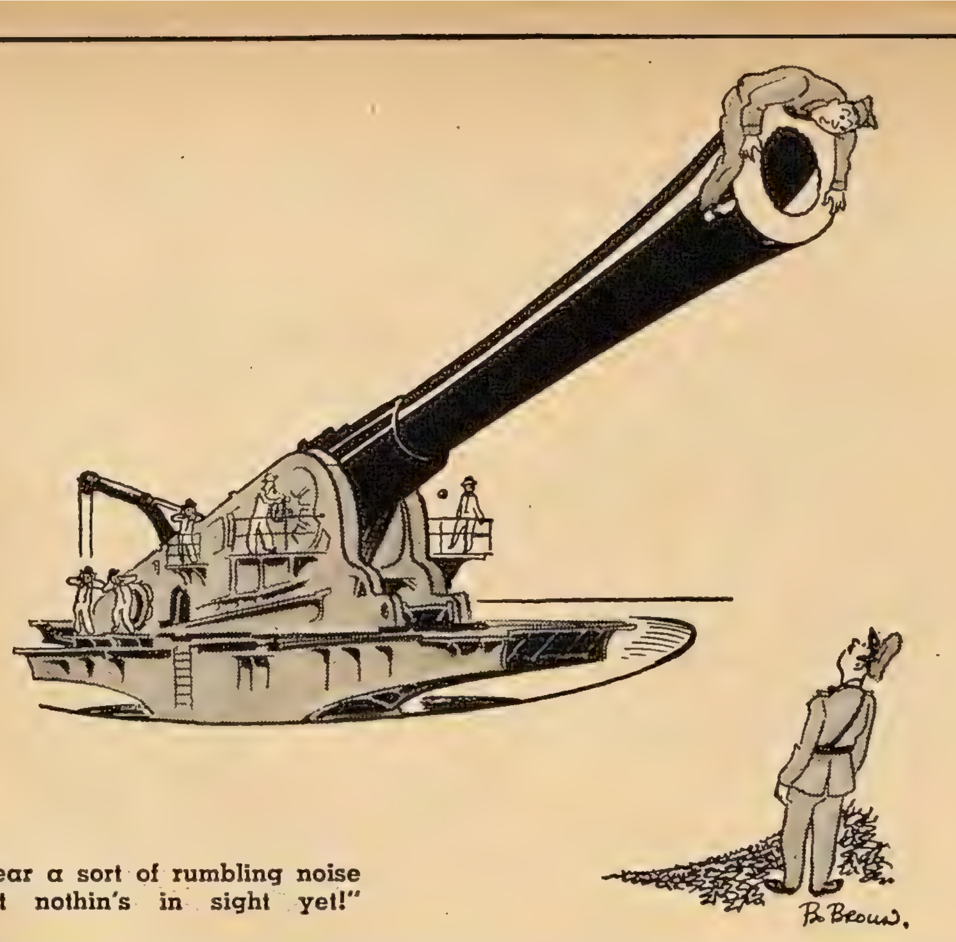
I KEEP SANDWICHES AND COOKIES FRESH BY WRAPPING THEM IN *KLEENEX*. AFTER EATING I USE THE *KLEENEX* FOR NAPKINS. SAVES LINENS... SAVES LAUNDRY.

(from a letter by L. E. D., South Bend, Ind.)



KLEENEX* "POP-UP" BOX SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY! BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



"I hear a sort of rumbling noise —but nothin's in sight yet!"

called "patriotic" organizations.

In 1937 Deatherage got hammy delusions of grandeur and sought to head a confederation of all the groups which were not directly tied up with the German-American Bund. He organized the American Nationalist Confederation and openly called it a "Fascist party."

Among those who affiliated themselves with the American Nationalist Confederation were William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirt leader; James True, who ran a simple-sounding publication called Industrial Control Reports; Charles B. Hudson, who headed a patriotic organization yclept America in Danger; Mrs. Fry, who directed the Millitant Christian Party; Donald Shea, director of the National Gentile League; and many others.

The cleverly designed amalgamation adhered strictly to the Nazi principle of control. Deatherage received the title of "The Leader," which is the English phrase for *"Der Führer."*

If ever there was proof of the fake patriotism of the gang who ran the so-called militant "patriotic groups" in the United States, it came in 1937 when Deatherage called an "American Christian Conference" of his Fascist federation. Approximately seventy leading Fascists attended. The "patriotic groups" present included: the Militant Christian Patriots, the American Nationalist Confederation, the American Vigilante Intelligence Federation, the Defenders of the Christian Faith, the American People's Party, the Silver Shirts, the Crusaders for Economic Liberty, Edmondson's Economic Service, Washington's Bodyguards, and many others.

That's what those patriotic titles were used for—as a means for dragging innocent Americans squarely into the hands of the Axis. Most of the leading Fascists who attended the Kansas City, Missouri, conference are still at large and still active today. That's what I mean by Americans We Can Do Without.

But that isn't the whole story of Deatherage. In 1938 a group of nightshirts held what was called "the First Christian National Convention" in Cincinnati. There Deatherage met General Moseley for the first time. After the conference was over, Deatherage and Moseley held almost daily meetings, working out plans for an Axis-held America.

In August, 1939, Deatherage spoke at a Christian Mobilizer rally at Innisfeil Park in New York with Fritz Kuhn and Jerque McWilliams. He announced that a National Supreme Council of Fascists was being formed with the happy Jerque, James True, the Rev. Winrod, and William Dudley Pelley as members.

When war broke out and America began to rearm, Deatherage went back to his old trade of construction engineer as a means of getting in with important men in the armed forces and spreading his pro-Axis doctrines. He was superintendent of a construction force that erected the army camp which was constructed to house draftees at Petersburg, Virginia. After that job was completed, he went out and organized an outfit known as the American Christian Party, still posing as a true American. But all the while he was doing this organization work, he was in contact with the German Embassy in Washington. He saw Baron von Killinger of the embassy secretariat and von Giethenow, who although allegedly the publicity man for the Nazi embassy was actually an important pay-off man in the Gestapo.

Well, you who sleep soundly every night, these people are still at large. They have not repudiated their connection with the Axis, even though we are at war for more than eight months. What's more, our great "patriot," George Deatherage, pal of the Nazis, only recently turned up as director of a multimillion-dollar construction job at the Navy Yard in Norfolk. Fortunately, alert navy officials discovered his real background and he was kicked off the job.

Outside of von Giethenow, the most effective Nazi was Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American Bund who, though a pure German agent, still was an American citizen. Kuhn was a great organizer and a great lover. He fought this country with all his might and then was trapped by a woman.

Next week, Liberty will tell the inside story of more leaders of America's fifth column. Don't miss the next installment of Walter Winchell's Americans We Can Do Without.

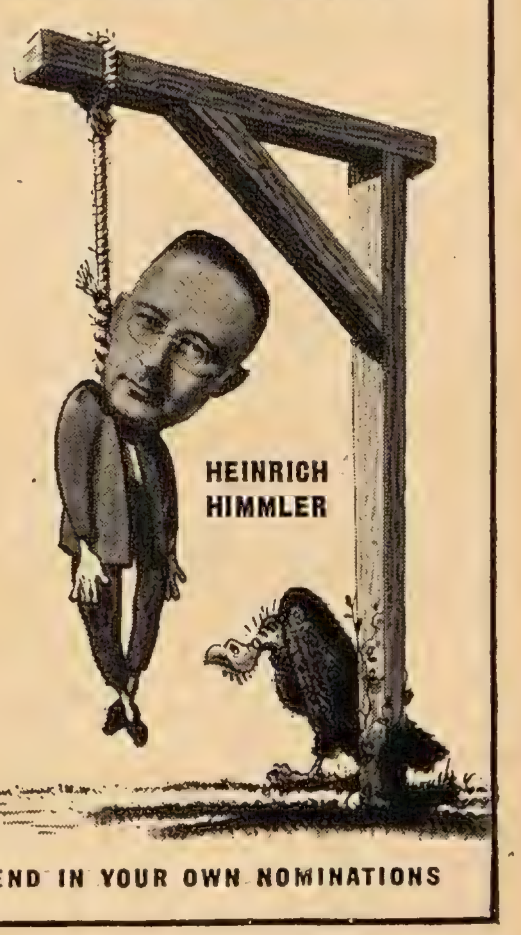
Tune in Walter Winchell's weekly broadcast over the NBC Blue Network each Sunday evening.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. **What Vice President Wallace said when he was presented with a bouquet of Hoover roses?**
2. **By what ratio the A.V.G. flyers are usually outnumbered by the Japs?**
3. **What prominent woman is the wife of a former state governor?**
4. **How a Navy gunner compensates for differences of speed?**
5. **What candidate for Congress was called "a better rabble-rouser than I am" by Huey Long?**

Answers will be found on pages 17, 22, 41, 29, and 9 of this issue.

LIBERTY NOMINATES FOR THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE



SEND IN YOUR OWN NOMINATIONS

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

ROOTS, by the Baroness van Boecop.

Don't let the lady's title influence you. She can write a good story. This one is her first to be published in English, but in her native France she wrote novels under the name of Claude Eylan. Recent years have been spent with her Dutch husband in the East Indies island plantations, a major background of this novel.

Marijn van der Veen, the young man of the story, is, at the opening, a murderously bitter Hollander. He had admired, as many students did, those aspects of the Nazi ideology that preached against the dominance of flabby and contented oldsters. He had visited in Germany and in return had invited acquaintances of his own age to the house of his uncle, head of the family firm that operated the great plantations in the Indies. After Rotterdam and the quick brutal conquest, his disillusion was complete and he made plans to get away. But before he went aboard the trawler bound for Finland he made the contribution which seemed necessary to him. One of the armed invaders joined his missing fellows on the bottom of the canal.

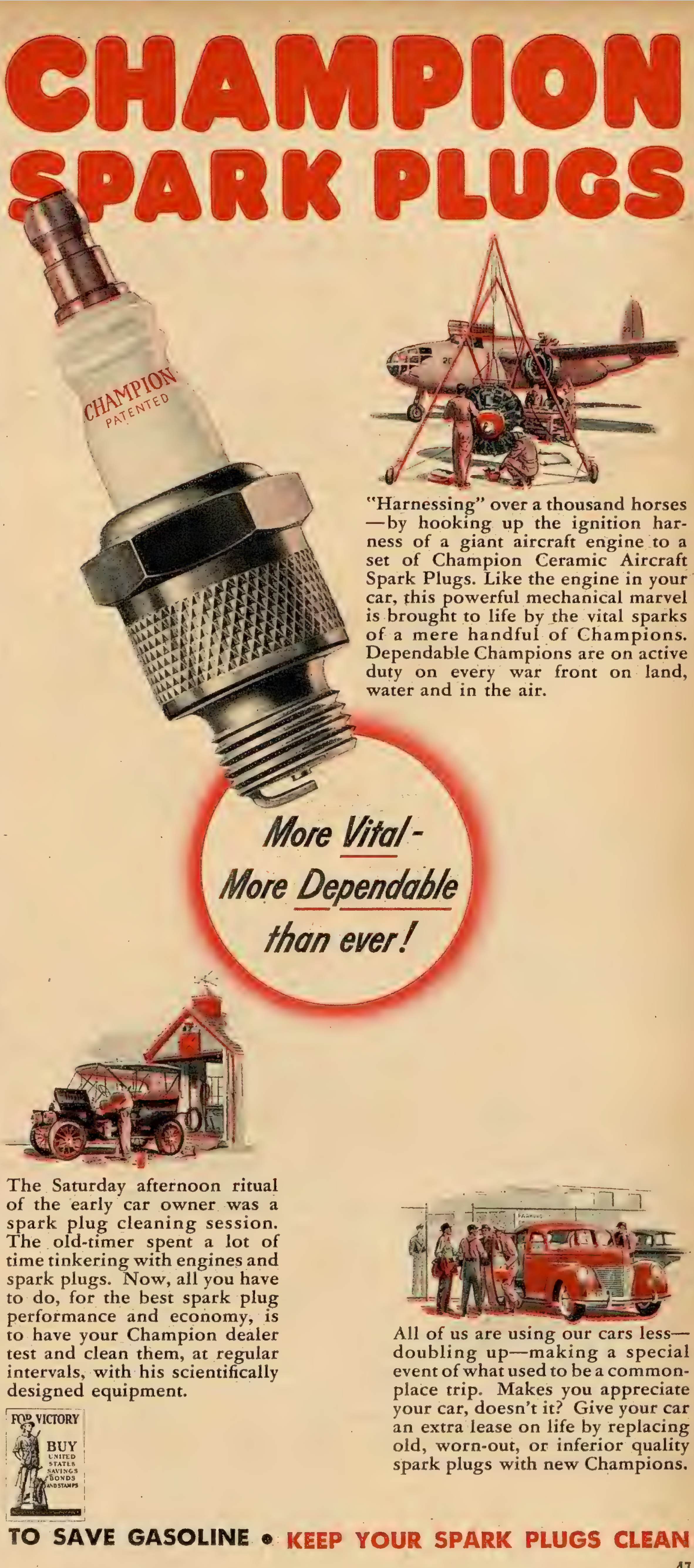
Marijn secured a set of papers in Helsinki that carried him the long train journey across the U. S. S. R. to Vladivostok. He came to know and love a strange and beautiful refugee from Bucharest and to know and like the friendly Russian travelers. despite conditions repugnant to him. It is the writer's depiction of the backgrounds throughout the book that raises it considerably above the class of the mere time-killer.

In 1941 Marijn arrived at Senang to find himself once more on his own free Dutch ground. But it wasn't peaceful. Every one, high and low, was preparing against the Jap threat from the north. There were fifth columnists and another girl, for the author never ignores plot.

The baroness can serve meat with a popular touch. We're likely to hear more of her. In the meantime, this'll do nicely. (Doubleday, Doran & Company.)

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 45

1. Mark Twain and Donald Nelson.
2. Of stairs.
3. Darwin is north of Melbourne.
4. The Dutch word for Johnny—Jan-ke—by which the early Dutchmen described New Englanders. That it came from the Indian mispronunciation of "English" is doubted by scholars.
5. On the "tails" side.
6. Scotland was formerly known as Caledonia.
7. The sun.
8. Señora.
9. The American golf ball. The rubber shortage may cause a change in the future.
10. The Office of War Information.
11. This term describes a pack of cards that has been fixed so that one player will get a better hand than the others.
12. It was a great lighthouse, one of the Seven Wonders of the World.
13. President Hayes—because his election had to be decided by a commission.
14. "For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."
15. President of Mexico.
16. Because the buttons were on the left instead of the right.
17. The "wall" was a stockade, built to protect the settlers against Indians.
18. The law.
19. Uncle Remus.
20. Arthur Pryor.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TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

The 14TH TRUMP

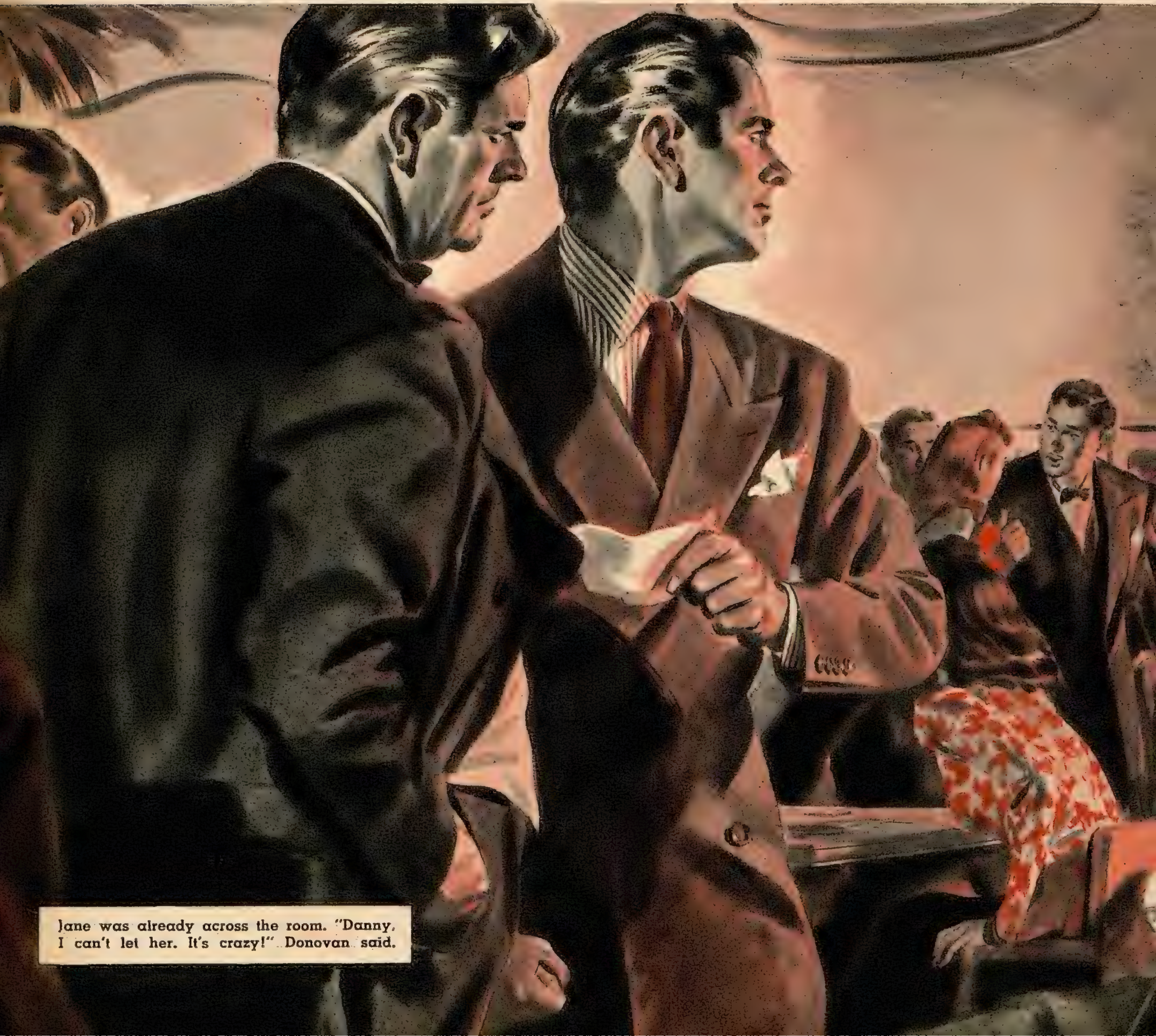
New evidence comes to light. Why were two clocks wrong? . . . Will the answer free a girl from a charge of murder?

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MONA LEWIS, fiancée of Congressman Terry Reardon, is arrested for the murder of John Quigley in his room at the Hotel Donnelly. The hotel detective finds her bending over the body and the revolver in her bag proves to be the gun that fired the fatal shot. Mona's story is that she went to see Quigley at the suggestion of Lowery Kent of the Times Square Club to ask for more time to pay a gambling debt of $4,700 she owed the club. Kent, she says, told her that Quigley was the club's real owner. When she got to the room, Quigley was dead, she insists. She never fired the revolver.

Danny Coyle, Broadway gambler, becomes interested in the case because he has a lot of money up on Reardon's investigation of the local district attorney, Buckler. He is betting eleven to five that Buckler will be removed from office. He and his assistant Harvard Donovan, and Jane Rain, a pretty blonde who is in love with Harvard, start to make their own investigation. They see Kent, who denies that he knew Quigley. Mona's story, he says, is a lie as far as his sending her to



Jane was already across the room. "Danny, I can't let her. It's crazy!" Donovan said.

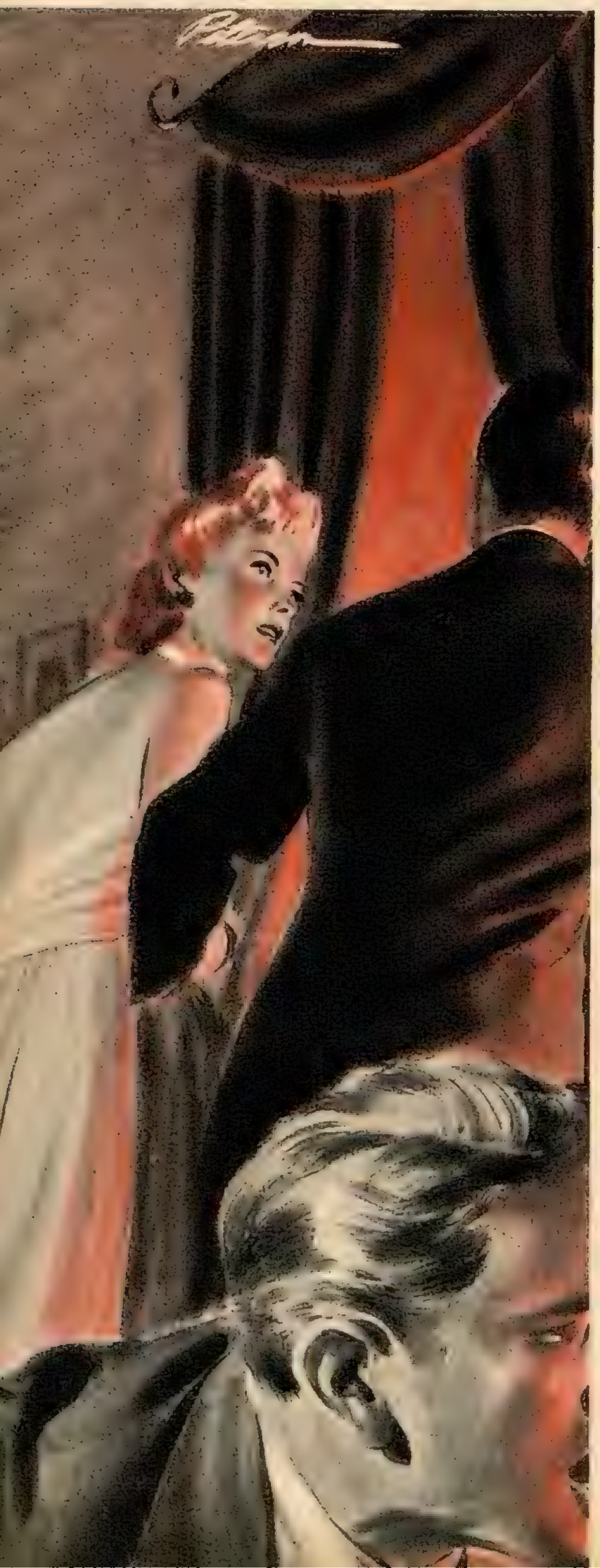
Quigley is concerned. He admits she owes money to the club. His statement receives unexpected backing when Quigley is identified as an F. B. I. man who has been working on an espionage case.

Perhaps, Coyle tells Reardon and Harvard, the espionage trail led to the club. Maybe Quigley was killed by some one from there and the case against Mona is a frame-up. She was at the club before she went to see Quigley, and the revolver may have been removed from her bag, used for the killing, and put back before she left. Joe Kling at the club packs a gun and acts like a suspicious character, and Joe's girl Oriole, who does a turn in a cheap theater, seems to be hiding something, according to Harvard.

One night Harvard goes to the club and finds Jane there with Kling. She is posing as a Miss Krausmeyer and gets into a bridge game. Harvard telephones Coyle, who comes and exposes O'Higgins, the house player, as a card sharp. With his expertness at sleight of hand, Coyle believes that O'Higgins may have whisked Mona's gun out of her bag. Coyle tells Kling, who becomes ugly at the exposure of O'Higgins, that he is unofficially investigating a murder case.

Just then the air-raid siren sounds.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



PART FIVE—MONA GETS A NEW STORY

KLING'S head jerked sharply upward. Like every one else, he seemed to be straining for the sound of planes.

For a moment Donovan was back in Oriole's dressing room. He could see her wide, intent eyes; feel her cold hands in his; hear her husky voice. Had her warning come too late?

The customers, their first impulse to be anywhere but where they were, were hurrying for their wraps.

Donovan tried to edge toward Jane; but before he reached her Kling had turned and put an arm around her shoulders.

"Let's get out of here, babe," he said.

Donovan's further advance was checked by Coyle's hand on his arm.

"In your pocket," Coyle said.

"What?"

"While you were standing by the bridge table Jane slipped a note in your pocket."

Donovan felt and found it—a crumpled sheet off the score pad. He flattened it out and read quickly:

> Darling, please don't be cross and spoil things. Miss K. has a suite at the Donnelly. Somebody has to get in there and pitch for Mona. Joe Kling *is* kind of cute, don't you think, darling?

SHE was already across the room. Kling was close beside her.

"Danny, I can't let her. It's crazy!"

Coyle took the note from Donovan's hand, glanced at it swiftly. "Buckler's taking Mona before the grand jury in the morning," he said.

"Did Jane know?"

"She must. She visited Mona at headquarters this afternoon."

"But what in heaven's name does she expect to find out?"

Coyle shrugged his broad shoulders. "This is the hunting ground, Harvard. That's all any of us knows."

A calm, reassuring voice rose above the confusion in the card room. Kent, immaculate in white gabardine, was in the doorway. "Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen. Our windows are completely blacked out. I suggest you go right on with your play. Raymond! The house will buy a round of drinks."

People slowly went back to their places. All but Jane and Kling. They had disappeared into the outer hall. O'Higgins had made his way over to Kent and was talking earnestly. Kent glanced sharply in Coyle's direction, then came down the room.

"Well, Mr. Coyle," he said smoothly, "this is a surprise."

"Is it?" Coyle said.

"I hear you've been entertaining my customers."

"I was putting the finger on your very skillful house player, if that's what you mean," Coyle said.

"I'm grateful," said Kent. "Of course the man will be discharged. Shall we have a drink together?"

"Why not?" said Coyle. "A small beer for me."

The radio behind the bar was giving information: "There are no planes over the city. Interceptor planes have gone up to meet reported enemy craft."

"Sounds like a repetition of last night," Kent said. He pushed a whisky toward Donovan. "I confess this O'Higgins business places me in a verv embarrassing position, Coyle. Of course we simply supply the facilities for play and I don't assume responsibility. But people will feel they've been deliberately had."

"The Lewis girl, for instance," said Coyle. "She was playing with O'Higgins when she went in debt to you."

"That hadn't occurred to me," said Kent. "Not that I have any great sympathy for her, Coyle. Not after the disclosure that she's an enemy agent."

"Fortunately," said Coyle, "Miss Lewis has only been convicted in the newspapers."

"Then you still think—"

"I don't think anything, except that she was royally gypped here."

"My dear fellow, I shall make no attempt to collect," Kent said. "Matter of fact, I'll be glad to turn over the I O U so you can pass it along to her." He took his wallet from his pocket and produced the paper.

"I'm afraid it's not that simple," said Coyle. He did, however, accept the I O U. "You'll have to testify."

"But why? True, she was here before she went to see Quigley. But that's not evidence of murder."

Coyle put down his empty stein. "Mr. Kent, would it surprise you if I told you I didn't believe a word of your story about what happened here on the night of Quigley's murder?"

"It certainly would!" Kent said.

"Well, that's the way it is, Mr. Kent. Good night. Coming, Harvard?"

ON the sidewalk, Coyle whistled for a cab.

"Unless you've got some dope I don't know about, Danny, you tipped your mitt pretty far just now," Donovan said.

Coyle looked up into the dark sky. "No planes tonight, Harvard, but what about tomorrow? Suppose they come then, and suppose your Oriole Brown is right? Perhaps it won't matter very much then about evidence."

"You were bluffing?"

"Yes. It was just a come-on. If Kent and his crew are innocent, they'll laugh it off. If they're guilty—well, I hope they'll start sniping at us. From here in we're playing it differently. Go to the Donnelly and put the heat on the house dick. Make a noise about it. The more active we seem to be, the more likely they are to make a countermove. Then we know and we crack down on 'em."

"And Jane?"

"If she needs help, she'll find a way to let us know," Coyle said. "Good hunting." He squeezed his way into the waiting taxi.

Donovan watched the cab disappear and then walked along to the Donnelly. The lobby was dingy and the main lights hadn't yet been turned up. Three bellboys sat on a bench near the elevator.

"Fellow named Gleason, the house detective, here?" Donovan asked them.

"He don't work here no more," one of the boys said.

"Since when?"

"Since this morning. I heard he enlisted."

"If he just quit today," Donovan said, "he hasn't been inducted yet. Where does he live?"

"Search me," the boy said.

Donovan went over to the desk.

"Well, what is it?" the night clerk said in a surly voice.

Donovan asked for Gleason's home address.

"We don't give out addresses," the clerk said.

"This is important."

"I tell you, we—"

"I can get the authority to force you to give out with it."

"Then get it and come back," said the clerk.

DONOVAN reached for the telephone at the clerk's elbow and started dialing a number.

"Hey, use the booth!" The clerk made a grab for the phone. Donovan brought the edge of his left hand down sharply across the man's wrist.

"I'm getting bored with you, chum," he said.

Presently a dispirited-sounding Moran answered the phone. "Oh, it's you, Harvard."

"Did you ever get around to talking to Gleason at the Donnelly?"

"Nope," said Moran.

"Well, he's skipped."

"That's why I didn't get around to talking to him. We tried this morning. We're still working on it."

"You got his home address?"

"Yes. In the Bronx. And he hasn't been home since yesterday. We got a man waiting for him, in case. But I haven't much hope."

"Why?"

"I think he's taking a vacation on pay—or worse."

"Worse?"

"He didn't even bother to pack his toothbrush," Moran said.

"They say here he enlisted," Donovan said.

"Not in the United States army, navy, marine, or coast guard."

"So we're too late again," Donovan said.

"Say, what's eating you? I found the message here you'd called earlier. Morrisey's gone to see Danny. What's up?"

"Get Danny to tell you," Donovan said. He pushed the phone back across the desk.

"That'll cost you five cents," said the clerk.

"Charge it to Gleason," Donovan said.

Donovan walked slowly toward Eighth Avenue. He was trying to figure his next move. The figuring was obstructed by a gnawing anxiety about Jane. He finally decided it wouldn't put her in any danger if he called her room at the Donnelly. Miss Krausmeyer could be expected to have friends.

He found himself near the Lincoln, went into one of the phone booths in the bar, and called the Donnelly.

Miss Krausmeyer's room didn't answer, the switchboard operator said.

He stepped out of the booth scowling. If Jane hadn't been able to shake Kling, they might be in any one of a hundred bars, having a drink, dancing. It was probably all right. It had to be all right.

He was almost through the door when he stopped short. Sitting on a bar stool was Oriole, her scarlet-tipped fingers dipped in a bowl of popcorn. He came up behind her.

"Hi," he said.

She was startled. She looked past him toward the door. "Hello, bud. Say, maybe you better beat it. I've got a date with Joe."

Donovan sat down. "I don't like to be a harbinger of gloom," he said dryly, "but I think, sister, you've been stood up!"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"I just left the club, and I've got a hunch Joe won't be here, that's all."

She reached out to touch his hand. "Is he in trouble?"

"That's a matter of opinion," Donovan said, smiling to himself. "Air raid scare you?"

"It doesn't get any better with experience," she said.

"We're lucky so far. I hope we stay that way." He looked at her. She kept her face turned away.

ONE of the queerest dice games in the world goes on in the lower level of the Times Square subway station night after night. Stray men going home between midnight and three in the morning often have twenty minutes or so to wait. Always the same four or five regulars are in the game, and always a little knot of suckers drop a few dollars apiece and take the train, figuring it wasn't their lucky night.

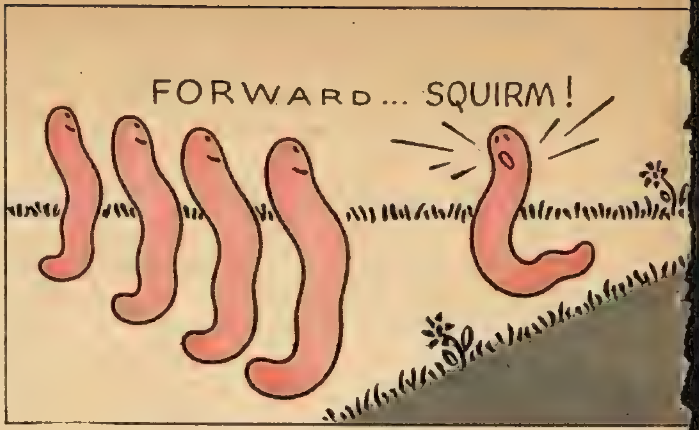
The proprietor of this game, with no rent or overhead to bother him, is one Mickey Dowd. Mickey, a scrawny Irish kid grown up, wears a checked cap pulled down over his eyes and keeps an unlighted cigarette in the corner of his mouth. He looks tough, but he's not so tough as he is smart.

There were two standard rules in the Dowd crap game. Never roll a lush, because he'll squawk if he remembers. Secondly, information is a commodity. Listen to everything you hear because it may be worth something.

Mickey didn't go to work till midnight, but there was a tavern not far from the Lincoln on Eighth Avenue where Donovan knew he'd be likely to find him. He went there.

Mickey was having a hot corned beef on rye, garlic pickles, and beer. Donovan sat down at his table.

Mickey took a bite out of his sandwich. "What's on your mind, Harvard?"


FORWARD... SQUIRM!

"Read the papers?" Donovan asked.

"Uh-huh," Mickey said.

"How do you like what you read?"

"Not much," Mickey said. "Some day they's gonna be a real air raid in this man's town, and then blooie goes my business! Everybody'll be duckin' down in the subways. How's Danny?"

"Not happy," Donovan said.

"Gee, that's too bad. Hey, Fred. Another corn beef and more pickles."

"All right, I'll ask you," Donovan said. "A house dick at the Hotel Donnelly has taken a powder. Name of Gleason."

Mickey sliced a pickled tomato. "Ask me somethin' else," he said.

"There's a joint called the Times Square Club on Forty-sixth Street."

"Strictly clip," said Mickey. He took a sip of beer. "The guy who runs it used to be an actor in Hollywood."

"Kent?"

"That's what he calls himself."

"You know Joe Kling?"

"He's gun-crazy," said Mickey. "Stay away from him." The waiter slid a new sandwich in front of Mickey. He ate a mouthful.

"Let's go back to Gleason," said Donovan.

"No dice," Mickey said.

"Danny needs dope, Mickey," said Donovan. "He's ready to lay it on the line if you've got it."

"Danny don't have to pay me for nothin'," Mickey said. He stopped chewing. "Danny's set to be cleaned on this Buckler business, ain't he?"

"Plenty."

"That's too bad," Mickey said. "I'd sure like to help Danny."

"I guess he knows that, Mickey."

"You tell him I said so."

"O. K. Thanks anyway, Mickey." Donovan stood up. "So long."

"Say, Harvard!"

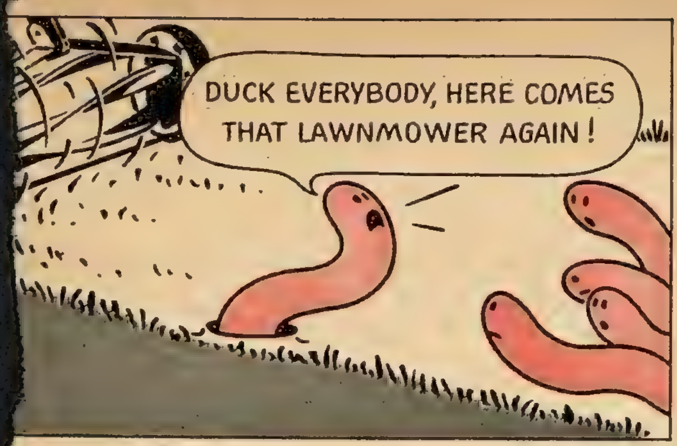
"Yes?"

"Tell Danny one other thing, will you? Tell him we was talkin' about Buckler, and tell him I said a boy's best friend is his mother."

Donovan laughed.

"No kiddin', Harvard." Mickey was in earnest. "Tell him we was talkin' about Buckler, and I said a boy's best friend is his mother."

ABOUT quarter of twelve, while Donovan was in session with Mickey Dowd, Coyle had created a sensation among his employees by making a second excursion from his


DUCK EVERYBODY, HERE COMES THAT LAWNMOWER AGAIN!

BY KATY

place on the same evening. He was not alone. Terry Reardon, looking near the point of exhaustion, was along. The congressman had spent the last twelve hours trying to block District Attorney Buckler's effort to get Mona before the grand jury the next morning. He had failed.

He had arrived just in time to leave for Moran's office with Coyle and Jake Horowitz, most famous criminal lawyer in the country. Horowitz, with his kinky black hair, his wide bland smile, and greenish eyes that never smiled at all, had a double-barreled reputation. He always defended the guilty, and he always got them off. He had spent the last hour closeted with Coyle, listening to a detailed account of the facts in the case.

"It's a lousy story the girl tells, Coyle," he said.

"It stinks," said Coyle.

"But you believe it?"

"Because it's so lousy," Coyle said. "But will a jury believe it?"

"If you tell it—and Buckler has no more luck breaking her down than we have."

"I should rise and take a bow," Horowitz said, "but I won't, because even I doubt my own genius when it comes to that story. We'd better see the girl tonight, before she faces the grand jury. Maybe we can add a little of this and a little of that, so we got loopholes."

So they went.

Reardon was given a minute or two with Mona before she was introduced to her lawyer, but not alone. Hamlin came with her into the reception room. Reardon took Mona into his arms and held her tight for a moment.

"Listen, darling," he said gently. "Danny's fighting for you hard. He's engaged Horowitz to defend you."

"Horowitz!" If anything, she seemed more frightened.

"Let's face it," said Reardon. "It *is* bad for the moment. But Horowitz is a great staller. If nothing else, he can drag this case out till we all have long gray beards. Meanwhile, Danny and Harvard are digging for evidence. Now Horowitz wants to get things straight with you."

"All right," she said. "Let's get it over with."

In the inspector's office, Moran had finished telling Coyle and Horowitz of the disappearance of Gleason.

"I don't like that at all," Horowitz said. "Put him on the stand as a witness for the prosecution and I can make a fool of him. Have him missing, and it looks like friends of Miss Lewis put him out of the way." He looked at Coyle. "Between you and me, Danny, this case is maybe not going to help my reputation."

"It's up to you," said Coyle stonily.

"Oh, I'm sticking," said Horowitz. "I'm sticking, and if it's the kind of case you think it is, Danny, there isn't going to be any fee!"

Coyle's eyebrows went up.

Horowitz' smile was gone and the shifty green eyes were all at once still and deep. "I got a brother in Poland," he said. "Or maybe I *had* a brother."

"I didn't know," Coyle said.

Horowitz shook himself like a dog coming in out of a rainstorm. His smile returned and the curtain that had lifted behind the green eyes was drawn again. "Let's get down to business," he said. "Where's the girl?"

NO one spoke. Mona's voice, dull and tired, had come to the end of the story for what must have seemed to her like the thousandth time. Horowitz, straddling a chair, had listened without interrupting.

Coyle might have been asleep. Then his lids lifted and he stared at the lawyer. Horowitz, a cigarette between his nicotine-stained fingers, suddenly jumped up from his chair. He walked to the far end of the room and back.

"Boy!" he said. He stopped by Mona's chair, looking down at her.

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"It simply will not do, Miss Lewis!"

"It's the truth," Mona said.

"Who cares?" Horowitz slapped his forehead with the heel of his hand. "Suppose Kent *didn't* tell you to go see Quigley. What reason would you have for calling on him with a gun in your purse?"

"But Kent did send me! He did!"

"All right! All right! I believe it, Miss Lewis! I believe it like everything my mother ever told me. But I am the only one in court who will. So we maybe got to *invent* a reason why you called on him. Why does a girl who is engaged to be married call on another man in his hotel room? He knows something about her! Hey, why not? She is afraid maybe he will tell all to the congressman!"

"There's nothing to tell," Reardon said.

"The day of the nuptials approaches!" Horowitz said. He began to walk the room again. He pulled out the mellow stops in his voice. "Gambling was always in her blood. Once before in her life she had been in trouble. Desperate trouble, gentlemen! The court will not insist that we open the pages of that book. Suffice it to say, there was an incident in her past which Mona Lewis, on the verge of a new life, wished desperately to keep from her bridegroom-to-be!"

Mona stared at him as though he were a lunatic. "But, Mr. Horowitz—"

He waved her to silence. "The old fever had caught up with her. She started to gamble again at this infamous alleged club. One day she comes out of the club onto the street, and she sees a man. He is an agent of the law. He knows the secret she has kept all these years. He has seen her come out of this gambling den! Suppose he should tell. Suppose the fine, stalwart man she loves should turn away from her. It must not happen. *It must not happen!*"

"Stop it, Jake—you're breaking my heart!" Coyle said.

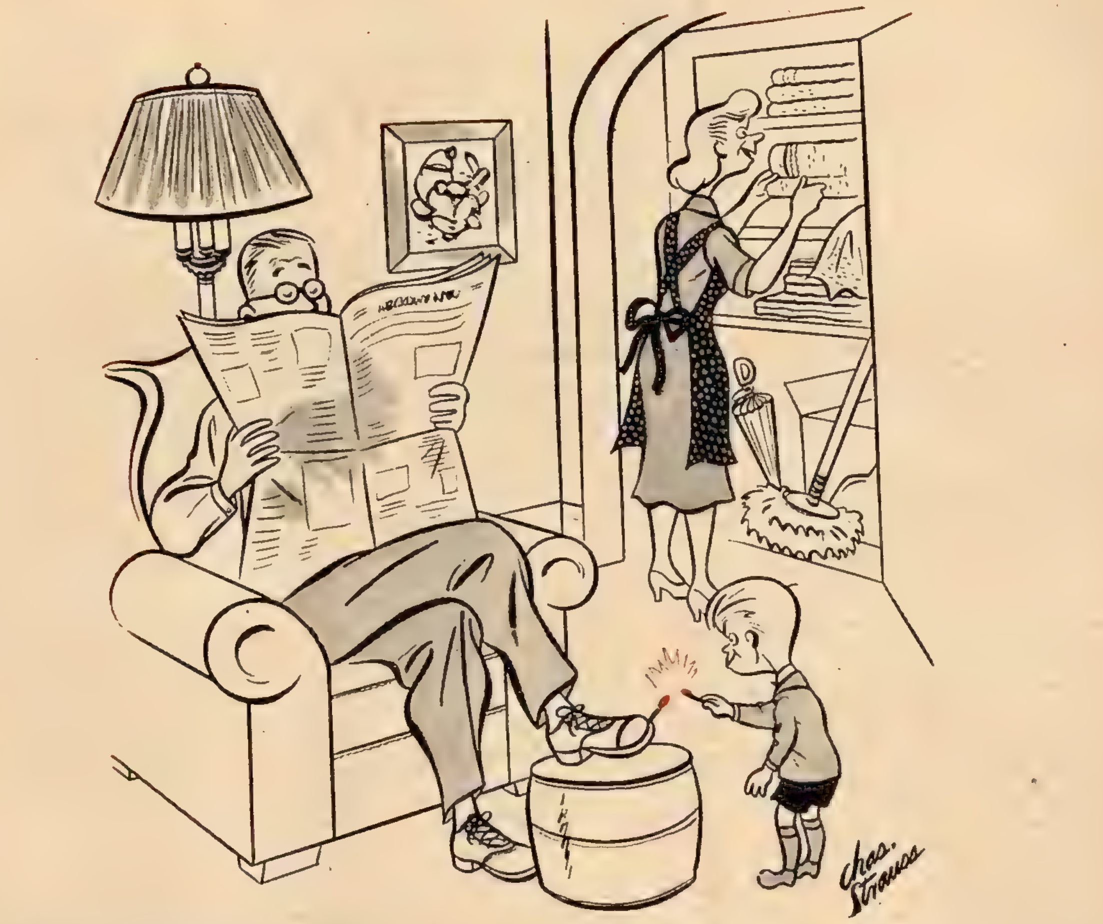
Horowitz shushed him with his right hand. His left he clapped to his forehead. He went on, his voice deepening: "It will not happen, gentlemen. She will go to this man, will plead with him not to tell her secret. Will he be so low, so vile, as to refuse to allow her her chance for happiness?"

"SHE should have written to the Voice of Experience," Coyle said.

"He's dead," said Horowitz, dropping out of character. Then instantly he resumed his dramatic voice. "Here the fates begin to work against her. She has with her the gun her father made her carry, but with no more intention of using it than you, or you, would have. It is as much a part of her equipment as her lipstick.

"She is anxious to see this man, to get it over with. She goes to the hotel where he lives. On the threshold, her courage fails. Suppose—suppose he refuses? In a torment, she turns away. There, gaping open before her, is the door to the gambling hell where she has already mortgaged her soul. She goes in. She puts down her bag. Distraught, hysterical, she cuts into a game. Anything to distract her mind.

"Now we come to tragedy. Not coincidence, gentlemen. Not coincidence, by any means. In that gambling hell is another person, a vile Quisling, a treacherous Benedict Arnold! This person is about to be trapped by the same person the defendant fears. This person has determined on murder." He paused, surveyed his audience, then went on, "This person had seen the gun in Miss Lewis' purse at an



"Well, Junior, have you been thinking about what you'd like to give daddy on his birthday?"

earlier date—when she opened it for cigarettes; perhaps in the privacy of the powder room." He stopped dead. "Hey, Danny, that clicks. A dame in the powder room."

"Oriole," said Coyle.

"Right!" Horowitz went back to Edwin Booth. "This creature of evil, seeing Miss Lewis engaged, avails herself, *or* himself, as the case may be, of the hoped-for opportunity. The gun is taken. A hasty trip to the hotel next door. And murder! Brutal murder! The murderer returns, places the gun in Miss Lewis' purse. When she leaves, a few minutes later, she is an innocent person walking to the gallows! She goes to this man's room. She reaches the door. She lifts a trembling hand to knock! Her heart is in her throat! Will he be a kind and wise judge or will he be the cold, inexorable letter of the law?"

Horowitz took a quick step backward, his eyes wide. "But what's this? The door is open! She summons her courage. 'Mr. Quigley!' she calls weakly. 'Mr. Quigley!' There is no answer. A premonition—a dread and horrible premonition—sweeps over her. She reaches out a hand." Horowitz reached out a hand. He took two quick tiptoeing steps forward. "She pushes open the door. There on the floor is the man she has come to see. He is dead. Murdered!

"She must get away! She must fly! But, alas, it is too late. At her elbows are two men, *curiously* delayed in their arrival! They arrest her. The gun. The gun, the trigger of which she has never touched, becomes a silken noose around her lovely throat."

Horowitz mopped his forehead. "Well, what d'you think?" he asked.

"Jake," said Coyle, gravely, "it's the worst ham I ever heard."

"That's what I thought," said Horowitz, unabashed. He walked over to Mona and patted her shoulder. "You better get some rest, Miss Lewis. I'll be down here first thing in the morning. By the way, *do* you remember a girl named Oriole Brown?"

"I remember her," Mona said. "An exotic-looking girl. She seemed to belong to Kent's bodyguard."

"That's the one," Horowitz said. "Did she ever see that gun of yours?"

"She may have."

"Mona, who knew you carried that gun?" Coyle asked.

She hesitated. "Father," she said.

Horowitz spread his hands. Unfortunately, George Harmon Lewis could not answer a summons to testify.

BACK in Moran's office, Horowitz, Reardon, and Coyle sat with the inspector.

"I'm sorry," Moran said. "So help me, I'm actually sorry. When I listen to that girl, I can't any more believe she is a Nazi spy than I could believe it of one of you."

"Don't forget," said Horowitz, "she's being tried for murder. Buckler can't bring espionage into the trial. I'll get a mistrial, so help me, if he does. Or has he *got* evidence to tie her up with spies, Moran?"

"I could get fired for telling you," said Moran, "but the answer is no. Quigley was hunting spies and he got bumped off in the process. The letter he wrote indicates he had an appointment with a woman—"

"Who was going to *'help me blow this town wide open'!*" Horowitz had seen a copy of the letter at Coyle's. "*He* used the word 'help,' Moran. It's not mine. If Buckler tries to make out it was Miss Lewis who had that appointment, I got him by the short hairs." He glanced at Reardon's cheerless face and grinned. "Oh, we got stuff to fight with, congressman. That letter is a gold mine. You got a copy of it here, Moran?"

Moran spread it out on his desk.

"It's colossal, what I can do with this letter," Horowitz said. "Look. He says, 'At twelve minutes past eight my private phone rang,' and so forth and so forth and so forth. 'Five minutes later, the same thing. Five minutes later, the same thing.' That, gentlemen, makes it eight twenty-two. Then he says, 'It's just happened now for the fourth time,' et cetera, et cetera. So it happened again, after eight twenty-two. Say eight twenty-five, twenty-six."

"For Pete's sake!" Coyle said softly. "Would somebody like to kick me?"

Horowitz' eyes were brilliant. "You missed it, eh, Danny?"

"Missed what!" Moran demanded.

"This mysterious telephoner called at five-minute intervals, at least the first three times. That's eight twenty-two. We don't know for certain the fourth call was five minutes later, but it was later. So then what happens? Quigley sits down. He writes this letter—two pages of it. He folds it up. He puts it in an envelope. He licks the flap and seals the envelope. He addresses the envelope." Horowitz chuckled gleefully. "Boy, in court I can make that sound like it took fifteen years! And then after that he has to walk out and mail it. All of this, Moran, in four minutes! Four minutes at the outside. The lady next door telephoned down she heard shots at eight thirty. He couldn't write the letter in four minutes, let alone seal it, address it, walk down the hall, walk back."

"I don't see what it nets us," Reardon said. "Mona admits she got there at eight thirty. Quigley *was* dead. Somebody made a mistake in the times, that's all."

"You're damn right," said Horowitz.

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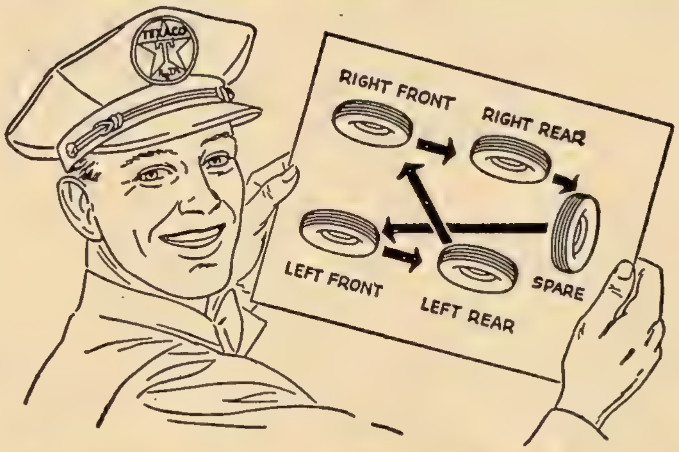

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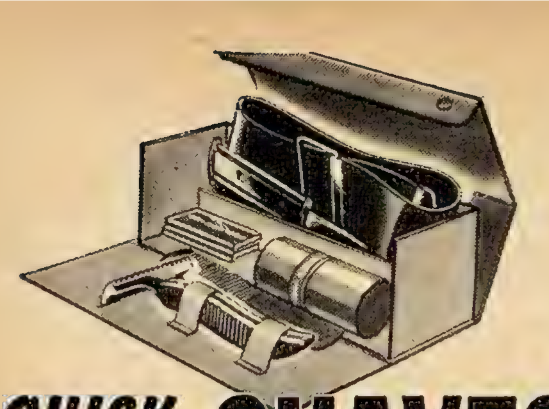

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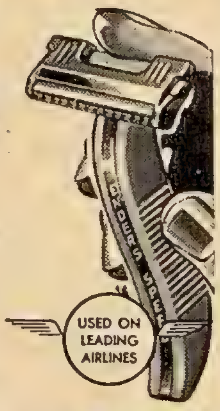

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"But who? Quigley? He was sitting at his desk looking straight out at the Paramount clock. Not only that—he was the kind of a guy to make accurate reports. The times *he* wrote down were the right times. He couldn't have been shot at eight thirty sharp. It had to be later. The lady who reported the shooting and Miss Lewis were wrong."

"Go on," Moran said, his eyes narrowed.

"O. K.," said Horowitz. "Now, me, I'm Miss Lewis' lawyer. I believe her story. I remember every word of it. She was standing at the bar with Kent having a drink. They both admit that. Then she said, 'I kept my eyes glued to the clock which is on the wall at the club.' At twenty-seven minutes past eight, *by that clock*, she left the club, and, by that clock, she *did* get to the hotel at eight thirty. But at eight thirty Quigley was alive, not dead. So that clock was wrong."

"But damn it, Jake—"

"So I don't believe in coincidences," Horowitz concluded. "The lady who reports hearing shots has a wrong clock, too. Two wrong clocks that are wrong exactly the same are too much for me and maybe for a jury. So you see, congressman, we got ammunition. But there's stuff we got to know. This girl, Oriole Brown, hinted to Donovan that maybe some one was trying to give signals or show lights to enemy flyers. We ought to find out if Quigley was working on anything like that."

"I can answer that," said Coyle. "Morrisey says that's exactly what Quigley was working on."

"Then we must not let this Brown girl slip through our fingers," Horowitz said. He reached for his hat. "Well, Horowitz has to have sleep to be Horowitz in court. Good night, gentlemen." He strutted across to the door. There he stopped, scowling.

"Maybe I should make it stronger," he said. "This Brown girl is ripe to spill something. It would be too bad if somebody shut her up. Protective custody maybe, eh, Moran?"

ON the way uptown Terry Reardon was plainly discouraged. "I still don't get the significance of that time business," he said.

"It's simple, Terry, and it may put Buckler right back on his heels. If Quigley got four phone calls every five minutes beginning at eight twelve, it was eight twenty-seven when he decided to write the letter. As Jake pointed out, it took time to write it, to address it, to mail it—let's say six or seven minutes. So it's now nearly twenty-five minutes of nine when he gets back to his room. The murderer is there. He shoots Quigley. He gets away. Then Mona arrives. It *has* to be going on twenty minutes of nine."

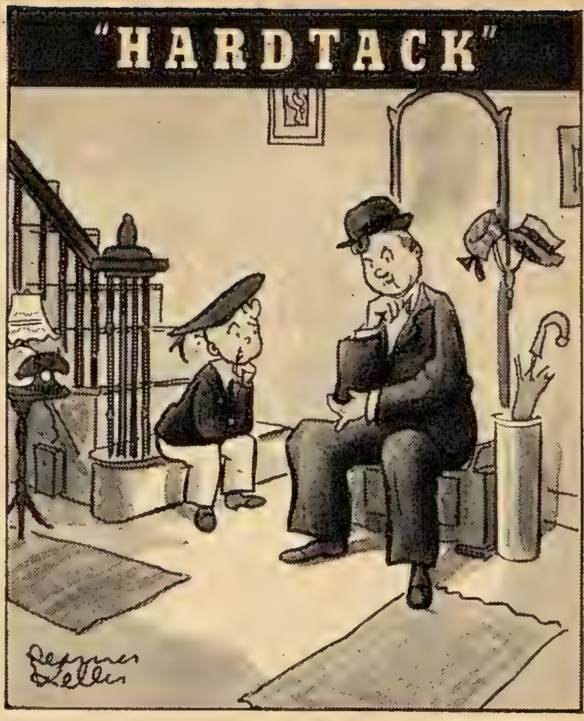
"You think the woman who reported the shots was lying about the time?"

"Her clock *could* have been tampered with. But I doubt it."

"But why the rigmarole with clocks?"

"Because whoever did the killing had an alibi for eight thirty! Both Mona and the lady next door establish that Quigley was dead at eight thirty. But Quigley's letter, containing exact times, blows this alibi to smithereens. When Jake gets through explaining it to the grand jury—Well, I feel better!"

"HARDTACK"



"Say, dad, did you ever figure out what percentage of our lives we spend waiting for mom to dress?"

WHEN Coyle and Reardon got back to Coyle's place, Donovan was there, and in a first-rate stew.

"Danny, I can't hold off any longer," he said.

"Hold off on what?" Coyle said.

"Jane!" Donovan said.

"What about her?"

"I can't locate her! She hasn't checked into the Donnelly since she left the club with Kling. She hasn't made any attempt to reach me here. That means she can't. I'm going down to the Donnelly and bust into her room if I have to."

Coyle refused to get excited. "Have you tried your apartment?" he asked. "Jane's been known to leave messages with the landlady. If you go to the Donnelly and tip her hand without finding her, she may be hooked before we can get to her."

Donovan knew Coyle was right, as usual, but it did nothing to lighten the load of lead in his stomach.

He left and walked around the corner to his brownstone. Just as he was about to go to the basement entrance to ask his landlady for any message, he glanced up at his own front windows. The lights were on!

Two emotions hit him in quick succession. Jane had a key to the apartment. She might be there, waiting up for him. As quickly as that occurred to him, he knew it couldn't be so. If Jane was there, alone, she'd have phoned Coyle's. It wasn't Jane—or, if it was, she was in trouble.

He ran up the steps and opened the front door with his key. He began the climb to the second floor. Thick carpet made his ascent noiseless.

What new danger awaits Harvard? What of Jane? Is Kling a spy, and does Oriole know? There's plenty of excitement in next week's chapter!

Babe Dahlgren, Dead-Ended now on the Dodgers' bench.

Eric McNair, whose way to glory came to a Dead End.

This Dead-Ended player got a break. He's Mike Chartak.

BASEBALL'S DEAD-END KIDS

Good players all . . . why do jinxes pursue them? An expert contemplates one of sport's mysteries

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports Editor of Liberty

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

BASEBALL, too, has its Dead End kids, speaking environmentally, if there is such a word, and even if there isn't. Personal behavior doesn't enter into the matter. They may be paragons of virtue, gleaming examples to the young and meticulously courteous to the aged. They may, furthermore, be brilliant young ballplayers, but fate jockeys them into jams they lack the dynamite to move.

Take Ellsworth "Babe" Dahlgren for instance. This seemingly able San Franciscan is completing his eleventh season in professional baseball as a polisher of the planking in the Dodger dugout—unless, perchance, he has been shunted to the minors before this sees the light of print.

He's thirty years old, active, agile, even acrobatic. With the Cubs last year, he finished the season hitting .281, and while that figure isn't impressive, it attains considerable majesty when one notes that twenty-three of his blows were home runs, and that fifty-nine of them brought in a score.

Yet Dahlgren has been with six and a half different ball clubs in the past half dozen seasons. One says "a half" because the Cubs sold him to the Browns, but the Browns canceled the deal because the Cubs wouldn't agree to refund in case Dahlgren entered the service. Brooklyn thereupon took him. He was thus never actually the property of the Browns, but it belongs in the log of his unprecedented career that such a pass was made.

Dahlgren, when he should be in his prime, is riding the pine in a utility role.

Why?

Because he's one of the game's Dead End kids. Through no fault of his own, his career simply moved into a succession of one-way streets blocked by a wall.

The breaks in baseball can be many. One vital and generally overlooked one is that a young fellow needs to get a chance with a team that isn't already strongly staffed in the position he can play. Usually, of course, teams try out the cream of their minor-league holdings in spring training camp, and if they need a new second baseman or right fielder, they hold the brightest of the aspirants.

But ball clubs sometimes acquire title to rookies principally for the purpose of trading. If a club has enough extra players to offer with cash for some prize it really needs, the deal it is after is sometimes a pushover.

If a young fellow gets caught in that sort of backwater, he may spend the rest of his career trying to fight his way out. That's been Dahlgren.

In 1936 he rated as the No. 1 first baseman of the Red Sox. He'd had six years of baseball, and he'd been a .300 hitter with the San Francisco Missions the previous year. He wasn't a hard but he was a timely hitter with the Bostonians, and nothing to compare with his fancy fandangos on the fielding end could be recalled by the oldest inhabitants.

But Dahlgren's seemingly smooth path blew up with the sudden Red Sox purchase of Jimmy Foxx. The Sox didn't buy the mighty Philadelphia slugger primarily because they needed a first baseman. What they needed was dynamite—right-handed hitting dynamite to explode against and over a short left-field wall. Foxx was dynamite personified.

The Sox would have bought Foxx if he'd been an outfielder, a shortstop, or a third-string catcher. It was his .350 batting average and his multiplicity of home runs and two-baggers that the light-calibered Bosox really were purchasing. But it chanced that he was a first baseman and a dog-goned good one.

That meant the end of Dahlgren's Boston career before it ever had a chance to develop. The Red Sox threw him on the market, and his second tough break came when the Yankees swept him into their basket. Some other club that needed a young first baseman might have taken him, and his active career might have moved along without a hitch, but it chanced to be the Yankees, and the Yankees had Gehrig!

The powerful New Yorkers obviously didn't need a first baseman with the great Iron Horse in his prime, but they did need players to serve as extra bait in deals, and likewise to service their faster minor-league farms. It became Dahlgren's fate to be swept into that category. They stationed him with Newark for most of the '37 season, and he played great ball, hitting .340 for the Yankee farm. They moved him up at the end of the season, but too late to play, and the next spring they tried to convert him into a third baseman.

FROM that point on, his career was strange and strained. He couldn't play third, and he could never replace Gehrig as long as Gehrig could play. Finally the tragic Gehrig was forced to give in, and Dahlgren inherited the job at first base. He rode with the team right into and through World Championship play. He wasn't a frequent but he was a heavy hitter, as his fifteen home runs, six triples, eighteen two-baggers, and eighty-nine R. B. I. will attest.

But fate was readying a deadfall for him again. Joe McCarthy apparently figured he ought to make changes upon nothing more positive than the theory that a manager ought to make changes. Marse Joe thought Joseph "Flash" Gordon, his magnificent second baseman, might make a superphenomenal first sacker, so he peddled Dahlgren to the Boston Braves and told Gordon to go ahead.

This led to a rather silly situation all round, for Gordon didn't like first and couldn't play it very well. He was eventually back at second with Joe Sturm, who wasn't even a Dahlgren, playing first for the Yanks. And that was that chapter.

With his new Boston team, Dahlgren ran into another first baseman, Buddy Hassett. The Braves couldn't afford to keep both, and the story is, they tried to sell Hassett and couldn't, but the Chicago Cubs needed a first baseman, and they would take Dahlgren. So he passed on again. The Cubs had a young fellow coming up. They wanted Dahlgren as a stopgap.

This season they, too, passed him on. It's strange, too, how that first-base jinx still rode him. The Browns took him first on the deal that failed to jell because of the war clause. The Browns have George McQuinn, possibly the top first baseman of the American League. When that Brown deal fell through, Brooklyn immediately took the by now bewildered ballplayer, and Brooklyn's first pillow is guarded by none less than Dolph Camilli, voted last year the most valuable player in the National League.

So Dahlgren rides the bench, or perhaps even is headed for the minors, his major-league career possibly ended, despite the fact that he's never had a real chance to play.

My contention is that nobody knows what the man might have been if the breaks had been different, if he hadn't been Dead Ended into avenues that ran him up against four of the greatest of first basemen, Jimmy Foxx, Lou Gehrig, George McQuinn, and Dolph Camilli.

There are others even among the still lingering veterans. Eric "Booby" McNair, now hanging on in a utility portfolio with Detroit, got a different sort of deal, but the master blueprint is the same. McNair, a brilliant little infielder, was another of the stars Connie Mack was forced to sell, and again the Red Sox stepped in with the purchase price. McNair at the moment was rated the best shortstop in the American League.

As it chanced, almost all the Red Sox didn't need was a shortstop, for that was Manager Joe Cronin's post. They did need, however, a second baseman, a third baseman, even a spare first baseman, and they figured a man who could play shortstop as brilliantly as McNair could play even unfamiliar positions better than such players as they had. So they promptly started playing McNair in every infield position except the one he liked and played best.

He was Dead Ended by Cronin.

In the game and out, on the bench and off, this able little Mississippian began a pointless and unhappy career that, complicated with personal sorrow in his private life, finally saw most of the sparkle and all the dash off his game. He finally was passed to the White Sox, and thence to Detroit. The Tigers sent him down to Buffalo, but recalled him when the service called so many men. He's serving out his career there now as a spare. If he could have gone straight ahead playing shortstop for somebody, his might have been one of the great names of the last ten years of baseball.

THERE are other players who've never really been able to get careers under way at all because of the same sort of trouble.

A classic example was Sam Byrd, now the newly prominent money tournament golfer, but an outfielder with the Yanks of the Babe Ruth era. Sam was a good outfielder. With almost any other team but the Yankees he'd have been the regular fielder. But it just chanced that the position he felt natural in was held by Babe Ruth. Bob Meusel and Earl Combs held the other two fielding positions.

Mr. Byrd sat around for seven years waiting for a chance to break in. He wasn't good enough to break in and was too good a sub to let go.

Byrd has a counterpart this current season, only the counterpart got a break. He was one Michael Chartak, a powerful Brooklynite of Russian blood who came roaring up from Kansas City, where his bat wrought havoc in the American Association last year and all the critics tagged him ready for the big show.

Mike, originally an outfielder, was shifted to first base last year, but back to the outfield when the Yankee overlords got a look at him. But he was stymied. He couldn't break through the current Yank outfield of Henrich, DiMaggio, and Keller. It was the bench or back to the minors for him until, by the luck of a deal, he was sent to the Browns. There he's been playing fine baseball and seems well on his way toward becoming a star. There was an opening there for him in his natural position.

TWO other players who are flirting with a "dead-end" street are Stan Spence of Washington and Fernandez of Boston. Spence under Cronin got few chances to show his wares because of Dominic DiMaggio competition. Traded to Washington and playing regularly in his natural position, he started going places.

Fernandez, a "natural" shortstop, is being used at third in Boston. His throws to first are often wild. If he can conquer this, he's on his way. If not, he'll probably be another Dead Ender.

There are many like him, and it's a hard row for a rookie.

The fortunate in baseball move up through the established channels and find themselves with a team that has an opening in the spot they feel the most at home in. When they move, they move to a team that has the same sort of job open.

But there are these harassed others, caught in the backlash of deals, swept into spots which offer no haven and from which there's seemingly no escape. Judge Landis has freed slaves, knocked the fences down around farms, and generally taken the part of the helpless young ballplayer. He could go a further step possibly, and make it illegal for a club to keep a potential regular on the bench as a utility hand or possible bait in some trade.

There's been a notorious case of that in the Giants' camp this season, where "Babe" Young, a good first baseman, is only sitting around.

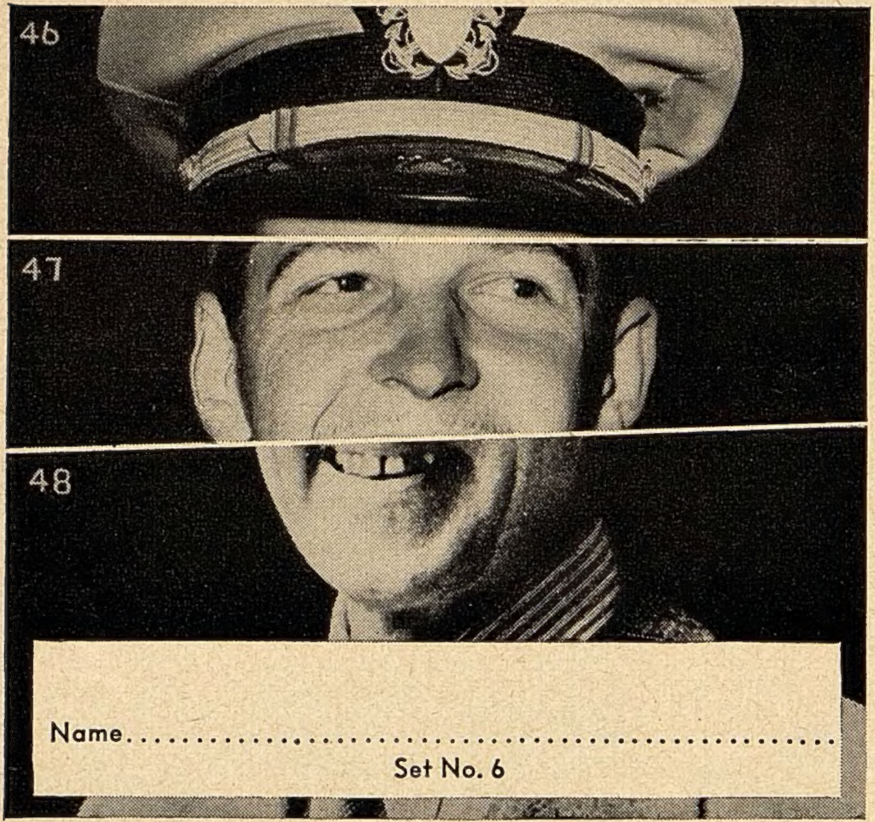
But it's hard to see how even the original Solomon could concoct legislation to save the career of the pretty good player who finds a great ballplayer standing solidly in front of him.

So far as the majors go, to have a real career, a young man must not only be supremely talented but must have his luck with him when they start reaching for him.

If a club needs *him,* he may go on to glory. If it's just picking up another ballplayer, he'd better contrive to sprain an ankle.

THE END

$5,000 War Heroes Contest



The cap and forehead belong to the father of two children; the eyes and nose are of a famous newlywed; the mouth and chin are of a former Ambassador to Russia.

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237 PRIZES	$5,000

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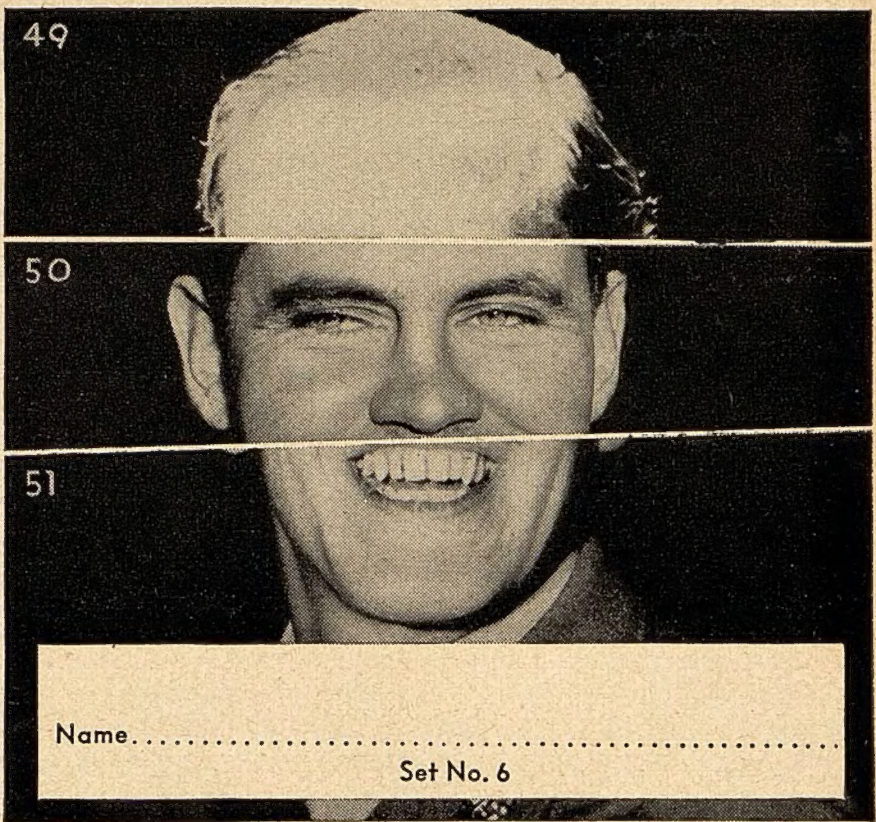
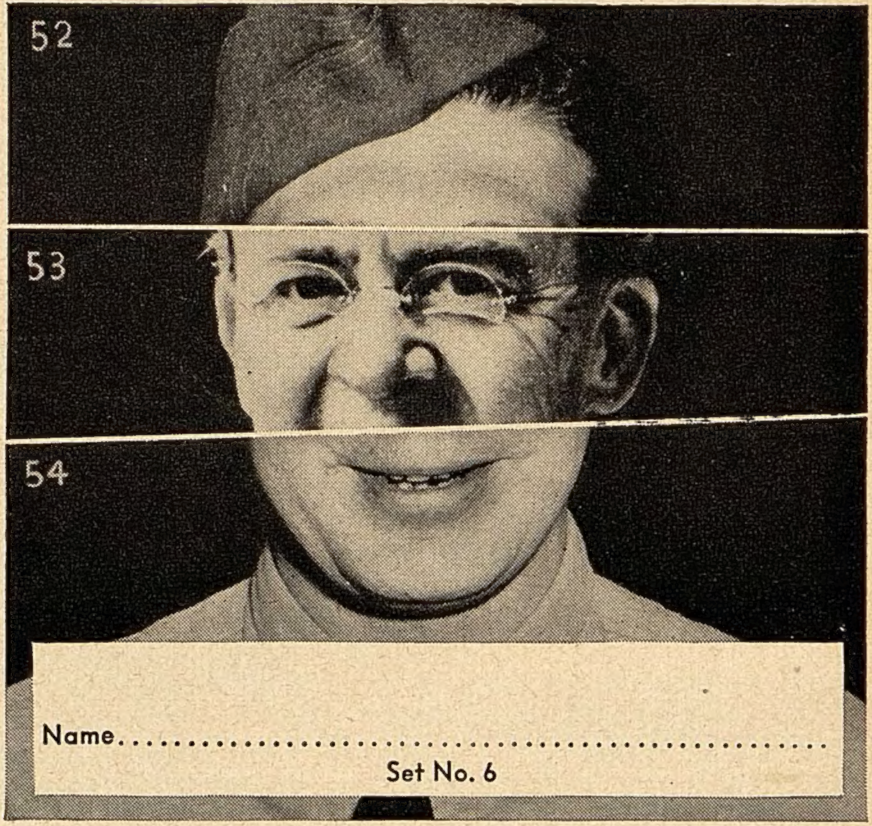
This is the last week you may obtain reprints of previous sets of War Heroes. There's still time to enter if you're a latecomer. Simply write to the address in Rule 5, enclose ten cents (stamps or coins) to cover mailing and handling, and we'll gladly send you any missing sets you desire. But be sure your request is postmarked on or before August 1. *That's the dead line for reprints!*



The forehead belongs to an ardent vegetarian; the eyes and nose are of General MacArthur's rescuer, the mouth and chin are of a recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal.



The forehead and cap are of a Pennsylvania hero; the eyes and nose belong to a famous chemist; the mouth and chin are of a resident of Long Island City, New York.

Don't Send Incomplete Sets. After you have reassembled, pasted in proper position, and identified the pictures of heroes, *hold on* to these pictures until the close of the contest—then mail us the entire ten sets—thirty pictures altogether. No partial entries accepted! Reread Rule 5 again—and follow it carefully!

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

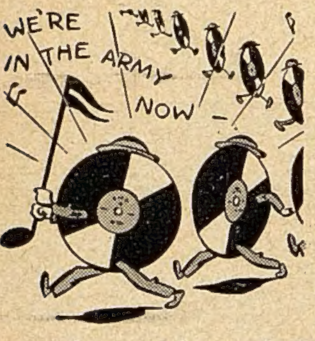
7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WALTER WINCHELL HAS COME A LONG WAY since he was a singing usher and, later, a hoofer in vaudeville. Fred Allhoff told you about that in a lively Liberty series last spring. "Today, at forty-five," wrote Allhoff, "Winchell's restless energy burns as fiercely as a thermite bomb. Other men have made their fortunes early and have begun to coast. Winchell doesn't know how to coast. He's still chasing up and down the street trying to get under journalistic hot ones. He has progressed from the gaudy gossip of Manhattan's pretended prohibition days to the Washington scene, to international reporting. He's covering the whole outfield now." . . . The series which begins on page 9 of this issue represents the climax of Winchell's prodigious and patriotic activity. In addition to everything else he does, he has long and relentlessly followed the trail of those who, in one way or another, intentionally or otherwise, have hampered America's war effort. What he tells you here is the result of an untiring quest for firsthand information. His articles will be a major contribution to the cause of American unity. No one is better qualified than he to write them.

EVENIN', FOLKS! HIYUH ALL? Well, shucks, that just slipped out. You will see why when you reach the end of this letter to the editor. But the lines are not merely from a genial radio professor of musical knowledge. This is a serious young man, writing in serious vein:


WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

"Dear Editor—The other day an American Air Corps squadron commander in Australia relayed home a message that good phonograph records are among the best investments America can make in the interest of soldier morale. The squadron commander sent this message home through a New York Times correspondent Down Under. The commander said—and these are his words—

"'Music is swell for these kids. They ought to have more of it. I've watched them listening to broadcasts from home, and there's something about the music from San Francisco and New York that's different. If somebody at home wanted to do something for the boys who are fighting in this war, they would see to it that every squadron had a first-class phonograph and records, so there would always be available good hot jazz and classicals. There is no better morale builder.'

"THE SOMEBODY REFERRED TO IN THIS MESSAGE has already come forward—in the person of some one hundred musical artists and more than one and a half million members of the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary. The musical artists have organized Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., a nonprofit organization which is officially recognized by President Roosevelt's Committee on War Relief Agencies. The Legion and the Legion Auxiliary are conducting a nation-wide door-to-door canvass for 37,500,000 records, continuing through August 2.

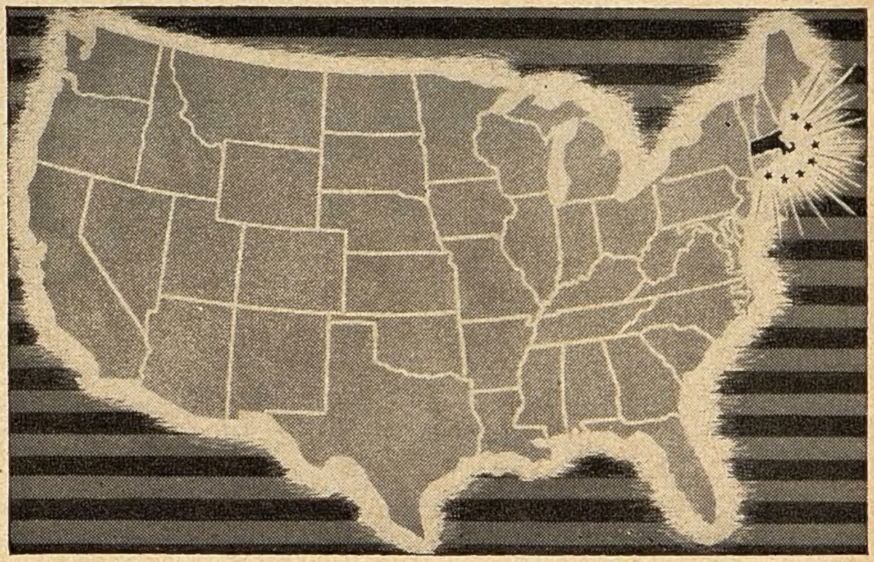
"These millions of old phonograph records are to be sold as scrap, and the proceeds will go toward the purchase of new phonograph records and players for the armed forces in camps, stations, bases, and posts throughout the world. About $500,000 will be raised through this method, and records will be purchased at factory cost. A committee of noted music experts is to be formed to decide what records the men in uniform would like most. And the musical artists who have pledged support to Records for Our Fighting Men represent every field of musical activity for radio, opera, motion pictures, the concert stage, and recording.

"An estimated 200,000,000 old phonograph records are now collecting dust in American attics and basements. The Legion wants them. So be sure to get out your old disks and have them ready when the canvassers come to your door.

"Sincerely, KAY KYSER."

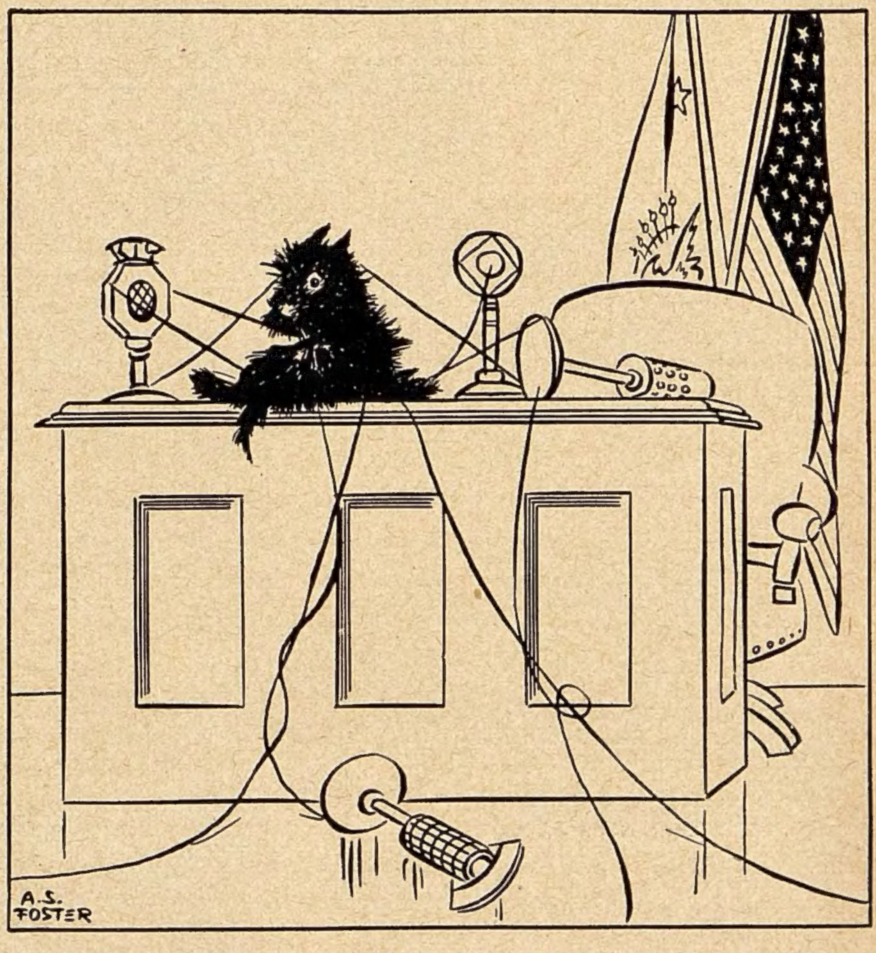
We will. Will you? Liberty is glad to invite its readers to join in so novel an enterprise.

LIBERTY'S SALUTE TO THE STATES— a new, continuing feature—begins on the page across the way. It will be a series of maps to make Americans better acquainted with America . . to show quickly the geography of each state, the lore of each state . . the contribution of each state to the all-out war effort. We start with Massachusetts (as did the Pilgrim Fathers). Next in the series will be a Far Western state . . then a Midwestern state. Liberty will bring you these color plates from time to time until all forty-eight states have been saluted. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we hope you like them!



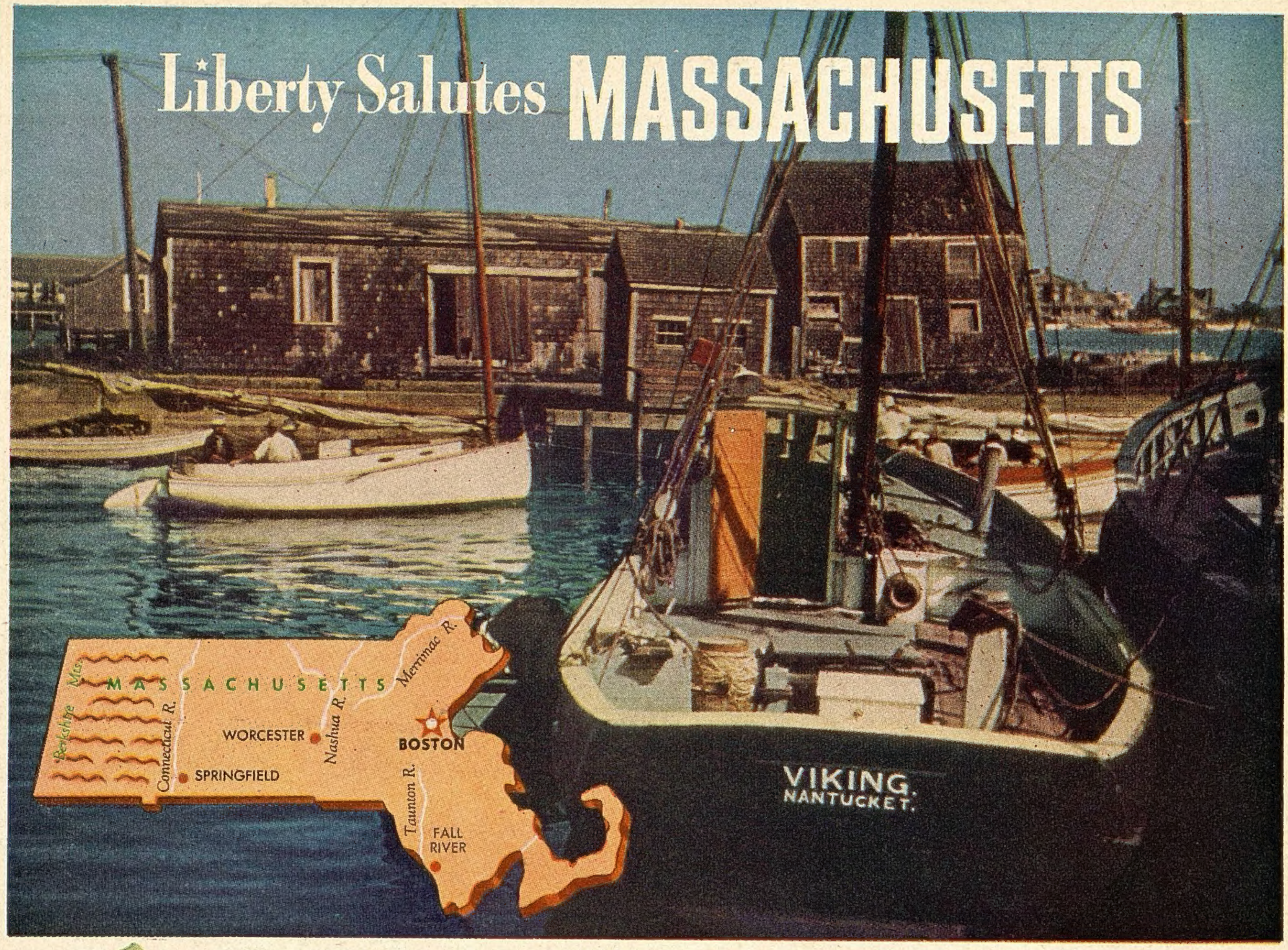
The Editors

FALA

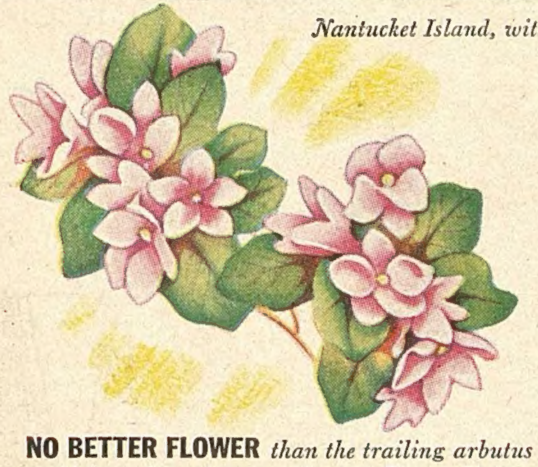


"Broadcasting from the White House is especially trying!"

Liberty Salutes MASSACHUSETTS



Nantucket Island, with its quaint charm and delightful climate, is one of Massachusetts' many vacation resorts



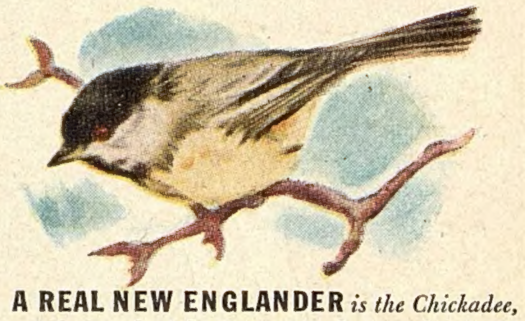
NO BETTER FLOWER *than the trailing arbutus could have been chosen as the state flower. Known as the "Mayflower," this plant is one of the first to blossom in the spring.*

SINCE the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1620, the history of Massachusetts has been studded with "firsts."

This "First State" cradled liberty. Higher education had its beginning at Harvard, America's oldest college. Its coast was the birthplace of the famous sailing clipper ships, and Boston was the terminus of the first steamship line between Great Britain and the United States.

The country's first railroad track was laid at Quincy in 1826. Many of the machines that revolutionized the country's industry were invented by Massachusetts men.

Today, through its leadership in the manufacture of various war materials, the historic hand of Massachusetts once again rocks the cradle of liberty!

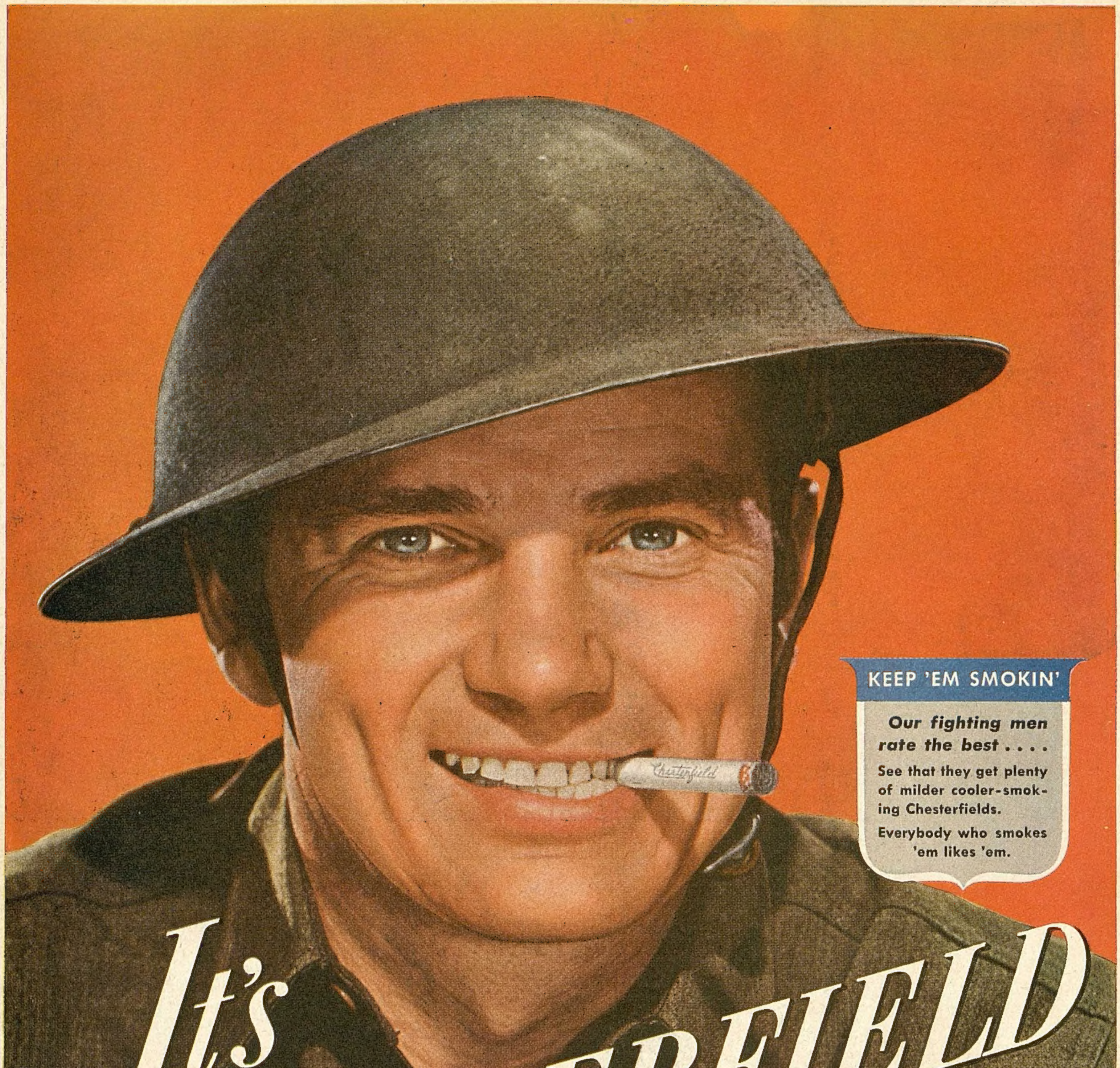


A REAL NEW ENGLANDER *is the Chickadee, voted state bird by the people. It stays North the year round, and is one of the tamest and most familiar of our North American birds.*

MARCHING TO VICTORY *go the 76,000,000 pairs of shoes made by this state in a year—nearly half the country's total footwear for both our armed and civilian forces—every one!*

THE NATION'S "BRIDGE OF SHIPS" *has its keystone in this state's record shipyard output—nearly a billion dollars' worth—all types of ships; one purpose—VICTORY!*

TO CLOTHE OUR FIGHTING COUNTRY *come cottons, woolens, and worsteds from the "First State's" mills. The nation can depend upon its continued leadership in textile production.*


It's
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield
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CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

KEEP 'EM SMOKIN'

Our fighting men rate the best . . . .

See that they get plenty of milder cooler-smoking Chesterfields.

Everybody who smokes 'em likes 'em.

THEY TREAT YOU RIGHT . . . They keep you happy because they're *Milder* . . . they let you know how good a cigarette can be because they *Taste Better*. You'll like them these hot days because Chesterfields smoke *Cooler*.

TODAY'S MILDER BETTER-TASTING CIGARETTE

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